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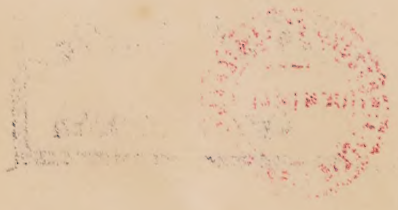

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MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.[1]

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The swiftest gales and the most propitious weather that ever speeded a favourite of fortune to the possession of a throne attended Mary, princess of Orange, in her short transit from the port of the Brill to the mouth of her native Thames. She arrived there, glowing in health, and

[1] The preceding events of the life of Mary II. when princess, have been related in conjunction with those of her sister Anne, in vol. x.

overflowing with an excess of joyous spirits beyond her power to repress. Mary was brilliant in person at this epoch, and had not yet attained her twenty-seventh year.

Mary had been declared joint sovereign with her husband, but was not yet proclaimed, their signatures to the Bill of Rights being expected in return for the election which elevated them to her father's throne. The merely nominal regality to which the convention of 1688-9 had been induced to confine Mary's position in this double sovereignty, would have been more consistent with the ideas the Anglo-Normans entertained of female royalty than with the era of the next queen-regnant, who was called to the throne after the potent Elizabeth.

Mary brought in her train her domestic rival, Elizabeth Villiers, whom she had neither the power nor the moral courage to expel from her household. William of Orange had not dared to outrage public opinion in England, by making this woman the companion of his expedition against his consort's father. But as he by no means intended to break his connexion with her, Mary was doomed to the mortification of chaperoning her from Holland. Subservient to conjugal authority in all things, Mary submitted even to this degradation. Her compliance prevented the English people from murmuring at witnessing the toleration of her husband's mistress at Whitehall, at the same time holding a responsible situation about her own person. The new queen, perhaps, thought she had gained a great triumph over "the Villiers" by the obligations under which she laid her husband, by the sacrificing to him the power and precedence with which the convention had originally invested her. Mary had even sent to her husband the letters of Danby, urging her to insist on her nearer claims.

The success of William and Mary was not a little accelerated by the publication of an absurd prophecy, which affected to have described the tragic death of Charles I.,

the restoration of Charles II., and ended by declaring, that the next king would go post to Rome; all which was to happen when there were three queens of England at the same time. On the landing of Mary, the three queens were expounded to mean herself, Catherine of Braganza, and Mary Beatrice.[1]

The scene of Mary's landing in England[2] on the morning of February 12, 1688-9, strange to say, has never been described by any historian; it is, however, graphically delineated in the second of the contemporary Dutch paintings, which have been recently brought to Hampton Court Palace. The queen appears in the centre of the group of English courtiers, who stand bare-headed on the shore to receive her, and are backing and bowing down before her with demonstrations of profound respect. Her page stands in the back-ground, laden with her large orange cloak, which, with its hanging sleeves and ample draperies, sweeps the ground. Mary has also removed her hood, and shows herself to the people without any covering on her head, or shoulders; her bodice is cut very low, and draped with folds of fine muslin, looped with strings of pearls; her hair is dressed with lofty cornettes of orange ribands and agraffes of pearls. She draws up her purple velvet robe to show an ostentatious-looking orange petticoat. Orange banners are borne before her and about her. Her tall lord chamberlain, hat in hand, is backing before her, and directing her attention to her grand state charger, which is richly caparisoned, with purple velvet saddle, and housings emblazoned with the crown and royal arms of Great Britain, and led by her master of the horse, sir Edward Villiers, who is in full court dress. Her majesty is preceded by females strewing flowers, she is surrounded

[1] Lamberty, vol. i. p. 371.

[2] The queen embarked at the Brill, Monday, Feb. 10, and was in the Nore in a few hours.

by her officers of state, and attended by her Dutch lady of honour, in lofty stiff head-gear. This lady is, probably, madame Stirum.

If Gravesend were the place of queen Mary's landing, and if the Dutch painter has been correct, Gravesend must have been very different in appearance then, from what it is at present, which is probable, because it had, at that time, ancient towers called block-houses, and other river fortifications still standing. The princess Anne, and prince George of Denmark, with their attendants, received her majesty at Greenwich palace.[1] The royal sisters met each other "with transports of affection;" says lady Churchill, "which soon fell off, and coldness ensued." But not then; both Mary and Anne were too much elated with their success, to disagree in that hour of joy and exultation—joy so supreme, that Mary could neither dissemble nor contain it, according to the testimony of every one who saw her. The royal barge of her exiled father was waiting for her; and, amidst a chorus of shouts and welcomes from an immense throng of spectators, she entered it with her sister and brother-in-law, and was in a short time brought to Whitehall-stairs, where she landed with them, and took possession of her father's palace.[2] William, for the first time since his invasion, came to Whitehall, but not until Mary had actually arrived there.[3] Mazure attributes to design this remarkable trait in his conduct. "By such artifice," says that historian, "William threw on the daughter of the exiled king the odium of the first occupation of his palace."[4]

Four writers, who all profess to be eye-witnesses either of her landing or her demeanour in the palace, have each recorded what they saw; one of them, a philosophical ob-

[1] Oldmixon, p. 780.
[2] Conduct, by the Duchess of Marlborough. [3] Lamberty.
[4] Mazure. Revolution d'Angleterre, vol. iii. 365.

server, Evelyn; another an enemy, lady Churchill; a third, a panegyrist, Oldmixon; and the fourth an apologist, her friend, Burnet. This concurrence of evidences, each of whom wrote unknown to the other, makes the conduct of Mary one of the best authenticated passages in history. "She came into Whitehall, jolly as to a wedding," wrote Evelyn, "seeming quite transported with joy." Some of Mary's party, to shield her from the disgust that eye-witnesses felt at her demeanour, declared she was acting a part that had been sternly prescribed her by her husband's letters. Her partisan, Oldmixon, enraged at these excuses, exclaimed, "If they had seen her as others did, they would not have ventured to report such falsity; so far from acting a part not natural to her, there was nothing in her looks which was not as natural and as lovely as ever there were charms in woman."[1]

Lady Churchill, in her fierce phraseology, speaks of what she witnessed without the slightest compromise, and as her assertions are borne out by a person respectable as Evelyn, she may be believed: "Queen Mary wanted bowels; of this she gave unquestionable proof the first day she came to Whitehall. She ran about it looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts of the beds just as people do at an inn, with no sort of concern in her appearance. Although at the time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought this strange and unbecoming conduct. For whatever necessity there was of deposing king James, he was still her father, who had been lately driven from that very chamber, and from that bed; and, if she felt no tenderness, I thought, at least, she might have felt grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of fortune.[2] But I kept these thoughts in my own breast, not even imparting

[1] Oldmixon's History, p. 780.

[2] Conduct, by Sarah duchess of Marlborough, p. 26.

them to my mistress, the princess Anne, to whom I could say anything." As the conduct of her mistress had been still more coarse and unnatural than that of her sister, lady Churchill knew that she could not blame one without reflecting severely on the other.

The following apology, made by her friend Burnet,[1] weighs more against Mary than the bold attack of her sister's favourite. "She put on an air of great gaiety when she came to Whitehall. I confess I was one of those who censured her in my thoughts. I thought a little more seriousness had done as well when she came into her father's palace, and was to be set on his throne the next day. I had never seen the least indecency in any part of her deportment before, which made this appear to me so extraordinary that, afterwards, I took the liberty to ask her, 'How it came that what she saw in so sad a revolution in her father's person had not made a greater impression on her?' She took this freedom with her usual goodness, and assured me 'that she felt the sense of it very lively in her thoughts;' but she added 'that the letters which had been writ to her had obliged her to put on a cheerfulness in which she might perhaps go too far, because she was obeying directions, and acting a part not natural to her.'"

Thus did queen Mary throw from herself the blame of an unfeeling levity, which had revolted even the coarse minds of Burnet and Sarah Churchill; but surely the commands of her partner had reference only to the manner in which she acted the part of royalty, while the eyes of her new subjects were upon her; it did not dictate the heartless glee,[2] when she made her perambulations to examine into the state of the goods that had fallen into her grasp, on the evening of her arrival and betimes in the succeeding morning. He might prescribe the grimace he chose, to be

[1] Burnet's Own Times.

[2] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37.

assumed in her robes, but not her proceedings in her dressing gown, before her women were on duty.

"She rose early in the morning," says Evelyn, who had a relative in waiting on her, "and in her undress, before her women were up, went about from room to room, to see the convenience of Whitehall. She slept in the same bed and apartment where the queen of James II. had laid, and, within a night or two, sat down to basset, as the queen her predecessor had done. She smiled upon all, and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed to have taken place at court as to queens, save that infinite throngs of people came to see her, and that she went to our prayers. Her demeanour was censured by many. She seems to be of a good temper, and that she takes nothing to heart, while the prince, her husband, has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfully serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on his affairs."

Mary thus took possession not only of her father's house, but of all the personal property of her step-mother, which had been left in her power. Evelyn was scandalized at seeing in her possession several articles of value, among others a cabinet of silver filagree: "It belonged," he says,[1] "to our queen Mary, wife of James II., and which, in my opinion, should have been generously sent,"—honestly would have been the more appropriate term. The case was uglier since her old father had sent by Mr. Hayes—a servant kinder to him than his own child—a request for his clothes and his personal property, which her uncle, lord Clarendon, with a sad and sore heart, observes "was utterly neglected."

The morrow was appointed for the proclamation in London of the elected sovereigns, although it was Ash-Wednesday. The first day of Lent was then kept as one

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37.

of deep humiliation; strange indeed did the pealing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the flourishing of drums, seem to those attached to the established church. The day was most inclement, and with a dismal down-pouring of wet.[1] All London was, however, astir, and the new queen earlier than any one, according to the preceding testimony.

The ceremonial of the recognition of William and Mary as the joint-sovereigns of England was prepared in the Banqueting-room of Whitehall, where they were previously to sign the celebrated Bill of Rights, which promised to every protestant Englishman the enjoyment of liberty. It is true parliament might dispense with these salutary laws, as was indeed frequently done by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, during the reigns of William and Mary. In fact, it was suspended within three months of the signature of the bill of rights, but at first only for a month.[2]

About noon on Ash-Wednesday, February 13th, 1688-9, William and Mary proceeded in state-dresses, but without any diadems or circlets, from the interior of the palace of Whitehall to the Banqueting hall, and placed themselves in chairs of state under the royal canopy, accompanied by their attendants. This scene is best described in a letter, written by lady Cavendish, the daughter of the excellent lady Rachel Russell, a very young woman, sixteen years of age.[3] "When the lords and commoners had agreed upon what power to give the king, and what to take away from him, the particulars of which I cannot tell you, (she means the Bill of Rights previously alluded to,) my lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting house, and, in a short

[1] Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. [2] Lamberty, vol. i.

[3] The letter is extant, in the collection of the duke of Devonshire: I saw, however, only the first portion of the original MS.; it is addressed to her cousin, Mrs. Jane Allington, whom, in the fashion of that day, she calls Silvia, and herself Dorinda. She gives, it will be seen, romantic names to that very unsentimental pair, William and Mary.

speech, desired them, in the name of the lords, to accept the crown. The prince of Orange answered in a few words, the princess made curtsies. They say when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she were troubled."

"It was expected," said Evelyn, "that both, especially the princess, would have showed some reluctance, seeming perhaps, of assuming her father's crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should, by his mismanagement, have forced the nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsomely to the world, according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, 'that there was no intention of deposing the king, only of succouring the nation;' but nothing of the kind appeared."

As soon as their signatures were affixed to the Bill of Rights, William and Mary were proclaimed William III. and Mary II., sovereign-king and queen of England, France and Ireland. "Many of the churchmen," resumes the young lady Cavendish, "would not have it done on that day, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and, as you may suppose, very much pleased to see *Ormanzor* and *Phenixana* proclaimed king and queen of England, instead of king James, my father's murderer.[1] There were wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, they frighted me, too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it would be to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people! At night, I went to court with my lady Devonshire, (her mother-in-law,) and kissed the queen's hands, and the king's also. There was a world of bonfires[2] and candles in almost every house, which looked *extreme*

[1] The young lady was lady Rachel, daughter of the lord Russell, who was beheaded in 1683.

[2] The bonfires were lighted before the doors in that century; the bonfire, and the size of it, were the test of the loyalty and good-will of the householder.

pretty. The king is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence; he is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; yet, if one looks long at him, he has something in his face both wise and good. As for the queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is agreeable, and her motions extremely graceful and fine; she is tall, but not so tall as the last queen, (the consort of James II.) Her room is mighty full of company, as you may guess."

At this memorable drawing-room, the princess Anne displayed her knowledge of the minute laws of royal etiquette. The attendants had placed her tabouret too near the royal chairs, so that it was partly overshadowed by the canopy of state. The princess Anne would not seat herself under it until it was removed to a correct distance from the state-chair of the queen her sister.[1]

Queen Mary was neither so much engrossed by her inquisition into the state of the chattels her father had left in his apartments, nor by the triumph of her accession on that memorable Ash-Wednesday, as to leave neglected a delicate stroke of diplomacy, whereby she trusted to sound the real intentions of archbishop Sancroft. The conduct of the primate was inscrutable to her consort and his courtiers. No character is so inexplicable to double dealers as the single-hearted—no mystery so deep to the utterers of falsehood as the simplicity of truth. When archbishop Sancroft resisted the measures of James II., as dangerous to the church of England, and tending to bring her back to the corruptions of Rome, no one of the Orange faction believed for a moment in his sincerity. They took the conscientious and self-denying Christian for a political agitator —the raiser of a faction-howl, like Titus Oates. In their distrust of all that was good and true, they deemed that the

[1] MSS. of Anstis, Garter King at Arms.

primate of the church of England had some secret interest to carry, which had not been fathomed by William of Orange, on account of his want of familiarity with the technicalities of English ecclesiastical affairs; they supposed that the primate and the queen would perfectly understand each other. The queen had the same idea, and accordingly despatched two of her chaplains, one of whom was Dr. Stanley, to Lambeth, on the afternoon of the important proclamation day, to crave for her, archbishop Sancroft's blessing! The clerical messengers had, however, other motives besides this ostensible one; they were to attend service at the archbishop's private chapel, and note whether king James and his son were prayed for, and bring the report to the new queen.[1]

While her majesty waited for this important benediction, she once more took possession of the home of her childhood, St. James's palace, where she meant to tarry till her coronation, which circumstance a brilliant contemporary has thus illustrated in his description of that palace:—

> "There through the dusk-red towers—amidst his ring,
> Of Vans and Mynheers rode the Dutchman king;
> And there did England's Goneril thrill to hear,
> The shouts that triumphed o'er her crownless Lear." [2]

The archbishop's chaplain, Wharton, went to his venerable master for directions as to "what royal personages he was to pray for in the service for Ash-Wednesday afternoon." "I have no new directions to give you," replied the archbishop. Wharton, who had been brought up in the church of England, had left it for the Roman-catholic creed, and had turned again, determined to take the oath to William and Mary. He, therefore, affected to consider this injunction

[1] Life of archbishop Sancroft, by Dr. D'Oyley, vol. i. p. 434. Wharton has likewise related these events in his curious Latin diary.

[2] New Timon, Part i., p. 3.

as a permission to use his own discretion, and prayed for the newly-elected sovereigns. The archbishop sent for him, in great displeasure, after service, and told him "that henceforth he must desist from this innovation, or leave off officiating in his chapel." The expression of the archbishop in reproof of those who prayed for William and Mary, was, "that they would require to have the absolution repeated at the end of the service, as well as at the beginning." The archbishop then admitted the messengers sent at the request of the queen for his blessing. "Tell your princess," answered the uncompromising primate, "first to ask her father's blessing; without that, mine would be useless."[1] The political ruse of requiring Sancroft's benediction is illustrative of Mary's assumption of godliness, and the response, of archbishop Sancroft's unswerving integrity in testing all such assumptions by the actions of the professor, whether princess or peasant.

In the second day of her reign, queen Mary manifested her inimical feelings to her uncles. Clarendon had retired to his seat in the country, for repose after his labours in the convention; he was both ill, and heart-sick at the aspect of the times. He wrote a letter, and gave it to his wife to deliver in person to his royal niece. This epistle doubtless contained an unwelcome disquisition on filial duty, for lady Clarendon, when she saw the demeanour of the queen, dared not deliver it. "My wife," wrote lord Clarendon, "had some discourse with the new queen on Thursday, (February 14th,) who told her she was much dissatisfied with me, and asked angrily, 'What has *he* to do with the succession?' Lady Clarendon assured her 'that he had acted for her and for her sister's true interest.' She moreover

[1] Two contemporaries, who certainly never saw each other's historical reminiscences, relate this remarkable incident, but without marking the day when it occurred; these authorities are the duke of Berwick, in his Memoirs, and lord Dartmouth, in his Notes. The fact is, therefore, indisputable.

asked her majesty 'when she would please to see her uncle?' To which queen Mary replied, 'That she should not appoint any time.' Lady Clarendon asked, 'Whether she forbade his visits?' The queen said, 'She had nothing to do to forbid anybody coming to the withdrawing-room, but that she would not speak in private to him.'"[1] Her uncle, Laurence, was not more graciously treated. "My brother," continues lord Clarendon, "told me that the new queen had refused to see him, but that he had kissed king William's hand, who treated him civilly. My brother advised my wife not to deliver to the queen the letter I had written." Three days afterwards, queen Mary refused to see the children of her uncle Laurence. They were little girls of seven or eight years old, incapable of giving political offence.[2]

The expectation of the dissenters of England was, that a general union and community of property were to take place between them and the church of England, as the chief result of the revolution. Dr. Bates was the leader of a deputation from them. He had an audience both of the king and queen at St. James's Palace, soon after their accession, and made them an eloquent speech on the subject of this union. The reply of the queen was—

"I will use all endeavours for promoting any union necessary for edifying the church. I desire your prayers."[3]

Soon after this diplomatic reply, the new queen made close examination as to any reforms needed in the celebration of divine service at her royal chapel of St. James, and in consequence expelled forthwith "several fiddlers," who had received appointments in the choir, and sustained part, if not the whole, of the sacred music therein performed. Her majesty's religious deportment at church

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. pp. 263, 264.
[2] Ibid.
[3] White Kennet's History of England.

gave general satisfaction, but the behaviour of her spouse greatly scandalized all who saw him at church, where it was his pleasure to wear his hat. If ever he happened to be uncovered during the solemn recital of the liturgy, he invariably assumed his hat directly the sermon began. His partisans excused this conduct by observing that such was the custom among the Dutch dissenters: they likewise pleaded that the Jews did the same: but members of the church of England did not like the king's irreverent demeanour a whit the better on account of the examples he followed; the queen's suppression of "fiddling" was universally approved, but they could not away with the hat of her Dutch partner.[1]

King William being thoroughly impatient of London air, and of all the pomps and ceremonies connected with his accession, hurried the queen away with him to Hampton Court, where he secluded himself in utter retirement. "He was apt to be very peevish," says Burnet, "and to conceal his fretfulness put him in a necessity of being very much in his closet: he had promised his friends to set about being more visible, open, and communicative. The nation had been so much used to this in the two former reigns, that many persuaded him to be more accessible." He said 'that his ill health made it impossible.' In a very few days after he was on the throne, he withdrew to Hampton Court, and from that palace he only came to town on council days, so that the face of a court was now quite broke. This gave an early and general disgust. The gaiety and diversions of court disappeared: and, though the queen set herself to make up what was wanting in the king by a great vivacity and cheerfulness, yet, when it appeared that she meddled little in business, few found their account in making their court to her: though she gave great content to all

[1] Tindal's Continuation, p. 24, vol. i.

that came to her, yet very few came." In the first days of their reign, William and Mary agreed upon the destruction and the reconstruction of the principal suite of state-rooms of the historical palace, Hampton Court.

It was the custom, at this time, for presentations to be made to the queen after service, when she was coming out of Hampton Court-chapel. Lord Clarendon writes, "In the evening, March 3rd, 1689, my brother Laurence came to me, and told me that he had been to Hampton Court, where king William had, at last, presented him to the queen, but it was in the crowd as she came from church—he kissed her hand, and that was all."[1]

The veteran diplomatist, Danby, was extremely sedulous in his visits to Lambeth, hoping to induce archbishop Sancroft to crown the new sovereigns. The archbishop refused to crown either the king or queen, and, as well as lord Clarendon, persisted that he could not take any new oath of allegiance. Four of the bishops, who had been sent to the Tower by king James II., with two others of their episcopal brethren,[2] and several hundreds of the lower English clergy—among whom may be reckoned the revered names of Beveridge, Nelson, Stanhope, and Sherlock—followed the example of their primate, and forsook livings, property, and preferments, rather than violate their consciences, by breaking the oath they had sworn to the former sovereign.[3] By the great body of the people, they

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 267.

[2] Archbishop Sancroft; Dr. Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells; Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely; Dr. Lake, bishop of Chichester; Dr. White, bishop of Peterborough, and Dr. Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, were the non-juring prelates who refused to take oaths of allegiance to William and Mary.

[3] Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, bishop of Bristol, not only followed the revolutionary movement, but had been its agents. History continually shows, that although the human character is not always consistent in greatness of mind, it usually is so in meanness; it was not probable that Trelawney would sacrifice his interest to any scruple of obligation when he obtained

were infinitely reverenced; but from the triumphant party they obtained the rather ill-sounding designation of non-jurors or non-swearers. Although English ears are not delicate as to musical concord, they are remarkably so in regard to syllabic melody. The art of calling ill-sounding names has, therefore, been in all ages successfully practised by politicians in England. Queen Mary herself made some attempts at this easy but witless department of the war of words. For instance, she gave sir Roger l'Estrange, a literary partizan of her father, the cognomen of *Lying Strange Roger*. Her majesty deemed it was an anagram of his name: but her superfluous letters would puzzle the orthography of the adepts in making anagrams, or any other kind of word-twisting.

Her late chaplain, Dr. Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, expressed himself indignantly, regarding her personal demeanour, at this juncture. He refused to quit his bishopric, or take the oaths to her. Queen Mary sarcastically observed, "Bishop Kenn is desirous of martyrdom in the nonjuring cause, but I shall disappoint him." There was

his preferment by such prostrations as are in the following letter. James II. preferred too many such persons to ecclesiastical dignities, hoping that they would be pliable to his views. It was the worst injury he did to the church of England:

"The Rev. Jonathan Trelawney, to Lawrence Hyde Earl of Rochester."

"My lord,

"Give me leave to throw myself at your lordship's feet, humbly imploring your patronage if not for the bishopric of Peterborough, at least for Chichester, if the bishop of Exeter cannot be prevailed on to accept that now vacant see. Let me beseech your lordship to fix him there, and advance your creature (*meaning himself*) to Exeter, where I can serve the king (James II.) and your lordship. My estate must break to pieces if I find no better prop than the income of Bristol, not greater than 300*l*. If Peterborough and Chichester shall be both refused me, I shall not deny Bristol. But I hope the king (James II.) will have some tender compassion on *his slave*.

"July 10, 1685." "J. Trelawney.

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great political wisdom in this observation; yet there are few persons who would not have felt grieved at standing low in the estimation of a man whose moral worth ranked so high as that of Kenn.

An early opportunity occurred for the queen to reward the revolutionary services of Burnet, by his promotion to the valuable see of Salisbury. There was a great choice of rewards of the kind at the queen's disposal, for no less than six prelates of the reformed church of England died in the beginning of the year 1689. The queen exercised her functions, as the "*dual* head" of the church, by a personal exhortation to the following effect:—"That she hoped that I (Burnet) would set a pattern to others, and would put in practice those notions with which I had taken the liberty sometimes to entertain her." The awkwardness and ungraciousness of this allusion to his "notions" and "liberty taken," are the faults of his style of expression, in which he was certainly inferior to the queen; the words are, however, precisely as he has left them.[1] The queen concluded her admonitions with a careful proviso regarding Mrs. Burnet's habiliments. "She recommended to me," he adds, "the making my wife an example to the clergymen's wives, both in the simplicity and plainness of her clothes, and in the humility of her deportment."[2] It is needful to mention here briefly, that the "notions" commended by her majesty were so very little to the taste of the English people, or the flock over which he extended his crosier, that his inaugural pastoral letter was condemned to be burnt by the common hangman; and accordingly it was thus executed by order of parliament—the national pride of England being aroused by a "notion" as untrue as it was insolent—the new bishop having declared that William and Mary exercised their regal power by right of conquest—a

[1] MS. of Burnet, Harleian MSS. [2] Ibid.

remarkably distasteful clause to the victors of Solebay. The execution of Dr. Burnet's sermon was not the only case of the kind in this reign. The lords sentenced a book published by Bentley, to be burnt by the common hangman in Old Palace Yard, intituled, "King William and Queen Mary Conquerors."[1]

The coronation of the joint-sovereigns next occupied the thoughts of every one at their court. The former regalia with which queens-consort were inaugurated was not deemed sufficiently symbolical of the sovereign power shared by Mary II., and a second globe, a sceptre, and a sword of state, were made for her. The queen-consort's crown was, however, considered proper for her use, and she was crowned with the beautiful diadem which her father had caused to be made for his queen, Mary Beatrice. An alteration of far greater import was effected in the coronation-ceremony.[2] The oath was altered decidedly to a protestant tendency, and the sovereigns of England were no longer required to make their oath and practice diametrically opposite.[3]

The morning of April 11th brought a multitude of cares and agitations to the triumphant sovereigns in addition to the ceremony to which the day had been devoted. Just as their robing was completed, and they were about to set off for Westminster-hall, news arrived of the successful landing of James II. at Kinsale, in Ireland, and that he had taken peaceable possession of the whole island, with the exception

[1] MS. Journal of the House of Lords, 1693.

[2] Regal Records, by J. Planché, Esq. Menin; and above all, the abstract of the coronation-service forwarded to the princess Sophia at Hanover, just after the coronation of James II., shows the coronation oath before the alteration was made. King's MSS. Brit. Museum.

[3] The fact that the ancient catholic coronation-oath, taken by queen Elizabeth, was likewise administered to the Stuart sovereigns is now firmly established; *the very alteration here effected proves it*, if any one doubts the evidence that exists.

of Londonderry and a few other towns. At the same moment the lord-chamberlain, lord Nottingham, delivered to queen Mary the first letter her father had written to her since her accession. It was an awful one, and the time of its reception was awful. King James wrote to his daughter, "That hitherto he had made all fatherly excuses for what had been done, and had wholly attributed her part in the revolution to obedience to her husband, but the act of being crowned was in her own power, and if she were crowned while he and the prince of Wales were living, the curses of an outraged father would light upon her, as well as of that God who has commanded duty to parents." If queen Mary were not confounded by this letter, king William certainly was. Lord Nottingham, who recorded the scene as an eye-witness, declares "that the king forthwith thought fit to enter into a vindication of himself from having, by harsh authority, enforced the course of conduct which had brought on his wife her father's malediction, and he took the opportunity of declaring "that he had done nothing but by her advice, and with her approbation."[1] It was on this memorable occasion that, irritated by the ill news of her father's formidable position, the queen recriminated, "that if her father regained his authority, her husband might thank himself, for letting him *go* as he did."[2] These words were reported to James II., who from that hour believed, to use his own words, "that his daughter wished some cruelty or other to be perpetrated against him."[3]

The alarming news of the arrival of her father in Ireland was communicated to the princess Anne likewise, while she was dressing for the coronation. The political prospects of the Orange party seemed gloomy, and the ladies at the

[1] MSS. of lord Nottingham, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix. [2] Ibid.
[3] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark, vol. ii. p. 329.

toilet of the princess Anne, who had jeered and mocked at the birth of the disinherited prince, were now silent, and meditated how they should make their peace if king James were restored. Mrs. Dawson was present, who had belonged to the household of Anne Hyde, duchess of York; she had been present at the birth of the exiled prince of Wales, as well as that of both his sisters. The princess Anne, in the midst of the apprehensions of the moment, asked Mrs. Dawson "whether she believed the prince of Wales was her brother or not?" "He is, madam, as surely your brother, the son of the king [James] and of his queen, as you are the daughter of the late duchess of York; and I speak what I know, for I was one of the first persons who received ye both in my arms."[1]

It will be remembered that, in the odious correspondence which took place between the princesses on this subject, it was mentioned that Mrs. Dawson had previously given the same solemn testimony to the princess Anne. She had, moreover, added technical evidence,[2] which must have brought conviction to any woman who was not predisposed to the falsehood, and desirous of believing the worst. Such conversations as these occurring, as they did, at the actual robing for the coronation of Mary and her spouse, resemble more the passionate dialogue of tragedy, where the identity of some princely claimant is discussed, than the dull routine of ceremonial in times closely approximating to our own. And then, as if to bring this drama of real life to a climax, the old exiled king, in his memoirs, after relating the horrid observation of his once beloved Mary, bursts into the following agonizing exclamations:—

"When he heard this, he perceived that his own children had lost all bowels, not only of filial affection, but of com-

[1] Memoirs of James II., p. 329.

[2] Correspondence of the princess Anne and princess of Orange, Dalrymple's Appendix.

mon compassion, and were as ready as the Jewish tribe of old to raise the cry, 'Away with him from the face of the earth!' It was the more grievous, because the hand which gave the blow was most dear to him! Yet Providence gave her some share of disquiet, too, for this news coming just at their coronation, put a damp on those joys which had left no room in her heart for the remembrance of a fond and loving father. Like another Tullia, under the show of sacrificing all to her country's liberty, she truly sacrificed her honour, her duty, and even religion, to drive out a peaceful Tullius, and set up another Tarquin in his place."[1] This comparison of Mary II. with the Roman Tullia, which first occurred in the lamentation of her bereaved father, struck the key-note of the most tremendous satire that ever was aimed against a crowned head in modern times: but how or where the English poet met with the idea—whether it was a coincidence, or a communication from the exiled king at St. Germains'—is a literary question of some interest.

The mere ceremonial of the coronation of Mary II. and William III. sinks into flat and vapid verbiage, after its introductory scenes of stormy passion. Who, after the awful malediction and the agonizing bewailment, where the tenderness of the parent is still apparent, can pause to measure the length of trains, or value the weight of gold, or the lustre of jewels?

The strange scene of recrimination between the king and queen of the revolution must have taken place nearly at their entering on the business of the day. It explains what Lamberty mysteriously affirms, "that all was ready for the coronation by eleven o'clock;" but such were the distractions of that eventful day, "that the ceremony did not commence till half-past one." The king went from the

[1] Memoirs of James II., vol. ii. pp. 328, 329.

palace of Whitehall nearly an hour before the queen, descended the Privy Stairs where his royal barge waited, entered it with his suite, and was rowed to Westminster Palace. He arrived at the Parliament water-stairs, passed up by Old Palace-yard at ten o'clock, and went direct to the "Prince's chamber," where he reposed himself, and was invested with his surcoat and parliamentary robes. This chamber, used as a robing-room on these state occasions, belonged to the old palace of Westminster: it was once the state-apartment of the heir of the crown.

The queen, who received the news of her father's landing in Ireland just after the completion of her toilet, retired from the foregoing discussion to perform the private devotions considered suitable for a coronation morning. When her majesty left Whitehall, which was an hour subsequently to the king, she was attired in her parliamentary robes, furred with ermine; on her head she wore a circlet of gold richly adorned with precious stones. In this array, she entered her chair, and was carried from Whitehall palace, through the Privy Garden,[1] thence into the Channel or Cannon row, and so across New Palace-yard, up Westminster Hall into the large state room called the Court of Wards, where she rested herself while "the proceeding" was set in order in the hall.[2]

The place of the princess Anne is not noted in any account of the procession—in fact, her situation rendered it imprudent for her to take any part, excepting that of a spectator. Her husband, prince George of Denmark, went in the robes of an English peer, as duke of Cumberland, which title his brother-in-law, king William, had recently

[1] "When Whitehall existed," says Menin, "a way was opened through Privy Gardens to New Palace Yard, for the chairs, not only of the queen, but the nobility, by special order of the lord chamberlain."

[2] Menin's English Coronations of William and Mary, pp. 6-16, and Lamberty.

bestowed on him. The prince walked next to the archbishop of York, and took precedence of the nobility.[1]

The peers were called over by the heralds in the house of Lords, and the peeresses in the painted-chamber, "where," adds the herald, as if it were an unusual custom, "their majesties were graciously pleased to be present," no doubt for the purpose of specially noting the absentees, "for," observes Lamberty, "the number of peers and peeresses at the coronation of William and Mary was remarkably small, and not by a great number equalling the procession in the preceding coronation." He declares, being drawn up in order, the peers and peeresses were conducted four abreast from the court of requests, down the great stone staircase into Westminster Hall, and their majesties followed them by the same way, as the herald says, "they took their places in Westminster Hall, and their seats on the throne, then placed above the table."

The coronation medal illustrated the sudden dethroning of the late king. Thereon, Phæton was represented as stricken from his car. Neither the subject nor the execution, nor the motto, was greatly relished by Evelyn; neither that of another medal, representing the British oak shattered, while a flourishing orange-tree grew by the stem, with the motto, "Instead of acorns, golden oranges." "Much of the splendour of the ceremony," continues Evelyn, "was abated by the absence of divers who should have contributed to it. There were but *five* bishops and four judges; no more had taken the oaths: several noblemen and great ladies were absent." In all probability, the alarming news of James II. being reigning in the green island had caused the absence of many time-servers. The chief peculiarity in the ceremony was that of the double regal-household, and

[1] Menin's English Coronations of William and Mary, pp. 6-16, and Lamberty.

the addition of those who carried the regnant-queen's orb, regal-sceptre, and state-sword.

At the recognition both the king and queen appeared on the platform, and the demand was made, "whether the people would accept William and Mary for their king and queen:" the answer was as usual, by acclamation. "The king was presented by the bishop of London, although," adds Lamberty, "the archbishop of York was actually in the abbey, the queen by the bishop of St. Asaph: the bishop of Rochester, as dean of the church, gave the king instructions how he was to conduct himself: notwithstanding these instructions an odd blunder occurred: their majesties were kneeling by the rail of the altar, at the time when their first offering was to be made, consisting of twenty guineas wrapped in a piece of rich silk: the envelope was there, but, alas, the gold was absent! The grand-chamberlain looked aghast at the lord-treasurer, the lord-treasurer returned the glance, then each demanded of the other the guineas for the offering—none were forthcoming. The gold bason was handed to the king, the king was penniless—to the queen, her majesty had no money. The bason remained void, a long pause ensued, which every one began to deem excessively ridiculous:" when lord Danby, who had had assuredly enough of the public money, drew out his purse and counted out twenty guineas for the king, the bason was therefore not sent empty away.

The Holy Bible was presented for king William and queen Mary to kiss, and it was especially noticed that it was not presented to king James, and that there was no communion-service at the preceding coronation. Dr. Burnet, the new bishop of Salisbury, then presented himself in the pulpit, and preached his sermon from the following text, 2 Samuel, xxiii. 3, 4. "The God of Israel said, the rock of Israel spake to me: He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be

as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." The sermon lasted just half an hour, and their majesties were observed to be very attentive to it. It was considered to be an excellent one, and so it was,—for the purpose, being aninvective on the queen's father by name from beginning to end.[1]

The bishop of London tendered the coronation-oath according to the recent alterations, "to maintain the scripture and the protestant religion as established by law." The king and queen replied simultaneously to each proposition, blending their voices in assent, and each holding up the right hand. They likewise kissed the book together. The unction was not simultaneous, the bishop of London first poured the oil on the head of William, and then went to the queen and performed the same ceremony.[2]

King William appropriated all that was possible of the ceremonials, symbolical of sovereign power, wholly to himself. Queen Mary was neither girt with the sword, nor assumed the spurs or armilla, like the two queens-regnant, her predecessors. When the sword was offered at the altar, Mary and her regal partner carried it between them, when the difference of their stature must have had an odd effect: and the action itself, a diminutive man and a very tall, fully formed woman, carrying an enormous sword between them, appeared rather absurd. The ancient coronation-ring by which England had been wedded to her royal admiral, James II., still encircled his finger, for he mentions his struggle to preserve it in the scene of his direst distress, when plundered by the rabble at Feversham. As he was successful, it is certain that this ancient gem was never worn by either Mary or her spouse. There exist, in fact, accounts

[1] Menin's English Coronations of William and Mary, p. 64; likewise Lamberty.

[2] Lamberty's History, vol. ii. p. 247. He was present, being actually one of Bentinck's secretaries.

of charges made by the court-jeweller, at this time, for two new coronation-rings.

The archbishop of Canterbury having positively refused to crown either William or Mary, his office was performed by the former tutor of the queen, Compton, bishop of London. The usual supporters, the bishops of Durham, and of Bath and Wells, were likewise absent—one was infirm, the other said "he would not come." Altogether, it was a coronation completely out of sorts: something new and extraordinary happened in every part of it, and ever and anon fresh tidings respecting the progress of James II. in Ireland were discussed between the parties most concerned. Queen Mary looked hot and flushed, and being commiserated by her sister, made that well-known rejoinder, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it appears."[1]

The queen's train was borne by the duchess of Somerset, (the celebrated Percy heiress,) who was assisted by the queen's aunt, lady Henrietta Hyde, accompanied by lady Diana Vere, lady Elizabeth Cavendish, and lady Elizabeth Paulet.

The additional length of the service, owing to the partnership-regality and the interruptions occasioned by the absence of the cash for the offering, caused such delay, that the crown was not set on the head of the queen until four o'clock.[2] The coronation-banquet was in Westminster-hall. The story goes, that the challenge when given, was accepted, for when Dymoke flung down the glove, an old woman upon crutches hobbled out of the crowd, picked it up, and retreated with singular agility, leaving a lady's glove in its place, in which was an answer to the challenge, time and place being appointed in Hyde-park. It is certain that some incident of an extraordinary kind connected with the usual

[1] Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts. [2] Lamberty.

challenge of the champion took place, according to the narrative of a person present, the diplomatist and historian, Lamberty, who says, "when the proper time arrived for the entrance of the champion, minute passed after minute—at last two hours wore away. The pause in the high ceremonial began to be alarming, and promised to be still more awkward than that in the morning. Sir Charles Dymoke at last made his entrance in the dusk, almost in the dark." "He was the son of James II.'s champion,"[1] continues Lamberty; "he made his challenge in the name of our sovereign lord and lady William and Mary. I heard the sound of his gauntlet when he flung it on the ground, but as the light in Westminster-hall had utterly failed, no person could distinguish *what was done.*" The circumstances of the challenge are thus proved by Lamberty to have been favourable enough for the adventure mentioned by tradition. "The banquet," he says, "had not been lighted up," and the long delay of the challenge of the champion made it past eight o'clock before the king and queen retired from Westminster-hall.

A stalwart champion, who, by his attitudes, seemed an excellent swordsman, was observed to pace up and down the appointed spot in Hyde-park from two to four the next day.[2] Dymoke did not appear to maintain his own defiance, and the champion of James II. went his way unscathed for his boldness. This incident has been told as a gossip's tale pertaining to every coronation in the last century, which took place while an heir of James II. existed. Sir Walter Scott has made use of it in his romance of "Red Gauntlet." If it ever took place, it must have been at the coronation

[1] Others declare that he was the same champion who had challenged the world in behalf of James II., and that he was troubled with a qualm of conscience, or uncomfortable feeling, regarding the absurdity of his position when repeating the ceremony for those who had dethroned his former master.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

of William III. and Mary II. The times were most unsettled; half the people considered them usurpers, and the other half fully expected the return of James II., which perhaps encouraged the adventure.

Next day the House of Commons in a full body walked from Westminster to the Banqueting-house, where they attended their majesties, to congratulate them on their coronation, in a speech which we do not inflict on our readers at length, but merely quote the concluding line, which seems to allude to the altered coronation-oath. "That the lustre of their deeds might eclipse their predecessors, so that the English should no longer date their laws and liberties from Saint Edward the Confessor's days, but from those of William and Mary." To this address the queen did not reply; her lord and master briefly answered, "that by God's assistance they both hoped to render them shortly a flourishing people."[1] A great pearl and divers pieces of plate and pewter bearing the royal arms of England were lost or stolen at the coronation. A notice appeared in the Gazette, inviting those who had them to return them to the board of green-cloth. The king and queen were at Hampton Court receiving ambassadors, April 18, with congratulations on their coronation.

The sovereignty of Scotland was assumed by Mary and her consort, without a trace of coronation-ceremonial. In truth, the commissioners could not get at the Scottish regalia, as it was safe in Edinburgh Castle, held out by the duke of Gordon for James II. The earl of Argyle, sir James Montgomery, and sir John Dalrymple of Stair, were the commissioners sent by post from the convention[2] of the estates of Scotland, to offer them the northern sovereignty,

[1] White Kennet's History of England.

[2] The whole scene and documents are given from the official account of the transaction, published in Edinburgh, May 24, 1689, re-edited by J. Malcolm, 1811.

assisted by a procession of such of the Scotch nobility in London as could be induced to attend. Mary and William entered the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, in state. A sword was carried before them by lord Cardross. They seated themselves on a throne under a rich canopy; the commissioners being introduced by sir Charles Cottrell, the earl of Argyle prefaced his presentation of the letter from the estates, with a speech affirming that the king and queen had been called to the Scottish throne by the unanimous votes of the senate. But in reality Dundee and all the unequivocal friends of James II. had left the house of convention, after almost fighting a battle there, and had flown to arms before the vote was passed.

The Scottish coronation oath was tendered to the king and queen. Lord Argyle pronounced distinctly, word by word, and Mary as well as William repeated it after him, holding up their right hands, according to the custom of taking oaths in Scotland:

"We, William and Mary, king and queen of Scotland, faithfully promise and swear, by this our solemn oath, in the presence of the eternal God, that, during the whole course of our life, we will serve the same eternal God to the uttermost of our power, according as he has required in his most holy word revealed and contained in the New and Old Testament, and according to the same word, shall maintain the true religion of Jesus Christ, the preaching of his Holy Word, and the due and right administration of his sacraments now received and preached within the realm of Scotland, and shall abolish and *gain-stand* all false religion contrary to the same, and shall rule the people committed to our charge, according to the laudable laws and constitutions received in this realm, no ways repugnant to the said word of the eternal God, and shall procure, to the utmost of our power, to the *kirk* of God and whole Christian people, true and perfect peace in all time coming. That we shall preserve and keep inviolated the rights and *rents* with all just privileges of the crown of Scotland, neither shall we transfer or alienate the same. That we shall forbid and repress in all estates and degrees, reif (robbery), oppression, and all kinds of wrong. And we shall command and procure that justice and equity be keeped to all persons without exception, as the Lord and father of mercies shall be merciful to us. And we shall be careful to root out all heretics."——

Here king William interrupted the earl of Argyle, and

said, "If this means any sort of persecution, I will not take the oath;" the commissioner replied, "It was not meant in any such sense;" and the voices of the king and his consort again proceeded in unison.

"And we shall be careful to root out all heretics, and enemies to the true worship of God, that shall be convicted, by the *true kirk* of God, of the aforesaid crimes, out of our lands and empire of Scotland. And we faithfully affirm the things above written by our solemn oath.[1]

"Under our hands, April 24, 1689."

Before the signature, the earl of Argyle explained to their majesties that "obstinate heretics, by the law of Scotland, can *only* be denounced and outlawed, and their moveable goods confiscated." And this interpretation appearing to imply "no persecution" in the eyes of William and his consort, the ceremonial was completed, each signing the deed.

The oath of allegiance to William and Mary was remarkable for its simplicity; it ran thus: "I do promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their majesties king William and queen Mary. So help me God."[2]

When the coronation was over, the people expected to see the king take the queen in grand state to her houses of parliament; strange to say, although elected by them to the regal diadem of England, her majesty never attained the privilege of meeting her constituents assembled. Yet it had been usual, in former ages, for the kings of England to bring their consorts with them to parliament on grand occasions, even when such queens claimed no higher royalty than that bestowed by the crown-matrimonial. For instance, Anne of Denmark meant to have accompanied her spouse when he intended to open parliament, on the well known

[1] From many expressions in this oath, it appears doubtful whether any alteration had been effected since the prevalent religion had become presbyterian in the north.

[2] Parliamentary Debates, vol. ii. p. 263.

fifth of November, to identify which fact, no other document need be quoted than the Common Prayer Book, where thanksgiving is duly recorded for her preservation, as well as for that of king and parliament. Charles I. was not deterred by the danger of his mother; he brought his bride, Henrietta, to parliament, and seated her on the throne by him. All which was no innovation, but according to the frequent examples of their Plantagenet ancestors. Therefore the petty jealousy of the Orange king, which interposed betwixt the English senate and the daughter of England, was the more remarkable.

There is a curious Dutch print,[1] representing what never took place—namely, a grand state-progress of William and Mary returning through the park to St. James's palace, after opening their first parliament. The queen is depicted in her royal robes, invested with the crown and sceptre, similar regal emblems to those borne by her husband. William and Mary are drawn as seated in a fine four-posted car, the pillars ornamented and draped with festoons. The queen's face is girlish and laughing, and so broad withal, that no likeness is apparent; were it not for being seated by William, whose resemblance to his other portraits is remarkable, her identity might be doubted. The royal procession is delineated as passing towards St. James's, near that spot where the solitary cannon now stands. Although the design comprises a curious and correct drawing of old Whitehall-palace, yet the whole must be deemed no other than a Dutch figment; an invention of an incident very probable and very proper, yet which never actually occurred; for the fact may be indisputably ascertained by the Gazette[2] of that year, that king William never went by land to meet his parliament in the first years of his reign, but slipped there by water privately, and went without his

[1] Print-room, British Museum, Crowle's Illustrations of London, vol. ix.

[2] The Gazette was formally recognised then as an organ of government.

queen. In proof of this, a few retrospective passages are here offered.

"Five days after the proclamation of William and Mary, Feb. 18, 1688-9, the king entered his state-barge at Whitehall Stairs, and was rowed in a few minutes to Parliament Stairs (Westminster Palace) where he was received by the great officers of state, the yeomen of the guard making a lane for him to pass all the way from the water side to the Prince's Lodging;[1] he wore the parliamentary robes, and the state-crown was set upon his head." Thus William III. met his parliament for the first time; his ostensible purpose being to pass an act to prevent acrimonious and violent disputations in debates.[2] The king returned in the same quiet and closely guarded manner to Whitehall, assuredly without the queen, or the gazette must unavoidably have named her.

William again wore the crown and robes the next week, Feb. 25, and again he went and came by water to parliament, his armed guards forming an impervious line for his passage from Parliament Stairs till he reached the interior of the ancient palace of Edward the Confessor.

In short, the gazette enumerates King William's visits to parliament, both before and after the coronation of himself and Mary, as taking place at least every week while he was in London; yet never by any chance is the queen named as his companion in these short voyages from Whitehall Stairs to Parliament Stairs. The fact that William III. wore the state-crown and robes in parliament almost every third day, whenever he was in or near London, stands in odd contradiction to his assumed preference of simplicity, and

[1] The robing-room of Westminster-palace, anciently the principal apartment of the English heir-apparent. The bodies of William, of the young duke of Gloucester, of prince George of Denmark, and of queen Anne successively laid in state in this very room, one of the scenes of their worldly glories.

[2] Gazette (British Museum) of February 21, 1688-9.

scorn of royal magnificence. Perhaps he had satiated himself thus early in his reign with the coveted externals of majesty, and found no permanent satisfaction in their use. His queen, however, had no chance of coming to the same conclusion, for she never was permitted to have any communication with her parliament, excepting by means of deputations, which carried up addresses to her; and her usual mode of receiving them, was, seated by her husband in that very fatal banqueting room where the last tragic scene in the life of her hapless grandsire, Charles I., had been performed. When it is remembered, how sadly and solemnly Mary had been accustomed from early infancy to observe the anniversary of the butchery that formerly had there taken place—how she had been taught to raise her little hands in prayer—how she had seen her father and mother in mourning garb and bitter sorrow seclude themselves with all their children and household, and pass the 30th of January in tears and supplications to Heaven, it seems passing strange that she could shake off her early impressions so far as to endure such receptions, especially, as it has been shown, that her customary observance of that day of sad remembrances had been rudely broken by her husband.

King William returned in the middle of May from Portsmouth, whither he had been to see the English fleet after its return from the defeat of Bantry Bay, in Ireland. The queen went with him soon after, to look at the earl of Nottingham's house, at Kensington, which they were inclined to purchase. Their majesties liked the situation, but did not think the building sufficient; yet they proposed to the earl of Nottingham to resign his rights to the lease he held from the crown of Kensington-house for the sum of 20,000*l.*, to be paid out of the treasury.[1] King William considered the air wholesome, notwithstanding its vicinity

[1] Tindal's Continuation, p. 41, vol. i.

to London, and that it would be possible to hold councils there when his asthma would not permit him to breathe a smoke-polluted atmosphere.[1]

The solemn entry of the Dutch ambassadors, being Odyck, Dyckvelt, and four others, to congratulate the king and queen on their coronation, took place at the end of May. On their landing at the Tower, the royal state-carriages came for them, both those of the king and queen, attended by sixteen pages and sixty running footmen, in splendid liveries. The Dutchmen were then brought to Cleveland-house, St, James's, where they received messages of welcome from the king, by lord Cornwallis, from the queen, by sir Edward Villiers, her master of Horse. Lord Cornberry brought compliments from prince George, and the princess Anne sent colonel Sands on the same errand.[2] Such enumeration gives information regarding the persons who were at the important epoch of the coronation in the most responsible offices about the persons of the royal sisters and their spouses.

"The coldness that soon ensued between the princess Anne, and her sister the queen, partly arose," observes lady Marlborough, "from the conviction that William III. had, that the princess and her husband, prince George of Denmark, had been of more use than they were ever like to be again, and partly from the different humours of the two sisters. Queen Mary soon grew weary of anybody who would not talk a great deal, and the princess Anne was so silent that she rarely spoke excepting to ask a question." Whilst giving the world these characteristics of the royal sisters, the writer indulges in an enthusiastic flow of self-praise, because she, "by earnest representations, kept her mistress from quarrelling with the new queen. It was impossible

[1] Lamberty. [2] Gazette, May 27, 1689.

for anybody to labour more than I did, to keep the two sisters in perfect unison and friendship, thinking it best for them not to quarrel when their true interest and safety were jointly concerned to support the revolution." There were likewise other interests at stake; for, if we may believe the uncle of the queen and princess, strong bribes had been promised to this person and her husband,[1] for the service of inducing the princess Anne to give precedence to her brother-in-law at his coronation.

Great rewards and honours had been distributed, at the coronation, among all the agents and promoters of the revolution, especially those who held situations in the households of either Mary or Anne. Lord Churchill received the title of earl of Marlborough, and a rich income arising from court-places; and from this time his wife, whose domination over the mind of the princess Anne rendered her the ruler of her fortunes, and the leading spirit of her history, will be known by the name of lady Marlborough.

But to the infinite consternation of the princess Anne she discovered, that whatsoever golden harvests other agents of the revolution had reaped, she herself, so far from having bettered her condition, was likely to be deprived of the certain and liberal income which had been settled on her by her indulgent sire. It had been whispered to her that king William, when examining the treasury-lists, had said to lord Godolphin, "that he was astonished to think how it was possible for the princess Anne to spend her revenue of thirty thousand pounds per annum?"[2] As Anne had been mal-content with her father for not adding ten thousand

[1] Likewise, Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Narrative of the Revolution, vol. ii. p. 87. This accomplished noble deserves belief, because, like Clarendon, he was in that revolution unstained by bribes, self-interest, or treachery.

[2] Conduct of duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. The amount was really 32,000*l.*, allowed by James II., as a foregoing document has shown.

pounds to this allowance, it may be supposed that the observation of her brother-in-law created some alarm in her mind.

It had been discussed in the royal circle, that it was quite a novelty for any junior branch of the royal family to receive an independent revenue. Even the princes of Wales had never been entrusted with any revenue that was not controlled by the king,[1] at least, such was bishop Burnet's version of history. These were ominous hints, for the princess Anne, who had actually yielded her place in the succession to her brother-in-law, on the promise of a large addition to her revenue. So far from that promise being realized, king William seemed to consider that a separate table ought not to be allowed to any cadet branches of royalty. Certainly the king's conduct at his own table was not of that courtly polish, which would render a domestication at his board during life a very pleasant anticipation. "I could," says lady Marlborough, who speaks as an eye-witness, "fill many sheets with the brutalities that were done to the princess in this reign. William III. was indeed so ill-natured, and so little polished by education, that neither in great things, nor in small, had he the manners of a gentleman. I give an instance of his worse than vulgar behaviour at his own table, when the princess dined with him. It was the beginning of his reign, and some weeks before the princess was put to bed of the duke of Gloucester. There happened to be just before her a plate of green peas, the first that had been seen that year. The king, without offering the princess the least share of them, drew the plate before him, and devoured them all. Whether he offered any to the queen I cannot say, but he might have

[1] There were few instances of adults possessing the dignity; but according to the ancient laws, the provision in Cornwall was devoted to the heir of England from his birth, with separate officers for its management. Wales itself had sometimes to be reconquered, as in the reign of Henry IV.

done that safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch one. The princess Anne confessed when she came home, that she had so much mind for the peas, that she was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them."[1] Some relators of this anecdote add, that, on account of her earnest wish for green peas, the Hampton Court gardens and forcing-houses had been searched to gratify the princess Anne, whose situation rendered disappointment in such cravings somewhat dangerous.

Assuredly hospitality was not among the royal virtues on the throne; when the king dined at St. James's palace, no one was permitted to eat with him but the Marshal Schomberg, the general of the foreign troops, and some Dutch officers. Schomberg was always placed at the right hand of king William. If any English noblemen came in, according to their national custom, during the royal dinner, they stood behind William's chair, and never a word did the monarch speak to them, nor were they ever invited to sit down to eat, a courtesy common in such cases. So there did the haughty English stand, humbled and neglected witnesses of the meal of the Dutchmen, who evidently deemed themselves their conquerors. The earl of Marlborough had, as an aid-de-camp, a young noble cadet, named Dillon, who had formed a great intimacy with Arnold von Keppel, the handsome page and favourite of the Dutch king. These boys were usually present at the royal dinners: Dillon observed to Keppel, "that he had been present at several of them before he heard the king utter one word to any body;" and asked, "Does your master ever speak?" "Oh yes," replied the young favourite, "he talks fast enough at night over his bottle, when he has none about him but his Dutch friends."[2] His bottle was

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 115; likewise Echard, in his History of England.

[2] Carte Papers, printed by Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 282.

not one that could be produced before the proud English magnates, who were too apt to commit excess with champagne or burgundy, but they scorned Hollands-gin.

Lady Marlborough sent for young Dillon, and questioned him on what he saw and heard at the king's table. The boy told the truth, which was in all probability what her spouse did not; he said, "that he never saw any man treated with such neglect and contempt as lord Marlborough." "It is just what he deserves," exclaimed the gracious helpmate, who had certainly led him into this awkward situation, "he should have considered how much better he was off some months ago!" This speech marks the earliest period that can be traced of enmity expressed by the favourite of the princess Anne towards the sovereign of the revolution. The weak intellect of the princess followed the lead of her ruler as a matter of course. From the same source—the gossiping of the two pages, Keppel and Dillon—king William was reported to have said, "that lord Marlborough had the best talents for war of any one in England, but he was a vile man, and though he had himself profited by his treasons, he abhorred the traitor."[1] William really acted according to this idea, for he gave Marlborough the command of the English troops sent to Holland, to fill the place of Dutch forces kept to awe the English, and removed him, for some months, from communication with the factions fermenting at court.

Other causes of dissension had arisen; they were, it is true, of an undignified nature, and resembled more the petty bickerings of lodgers in humble dwellings, than aspirants for royal dignity in palaces. When the changes took place at the revolution, Anne was, with her favourite, very vigilant to secure all that could accrue for their personal convenience. They had fixed their desires on those splendid apartments

[1] Carte Papers, printed by Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 282.

at Whitehall, which had been built, rebuilt, and fitted up several times by Charles II., to indulge the luxury of the duchess of Portsmouth. This grant king William had promised Anne before the arrival of her sister.

When queen Mary was settled at Whitehall, the earl of Devonshire, who had a great taste for balls, made interest with queen Mary to be put in possession of them, declaring "that these apartments were the best in England for dancing." The princess averred "that she desired these apartments because of their easy access and vicinity to those of the queen," and that "she was ready to give up the Cockpit in exchange for them." Unfortunately, queen Mary happened to say "she would consult the earl of Devonshire on the subject," which gave her sister high displeasure. The princess sullenly observed, "whichever way *he* decided, *she* would not take the earl of Devonshire's leavings."[1] It appears that king William interposed his authority, that the princess Anne might have the benefit of his promise, and she remained in full possession of the Cockpit, and of these coveted apartments as well. Having, therefore, obtained her own way, and more than she had originally desired, it was scarcely reasonable to cherish resentment on the subject.

The next acquisition desired by the princess Anne was the palace of Richmond. She said, "that she loved it in her infancy, and the air agreed with her." Richmond had been, since the time of Henry VII., the seat of the heir to the crown, a fact which did not lessen its charms in the eyes of the princess Anne. But lady Villiers, the deceased governess of the princess, had had a lease of the palace, and madame Puissars, one of her daughters, had obtained the reversion, and refused to yield it to the heiress of the throne. The mistress of William III., Elizabeth Villiers, and the

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

arrogant favourite of the princess Anne, declared fierce war against each other in the course of the controversy; but the matter ended by the triumph of the Villiers' alliance.[1] From that hour, the hostility extended itself to the royal sisters, although for some time their mutual heart-burnings rested smothering under the semblance of kindness.

The unpopular seclusion in which William III. enveloped himself at Hampton Court was no more to the taste of his queen than it was to that of the English in general. Many indications showed that Mary had an extraordinary relish for pleasure, yet her first attempts at dissipation brought considerable mortification with them.

In June, 1689, several skirmishes had taken place between the Williamite army in Ireland and the troops of James II. Blood had flowed, soldiers in the name of the queen and her husband were constantly arrayed against the life of her father, and fresh reports were every day raised that king James was killed, taken, or had died of fatigue or grief. Just as these agitating rumours were the most rife in London, king William came for a few days to hold privy-councils at St. James's palace, and his queen took that opportunity of recreating herself with seeing a play. There was but one play which had been forbidden to be acted by James II., and this his daughter particularly desired to see performed; this was the Spanish Friar, by Dryden; it was disliked by James II., because its licentious comic scenes held up one of the Roman church to ridicule. It deserved banishment altogether for its sins against general decorum. The queen had probably never read the drama; for, instead of finding, as she hoped, passages which would tell severely against her father, she found that the tragic part of the plot seemed as if it had been written for her own especial castigation. Perhaps the

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 27—29.

great enmity she ever manifested against Dryden arose from some vague idea that he had purposely caused the vexation she endured that night.

"The only time," wrote her lord-chamberlain, Nottingham,[1] "that her majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, has furnished the town with discourse for a month. Some unlucky expressions put her in disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan, often look behind her, and call for her palatine (pelerine), hood, or anything she could contrive to speak of to her women. It so happened, that every speech in that play seemed to come home to her, as there was a strong report about town that her father James II. was dead in Ireland; and whenever anything applicable was said, every one in the pit turned their heads over their shoulders, and directed their looks most pointedly at her." Nor could this be wondered at,—for a daughter sitting to see a play acted, which was too free for the morals of *that* age, at the moment when news had just arrived that her own father was dead, was indeed a sight to be gazed upon with consternation. The English public, notwithstanding all that partisans may do or say, always feel rightly in such cases, and they took care that the queen should be conscious of that feeling.

"Twenty things were said, which were wrested by the audience to her confusion. When it was uttered on the stage, 'Tis observed at court who weeps, and who wears black, for good king Sancho's death,' the words were made to come home to her. Again, when the queen of Arragon is going in procession, it is said, 'She usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and, at the same time, is praying for a blessing on her army.' Another speech occurred, 'Can I seem pleased to see my royal master murdered, his crown usurped, a distaff on his throne? What

[1] Autograph letter, written by Daniel Finch lord Nottingham, dated June, 1689; given by Dr. Percy to sir John Dalrymple; see his Appendix, p. 78. It is likewise printed by Dr. Birch.

right has this queen but lawless force?' The observations then made, furnished the town with talk, till something else happened, which gave as much occasion of discourse. The historical scene above narrated, which really may be cited as part of a drama performed by the spectators of a comedy, receives no little corroboration by a manuscript entry at the lord chamberlain's office, noting that, just at this period, Mrs. Betterton received a donation from Mary II. for performing in the Spanish Friar, by the queen's command.

Another play was ordered by the queen, to which she came not. Most likely king William himself had commanded the queen's absence, since she had so far forgotten her political position, as to order the cavalier comedy of The Committee; and he or his ministers foresaw some mortifying manifestation of popular feeling during its representation. In fact, such was the case, as recorded by the pen of Lamberty, the secretary of his prime minister, Bentinck. This writer says, that when the roundheads tender the oath to the commonwealth to the loyal colonels, Blunt and Careless, those cavaliers reply, "Why should we take it when the king will be restored in a few days?" When the passage occurred, the pit rose simultaneously, and gave three rounds of applause. The popular allusion pointed at the oath just tendered, at the coronation of William and Mary.

The master of the revels, from the time of those memorable performances, was a harassed and distressed man,—his duty leading him to weigh every word on the stage, and to examine in all possible lights the action, lest the perverse public should draw therefrom any allusion to the queen's father in the plays permitted to be performed. Shakespeare was viewed with peculiar suspicion, for the inquisition extended not only to new plays, but to those stamped with the admiration of several generations. King Lear was condemned root and branch,—no one could wonder at that cir-

cumstance; but, alas! the master of the revels flew upon Richard the Third, when it was afterwards revived at a great expense, and docked off unmercifully a whole act. The players lamented piteously, and begged "that a few speeches of Shakespeare might be restored to them, only to make the remaining four acts intelligible." "Not one!" replied the director of the diversions of royalty. At last the distressed manager ventured to ask the reason wherefore the play of Richard the Third was alarming to the court? "Because," replied the great man, "the death of Henry VI. will remind the people of king James II., now living in France!"[1]

From these anecdotes, and from others illustrative of queen Mary's tastes and proceedings, at the epoch of her accession, it becomes evident that her majesty wished to frequent the national theatres with the freedom of her uncle, Charles, and that king William chose that she should confine her diversions to the palace-theatres,[2] or to the basset-table.

"Her majesty," continues lord Nottingham, "being disappointed of her second play,[3] amused herself with other diversions. She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman

[1] The master of the revels, according to Colley Cibber, is the inferior officer of the lord-chamberlain. From that time "Richard the Third" has commenced with the line

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths."

Previously the tragedy opened with the death of Henry the Sixth; whether Shakespeare left it thus is a question, but as a matter of taste, merely considering "Richard" as a glorious dramatic poem, and without being biassed in favour of the reasons of Mary II.'s revel-master, we think that the modern commencement gives the most pleasure to the reader.

[2] Gazette, Feb. 1688-9.—There is the queen's theatre, Dorset-gardens, mentioned in the Gazette, but no notice of her going there. It becomes a question of some antiquarian curiosity to ascertain in what theatre the strange interlude was performed between her majesty and her good people, which lord Nottingham gives us.

[3] Lamberty.

in the Hall,[1] that sells fine ribbons and head-dresses. From thence, she went to Mrs. Ferguson's, to De Vett's, and other Indian houses, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way. Mrs. Potter said, 'that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that the whole design of bringing queen Mary and king William was hatched at her house.' But it seems that since my lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress, she has not had much countenance of the queen."[2]

These tours through the curiosity shops, then called Indian houses, were rather more respectable than the next freak queen Mary thought fit to indulge in. The queen had heard that Mrs. Wise, a famous fortune-teller, had prophesied that king James II. should be restored, and that the duke of Norfolk should lose his head.[3] "The last," adds lord Nottingham, in comment, "I suppose will be the natural consequence of the first." Her majesty went in person to the fortune-teller, to hear what she had to say regarding her future destiny—probably, to know if report had spoken truly, and whether she might reckon her hapless sire among the dead. Queen Mary took this disreputable step without obtaining the gratification of her profane curiosity. The witch-woman was a perverse Jacobite, as may be supposed from the tenour of her prophesies, and positively refused to read futurity for her majesty.[4] King William was completely incensed at these proceedings: his reprimand was not only severe, but public. Whether the visit to the fortune-teller ever came to his ears is doubtful: but his wrath was particularly excited by the dinner at Mrs. Graden's. In terms not to be repeated here, (but which proved that his majesty, although a Dutchman, was a pro-

[1] Either Westminster Hall or Exeter Change, which were two bazaars at that time.

[2] Lord Nottingham's letter, as above.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Lord Nottingham's letter, as above.

ficient in the English vulgar tongue,) he observed to the queen, that he heard "she had dined at *a house of ill-repute*," and added, with some little humour, that "the next time she went to such a place, he thought it was only proper that he should be of the party." The queen replied, in excuse, "that the late queen, (Mary Beatrice,) had done the same." The king growled the retort, "whether she meant to make her an example?" "More was said," concludes lord Nottingham, "than ever was heard before; but it was borne like a good wife, who leaves all to the direction of the king, who amuses herself with walking six or seven miles every day, with looking after her buildings, making of fringe, and such like innocent things." The queen's curiosity was by no means restrained by her husband's reproof, rude as it was; for she afterwards went to visit a place of entertainment on the Thames, called the Folly, accompanied by some of her suite; according to the description of a very coarse delineator of London, her contemporary, this floating ark of low dissipation well deserved its name, or even a worse one.[1]

"The censures of the town," wrote lord-chamberlain Nottingham, "were loud on the queen's utter absence of feeling in regard to her father." Her conduct provoked a fierce satire, which was handed about in manuscript among the coffee-houses, where Dryden and the literati of the day, and the wits of the court did congregate. In lines of great originality, portraits were drawn of queen Mary and the princess Anne, as the elder and the younger Tullia:—

> "In time when princes cancelled nature's law,
> In 'Declarations'[2] which themselves did draw;

[1] Ward's Picture of London.

[2] The declaration is here alluded to, disseminated by the prince of Orange at his landing. In it, he abjured all intention of aiming at the crown.

When children used their parents to disown,
And gnawed their way like vipers to a crown.
* * * * *
The king removed—the assembled states thought fit,
That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit,
Voted him regnant in the senate-house,
And with an empty name endowed his spouse.
That elder Tullia, who some authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's trembling corpse a wain;
But *she*, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,
To crush her father and her king alive!
And in remembrance of his hastened fall,
Resolved to institute a weekly ball.
She, jolly glutton, grew in bulk and chin,
Feasted in rapine and enjoyed her sin;
Yet when she drank cool tea in liberal sups,
The sobbing dame was maudlin in her cups."

Queen Mary and her partisans attributed these lines to Dryden, and, indeed, the structure of the verse resembles his cadence and metre. A courtier, of the name of Mainwaring, is now supposed to have been the author: but this person was a great flatterer and correspondent of lady Marlborough: he would never have been pardoned by her if he had attacked her with such uncompromising earnestness. A portrait of that dame is drawn, describing her with the air peculiar to her portraits, in all of which she seems to be turning up her nose at her beholders, and, indeed, this odious expression is the only flaw on her beauty. As for her husband, his treachery to his master is discussed with a pen of fire: and then the author adds:—

"His haughty female who as folks declare,
Did always toss proud nostrils to the air;
Was to the younger Tullia[1] governess,
And did attend her, when in borrowed dress,
She fled by night from Tullius in distress.

[1] The princess Anne.

A daughter *who by letters brought his foes,*
And used all arts her father to depose;
A father always generously bent,
So kind that he her wishes would prevent."

The author of this severe satire must have been intimately acquainted with the interior history of the royal family, since the treacherous letter written by Anne at the same time with that affected one of duty left on her table, slept in the obscurity of William III.'s private box at Kensington, till George III. opened it to Sir John Dalrymple; even now it is scarcely known. This, and the curious coincidence between the comparison of the family of Tullius, made by James II. himself, whose manuscript memoirs were then not only unpublished, but known to few, shows that the author of this extraordinary poem must have been deeper in the hidden archives of the royal family than either Dryden or Mainwaring could possibly be. Perhaps count Hamilton, who had lingered at the court of England in hopes of doing some mischief in behalf of his master, was the author. Hamilton was a favourite of queen Mary II., who found him among her courtiers at her accession; he was her relative by descent from the royal line of Stuart. He affected great zeal for her interest, and undertook, with the gayest air in the world, to induce lord Tyrconnel, the lord lieutenant, (who had married his brother's widow, Frances Jennings,) to give up Ireland into the hands of king William. Lord Clarendon, who had lately been lord-lieutenant there, and was more of a patriot than a partisan, alarmed at the peril of the protestant community, overcame his abhorrence for William sufficiently to offer his assistance in obtaining the allegiance of the Irish without bloodshed. The newly elected sovereigns treated the only honest statesman who came in contact with them with contumely, being enraged that the oath he had sworn to his royal brother-in-law pre-

vented him from taking another to his niece on the throne, or to her husband. The advice of the gay deceiver, Hamilton, (although, if he had a religion, he was of the church of Rome,) was preferred, and off he went as plenipotentiary, to confer with Tyrconnel. The way in which he performed his mission was, by persuading Tyrconnel to hold out the kingdom for James II. When the news came of the part acted by Hamilton, the heir of Sir William Temple, who had accepted the office of secretary of state, and had advised the measure, drowned himself at London-bridge, and the court remained in consternation. Suicide had become hideously prevalent in England at the end of the seventeenth century.

While queen Mary was in London, endeavouring to revive the spirit of gaiety which had for ever departed from Whitehall, her sister remained at Hampton-Court, where she awaited her accouchement. Whenever the princess Anne went abroad, her extraordinary figure excited astonishment. Evelyn seemed to behold her with no little consternation, and thus described her in June, 1689:— "The princess Anne of Denmark is so monstrously swollen that it is doubted that her state may prove only a violent tympany, so that the unhappy family of the Stuarts seems to be extinguishing. Then, what government is likely to be set up is unknown; whether regal or by election, the republicans and dissenters from the church of England looking that way."

Although the whole hopes of the country were fixed on the expected offspring of Anne, and she was thus rendered in some degree a person of more importance than either of the sovereigns, her pecuniary anxieties continued; and if the narrative of her favourite may be credited, she did not receive a single payment of money throughout the year 1689, or rather, from the time of the departure of her father from England.

The queen took up her residence at Hampton-Court permanently, for the summer, in the commencement of July, The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique palace, he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner beneath the pressure of the cares which his three crowns had brought him; while Mary, luxuriating in her native air, and the pleasures of her English palaces, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to obesity. She used to promenade, at a great pace, up and down the long straight walk, under the wall of Hampton-Court, nearly opposite to the Toy. As her majesty was attended by her Dutch maids of honour, or English ladies naturalized in Holland, the common people who gazed on their foreign garb and mien named this promenade "Frow" walk: it is now deeply shadowed with enormous elms and chesnuts, the frogs from the neighbouring Thames, to which it slants, occasionally choosing to recreate themselves there; and the name of Frow-walk is now lost in that of Frog-walk.

The pleasures of the Dutch monarch were not of a sociable kind; he neither loved the English nor English manners, but preferred Dutch smoking parties, with closed doors, guarded from all approach by foreign soldiers, with pipes in their mouths, and partisans grasped in their hands. The daily routine of the life of William and Mary is only preserved in squibs and lampoons; among these manuscripts, detestable as they are in construction and metre, some lost traits are found.

"HAMPTON COURT LIFE,[1] IN 1689.

"Man and wife are all one, in flesh and in bone,
From hence you may guess what they mean,
The queen drinks chocolat, to make the king fat,
The king hunts to make the queen lean.

Mr. Dean says grace, with a reverend face,
'Make room!' cries Sir Thomas Duppa,[2]
Then Bentinck up-locks his king in a box,
And you see him no more until supper."

This supper took place at half-past nine: by half-past ten royalty and the royal household were snoring. If queen Mary had to write a letter or despatch at eleven at night, she could not keep her eyes open. The regal dinner-hour was half-past one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour virtuously early.

Queen Mary, like every one descended from lord chancellor Clarendon, with the exception, perhaps, of her uncle, Henry, earl of Clarendon, indulged in eating rather more than did her good: her enemies accused her of liking strong potations. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the satires and lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell: she was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman.

Among the valuable collections of colonel Braddyll, at Conishead Priory, Lancashire, was preserved a very fine miniature of William III., delicately executed in pen and ink etching. It is a small oval, laid on a back ground of white satin, surrounded with a wreath of laurel embroidered in outline tracery in his royal consort's hair, surmounted with

[1] Inedited MS. from the earl of Oxford's Collection of State Poems: Lansdowne Papers, No. 852, p. 195.

[2] Sir T. Duppa's monument at Westminster Abbey, notices that he was gentleman-usher to king William.

the crown-royal. The frame is of wood, curiously carved and gilded, and at the foot is a circular medallion, radiated and enclosed in the ribbon of the garter, containing also, under a fair crystal, queen Mary's hair, which is of a pale brown colour, and of an extremely fine and silky texture. At the back of the picture, queen Mary has inscribed, on a slip of vellum with her own hand—"My haire, cut off March ye 5th, 1688." Under the royal autograph is written, "Queen Mary's hair and writing."

The princess Anne was, at this time, living dependent on the bounty of her sister and brother-in-law, at Hampton-Court. Here she was treated, it is true, as princess, but was forced to owe to them the supply of the very bread she ate at their table. Her retirement from Whitehall to Hampton Court, for her accouchement, must have taken place in June 1689, as the following historical events are recorded by the Gazette of that month:—

"Hampton-Court, June 30th.—On the 28th instant, the baron de Leyenberg, envoy extraordinary from the king of Sweden, had a public audience of the king, and on the 30th, of the queen, to notify the death of the queen Christina. He had afterwards audience, on the same occasion, of their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark, being conducted by sir Charles Cotterel, master of the ceremonies."

The queen of Sweden, whose death was thus formally announced at the British court, was the eccentric Christina, who had long abdicated her throne, and lived as a Roman-catholic, under the protection of the pope at Rome. The Gazette announced—

"July 24th.—This morning, about four o'clock, her royal highness the princess Anne of Denmark was safely delivered of a son at Hampton-Court. Queen Mary was present the whole time, about three hours; and the king, with most of the persons of quality about the court, came

into her royal highness's bed-chamber before she was delivered. Her royal highness and the young prince are very well, to the great satisfaction of their majesties and the joy of the whole court, as it will, doubtless, be of the whole kingdom."

The queen and the whole of the party who had effected the revolution, were, in fact, unfeignedly rejoiced at this event. The existence of an heir to the throne, who would be assuredly educated in protestant principles, was likely to be the best security against the restoration of the Roman-catholic line of Stuart. The infant was baptized William, in Hampton-Court chapel. The king and queen stood sponsors; they proclaimed him duke of Gloucester the same day, and were generally understood to regard him as their adopted son. He was not created duke of Gloucester, because his mother considered that title as dreadfully unlucky.[1] The king of Denmark was the other godfather, represented by the earl of Dorset.

The queen paid great attention to her sister during a long period of weakness and ill-health. Her majesty was, however, deeply incensed to find, before the princess was wholly recovered, that she was secretly making interest, by the agency of lady Marlborough, with some members of the House of Commons, to move that an independence might be settled on her according to promise.

The large sum of six hundred thousand pounds had been voted by the Commons, as the civil list of William and Mary, and it was then specified that the princess Anne was to be provided for out of it. It seems extraordinary, that either the king or the queen could expect that their sister would forego her undefined share of this provision; they must have known that she could not dispense with her income; and that if she derived all her funds from their

[1] Hooper MSS.

caprice, incessant quarrels must have been the inevitable result. William's nature was harsh and tyrannical to every person related to him; he was never easy without they were from day to day dependent upon him.[1]

The queen, who had no feelings, but as they were reflected from the mind of her husband, was utterly exasperated when she found that a motion regarding the revenue for her sister was pending in the House of Commons. She deemed her sister deceitful and ungrateful in a remarkable degree, to carry on this measure in an underhand manner, at the very moment when she was cherishing her as her guest, and bestowing maternal care on her and her infant.[2] One night the queen took the princess severely to task for this offence, and began by asking her, "What was the meaning of the proceedings in the House of Commons?" Anne replied, "that she heard her friends there wished to move that she had some settlement." The queen replied hastily, with a most imperious air, "Friends? Pray, what friends have you but the king and me?"[3]

Lady Marlborough was not in attendance on the princess when this memorable dialogue took place. Anne, however, repeated it to her with more resentment than she had ever been known to express. The queen never mentioned this business again to her sister, although they met every night, but king William prorogued the parliament just as the motion was about to be made, "That his majesty would please to allow the princess Anne fifty thousand pounds out of the civil list lately granted to him." This matter the public agitated all the summer; meantime, the princess was

[1] Nor was this exacting tyranny confined to his English relatives; his hatred was still more active towards his Dutch cousin, the prince of Nassau-Frise, who was both his godson and heir to his paternal line. The offence of the prince was, that he would not permit William's regiments to be recruited from the peaceful inhabitants of his territory.

[2] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 29.

[3] Ibid.

burdened with debt and care, and other sorrows began to press heavily upon her.

During the first two months of the existence of the young prince, his death was frequently expected; his size was diminutive, and his constitution very weakly; a perpetual change of nurses was the remedy proposed; the poor infant seems to have been brought to the last gasp by this plan. All this time the princess and her child were at Hampton-Court. One day a fine-looking young quakeress, a Mrs. Pack, came from Kingston, with a baby of a month old at her breast; she wished to tell the princess Anne of a remedy that had done her children good; when the prince of Denmark saw her, he begged she would go to bed to the pining and sickly heir of Great Britain, who was that evening expected to breathe his last. The young quakeress complied; the infant duke imbibed nourishment eagerly from her, and from that hour his mother felt hopes of rearing him.[1] The quakeress, it is said, was of a very haughty temper, and endeavoured to rule the whole of the princess's household.

The residence of the princess Anne and her husband at Hampton Court, close to that of the king and queen, began to be excessively irksome to them, and, before the autumn was past, the princess sought for a place near London, the air of which was unexceptionable, for her delicate child. Lord Craven lent his fine house at Kensington Gravel Pits[2] for the prince's nursery; there he remained twelve months. Every day he went out in a miniature carriage, pre-

[1] Memoirs of William Henry duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins, Tracts, British Museum.

[2] The memory of the residence of the old heroic earl of Craven, (who was supposed to have been privately married to the queen of Bohemia,) is preserved in the name of Craven Hill, Bayswater. The beauties of this spot are now marred by dense rows of brick houses. The house was destroyed by fire in the last century; its site may be guessed by a fine row of old elms near Mrs. Loudon's house, Porchester Terrace.

sented him by the duchess of Ormond, nor was the severest cold suffered to detain him from the air. The horses, which were about the size of good-sized mastiffs, were guided by Dick Drury, the prince of Denmark's coachman.

King William went from Hampton Court to Newmarket Oct. $\frac{10}{20}$, in one day; this was considered surprising expedition. He passed whole days on the race-ground, or in hunting; in the evenings he gambled. He lost four thousand guineas, at basset, at one sitting.[1] The next morning, being in a great state of exasperation, he gave a gentleman a stroke with his horsewhip, for riding before him on the race-ground. The English were not used to such manners; the proceeding was satirized by a bon-mot declaring "that it was the only blow he had struck for supremacy in his kingdoms." His majesty thought fit, in his homeward progress, to pay a visit to Cambridge. There he was received and harangued by the vice-chamberlain, who was the same Dr. Covel whose letter concerning the ill-treatment of queen Mary has already been quoted. While the king was absent, Lord Halifax represented to the queen "how very inconvenient it was for the council to travel to Hampton Court to meet the king there, and represented that a palace at Kensington would be a great convenience."[2]

In the first year of queen Mary's reign, most of her household were Dutch; a few of the higher offices were, perhaps, given to English. Her majesty's chamberlain was lord Wiltshire; her vice-chamberlain, "Jack Howe," (familiarly so called;) her equerry, Sir Edward Villiers; her first lady, and mistress of her robes, the countess of Derby; her ladies of honour, Mrs. Mordaunt and Mrs. Forster; these seem to have been all the English of her household.

[1] Lamberty. He was probably present, being in the service of Bentinck, earl of Portland.

[2] Lamberty.

Madame Stirum, who had accompanied her majesty from Holland, returned in great dudgeon, because she could not be her first lady in England.[1]

The princess Anne prudently withdrew her child and herself from the vicinity of her royal sister and brother-in-law, while the great cause of her own future provision was debated by parliament. The measure was made a trial of strength of party, and many intrigues were set at work to induce her royal highness to withdraw her appeal to the justice of the House of Commons. Lady Fitzhardinge, the household spy in the establishment of the princess Anne, was strongly in the interest of her own sister (Elizabeth Villiers) and of the king: she was, besides, considered to possess an extraordinary share of the queen's favour: this lady was instructed to persuade the princess to let the motion in parliament drop. But the earl of Marlborough had returned from the campaign in Holland, and both he and his wife carried on the measure, as if their dearest personal interests were concerned. Finally, on the 18th of December, 1689, the Commons signified to the king the propriety of allowing his sister-in-law 50,000*l.* out of the civil list.[2] From this moment queen Mary became the enemy of her sister, not openly and avowedly as yet, for the outward grimace of friendly intercourse continued more than two years. Meantime, Anne was considered not only as heiress to the British throne, but in the more important light of mother to the future line of sovereigns, for her infant son grew and prospered. The circumstance of her bearing an heir at a very important political crisis, and that he should live, while three children she had previously borne had died, formed a parallel case to the birth and prolonged existence of her unfortunate brother.

[1] Lamberty, who gives this list of queen Mary's officials, calls "Jack Howe," "monsieur Jacques Howe."

[2] Ralph.

One winter's night of 1689, the queen's apartment at Whitehall was entered by a scaling-ladder from the Thames, and the daring burglars carried off the plate of her majesty's toilet and the branches of a silver lustre—in all, prey to the amount of five or six hundred pounds. The apartment of the queen's Dutch official, Overkirk, was, at the same time, robbed of a large silver cup. This most daring act was generally supposed to have been committed under the auspices of captain Richardson, gaoler of Newgate, or rather, captain of the thieves put under his charge, to whom he was dreadfully cruel by day, but at night let the worst of them out to rob for his benefit. "The perpetrators of the Whitehall burglary were never discovered, although some of the booty was found, being a branch of one of the queen's toilet-lustres, thrown into a darksome hole in Westminster, which had never before needed a lustre from a queen's table, to illumine its depths."[1]

It was one of the peculiar features of the era of the revolution, that English poetry, such as it was, consisted of hard, unpleasant facts. The above observation on the governor of Newgate presents the original from whence the satirist drew his well-known lines, called "London:"

> "The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
> Duly let out at night to steal for fees."

Gay, in his well-known drama, called the "Beggars' Opera," instead of giving an exaggerated picture of prisons in his day, showed a mere faint shadow of what they actually were, since the era of Henry VIII.

The foregoing stream of occurrences but brings us down to the Christmas of 1689-90; an epoch equally marked with infinite anxieties to the protestant-branch of the royal family reigning in England, and to their exiled father reigning in Ireland. The saying went throughout the British realm,

[1] Lamberty, 696, vol. ii.

that if king James would give some proper pledge for the security of the established religion, he could not be kept out of the government a single day. In truth, every description of plunderer, high and low, had seized on the finances with such vigorous activity, that in one twelvemonth only, the revenue, which James II. had left perfectly clear and free from debt, was minus by three millions.[1] What was worse, the English navy, left by their sailor-king the ruler of the seas, had sustained a scandalous defeat at Bantry Bay, not for lack of skill or bravery, but because the infamous peculators, who had been kept at bay by king James, now embezzled all the funds provided for food and ammunition. The merchant-marine, which had been sedulously cherished by James, and carefully guarded in their voyages to his colonies and foreign factories, by efficient convoys, had been so fearfully plundered by pirates and privateers, since his deposition, that we care not to write down the enormous calculation. Dismal petitions were sent by the merchants, when the parliament of 1689-90 met, complaining of the cruel extortion of convoy-money, especially forbidden by king James. The most guilty of the naval commanders, was captain Churchill, the brother of lord Churchill, who had been the first to desert king James, and had made his market that same year of convoy-money to such an enormous amount, that, on proof, the House of Commons expelled him from his seat as a member, with infamy, and he was afterwards broken, and deprived of his ship.[2] Queen Mary exerted herself strenuously to prevent this act of justice, and we shall see her use her sovereign power to restore him; therefore it could not have been his punishment that aggravated the enmity borne to her by the Marlboroughs.

The war was carried on in Ireland, in the same spirit

[1] See Dalrymple's Appendix. [2] Ibid.

of peculation; the soldiers sent to oppose king James, perished with disease, because the contractors supplied them with rotten food, and damaged clothing. The duke of Schomberg wrote piteous despatches from Ireland, on the iniquity of the Englishmen in office, especially if they were leaders in the House of Commons. It is scarcely possible to withhold a smile at the *naive* pathos of some of the old veteran's complainings, or at the picture he draws of the peculations of the notorious general Kirke, and the patriotic Mr. Harbord, declaring, "that each knew the robberies of the other so well, they dared not audit any accounts." Harbord could not check Kirke's audacious robberies, he himself being paid every week for a regiment he had affected to raise; "and," wrote Schomberg to William III., "I do assure your majesty that the existence of this fine regiment is limited to its standard, which leans in a corner of his dressing-room, and that is all that he can show of it." Almost every army-commissioner drew pay for a fictitious regiment; some who had numerous connexions to pension, appointed the regular officers; but others, only the standard, like Mr. Harbord. "Never," groaned poor Schomberg, after relating these enormities, "never did I see a nation so willing to steal!"[1] William III. writhed under the consciousness that this corruption was sapping the foundations of his throne. One day he was discussing these troubles with his minister and confidant Bentinck, whom he had lately created earl of Portland; they observed, with consternation, the appalling public defalcations which had impaired the revenue since the deposition of king James. Portland asked his royal friend, "whether he believed that there was one honest man in the whole of Great Britain?" "Yes, there

[1] Schomberg's Despatches from Lisborne, in Ireland, Dec. 30, 1689. Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 53. No history ever illustrated the corrupt spirit of the revolution like the whole tenour of these letters.

are many," replied king William with a sigh, "there are as many men of high honour in this country as in any other, perhaps more; but, my lord Portland, they are not *my* friends."[1]

This conviction did not prevent king William from disgracing himself by the patronage he afforded to the noxious wretch, Titus Oates. The parliament reversed the just sentence of the law against the perjurer; and William and Mary not only pensioned him with 400*l.* per annum, but, what was far worse, rewarded him for his deeds with two rich livings in the church of England.[2] Titus likewise wrote a most libellous book against James II., and was impudent enough to present it in full levee to the king and queen! Evelyn mentions with disgust, that his work contrived to insult the grandfather as well as the father of the queen, being entitled, "Eikon Basilike, or a picture of the *late* king James." It was a vulgar parody on the beautiful work of Charles I. The patronage of this foul character occasioned horror, but king William was supposed to be in his power on account of former political intrigues.

The queen was observed by her courtiers to put on a statue-like coldness whenever she communed with her sister, who was glad to retreat to her old dwelling, the Cockpit, from the coveted Portsmouth apartments, which were in near vicinity to those of her majesty.[3] The queen's side of the ancient palace of Whitehall seems to have been on the site of the range of buildings now called Whitehall Terrace, while

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes: Portland told the anecdote to Dartmouth's father.

[2] The parliament relieved Titus Oates from the cruel continuance of his punishment, but, at the same time, positively refused to remove from him the stigma of the murderous false-witness, by which he had earned those inflictions. (Parliamentary Journals.) What would be thought in these days of any clergyman being inducted into rich pluralities, whose oath was inadmissible as a convicted false-witness?

[3] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

the residence of the princess, the Cockpit, was on the other side of the Holbein gateway, and opened into St. James's park. The Portsmouth-apartments were occupied by the infant duke of Gloucester as his nursery, whenever he was in town; and the queen could at times approach her adopted son without always meeting the mother, and assuming the austere frown with which she usually beheld her. This arrangement, though really contrived by Anne in an evident spirit of conciliation, was made the means of insults to her of a description as absurd as they were annoying. Of course, the princess, who was a tender mother, passed much of her time in the nursery of her heir. Whenever the queen heard that her sister was there, she forbore to enter the room, but would send an inquiry or a message to her infant nephew—"a compliment," as it was called, in the phraseology of the day. The set speech used to be delivered by the queen's official in formal terms to the unconscious infant, as he laid on his nurse's knee;[1] and then the courtly messenger would depart, without taking the slightest notice of the princess Anne, although she sat by her child. Sometimes, queen Mary sent her nephew rattles or balls, or other toys, all which were chronicled in the Gazette with great solemnity; but every attention shown to the little Gloucester was attended with some signal impertinence to his mother.[2]

Early in the spring of 1690, king William completed the purchase of lord Nottingham's lease[3] of Kensington house, and determined to build there a palace which would be conveniently contiguous to London for councils, and yet

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough. [2] Ibid.

[3] Kensington, as the name implies, had always been a demesne of the crown, from the Saxon era. It was the nursery palace of the Tudors, when the court was at Chelsea, in the reign of Henry VIII.; it had been granted in leases from one courtier to another, until, from the Heneages, it had merged in their descendant, Daniel Finch, earl of Nottingham.

out of the reach of its smoky atmosphere, which often aggravated his constitutional disease of asthma to agony. The earl of Nottingham's ground at Kensington consisted of only twenty-five acres, being the angle between the present conservatory and Kensington-town, and the whole demesne in king William's occupation never exceeded it. Hyde Park then came up to the great walk,[1] which now reaches from Bayswater to Kensington, extending in front of the palace. A wild gravel pit occupied the ground between the north of the palace and the Bayswater road,[2] afterwards enclosed by queen Anne. A straight avenue of trees and a formal carriage-drive led across the park to William III.'s suburban palace: the round pond did not then exist, therefore the present features of the scene are essentially different.

The king wished the buildings he planned at Kensington to be finished against he returned from his Irish campaign, as he meant to take the field against his uncle in the ensuing spring. Among the important avocations deputed to the queen's management, the superintendence of the erection of Kensington palace was not the least in her estimation, as will be presently shown by her letters.

It was in this spot that queen Mary displayed that extraordinary taste in gardening, which, twenty years afterwards, was mirthfully discussed by Addison and Steele in "The Spectator." Notwithstanding their lively satire, the vegetable whimsies in which her majesty's Dutch predilections delighted, continued prevalent for a century. Let the reader give a glance at the black groups of yews and hollies which rear their odd outlines over the private garden wall at Kensington Palace, near the chapel; those queer contorted trees were once the cherished ornaments of queen Mary's private garden; they were then and there clipped

[1] Knight's "London." [2] Ibid.

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into the forms of lions and unicorns, ducks and drakes, cocks and hens, dragons, tigers, and basilisks, by the ingenious shears of her majesty's gardeners, London and Wise. These worthies and their royal mistress once effected the formation of the vegetable statues of Adam and Eve, and the Tree of Knowledge, but the serpent long defied the utmost efforts of their skill. There are some odd black, dwarfish yew-trees among the now delightful gardens at Hampton Court, on which her majesty and her favourite gardeners once exercised their peculiar taste.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

The reins of government consigned to queen Mary—Plan to seize her father—Departure of William III. to Ireland—With the husband of princess Anne—Series of the queen's letters—She describes to her husband her quarrel with the queen-dowager—Arrest of her uncle—Enmity against him—Her sabbath laws—Her want of money for building—Her regnal troubles—Her annoyance from lord Monmouth—She orders the fleet to fight—Loss of the battle of Beachy Head—Her letter on it—She writes to the Dutch admiral—Her affliction—Has not time to weep—Letter on the king's wound—On the battle of the Boyne—Mentions her father—Her meeting with lord Lincoln—Visit to the privy council—Her troubles concerning it—She is mentioned in Jacobite songs—She pleads for education in Ireland—Horrors inflicted there by her husband—Queen reviews militia—Letters to the king—Her disgust at Burnet and his sermon—Unwilling to print it—Her discussions in council—Urged to seize power—Her fidelity to her spouse—Harassed with naval matters—Calmness in stormy debate—Offers command to admiral Russell—Tormented with cabinet factions—Expects the king home—Apologies regarding Kensington-palace and Hampton-Court—Cannot finish buildings—Dreads her husband's anger—Fears for his capture at sea—Plagued by factions—Beset by a mad lord—Harassed with regnal perplexities—Has the vapours.

QUEEN MARY was brought by William III. to council, June 3, 1690, an act of parliament having previously passed, investing her with full regnal powers of governing solely during the king's absence. William proceeded to appoint and declare, in her presence, the junta of nine

privy-councillors whom he had chosen to assist her.[1] The president of this cabinet-council was lord Danby, who first invented the black art of swaying the English senate by personal bribes from government. He was now pursuing his unrighteous career on a more extended scale, under the title of marquis of Carmarthen. His eight coadjutors were lord Pembroke, lord Devonshire, lord Nottingham, lord Godolphin, lord Marlborough, lord Monmouth,[2] admiral Russell, and sir John Lowther. The individuals composing this junta possessed the greatest offices at court. Six, at least, of them were in secret correspondence with her father: two or three, as Godolphin and Nottingham, are supposed to have been personally attached to him, but we believe they may be clearly acquitted of any attachment excepting to their own interest.

Such were the materials of Mary II.'s government, when, in the prime of life, in her nine-and-twentieth summer, the reins of a divided empire were placed in her inexperienced hands. A most extraordinary story was at the same time circulated concerning her, which was that she had suffered, since her coronation, great mental agony on account of her conduct to her father; and, in consequence, had had recourse to the spiritual aid of her friend, Dr. Tillotson. He, to comfort her, preached a sermon from Matt. xxx. 46, on hell-torments. It appears that Tillotson leaned to doubts as to their eternity, for furious comments were made on the sermon by his enemies, as a promulgation of the tenets of the Socinians. The most provoking comment was, that they were adopted to soothe the queen's despair.[3]

[1] Lord Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 316. Sir J. Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] This person is the same eccentric hero celebrated under the name of lord Peterborough, in the reign of queen Anne. It is a task to identify historical characters under the rapid changes of titular appellation assumed by the revolutionists.

[3] Life of Dr. Tillotson, by Dr. Birch. The sermon was preached March 7, 1690. The uproar concerning it lasted some months.

In fact, Burnet thinks proper to affirm that Mary, and particularly her husband, gave some hints that they were conscious of the moral horror of their position when the latter was setting out for the campaign in Ireland.

The manner in which Burnet discusses this extraordinary passage in their lives is sufficiently remarkable even in the printed version he has given to the world, but it assumes a still stranger appearance when the incident is collated with his unprinted manuscript notations still extant.[1] "The day before the king set out for Ireland," says Burnet, "he called me into his closet; he seemed to have a great weight on his spirits from the state of his affairs, which was then very cloudy. He said, 'for his part he trusted in God, and would either go through with this business, or perish in it; only he pitied the poor queen—the poor queen!' repeating that twice, with great tenderness, and 'wished that those who loved him would wait much on her, and assist her;' adding, 'the going to a campaign was naturally no unpleasant thing to him: he was sure he understood *that* better than how to govern England; and though he had no mistrust or doubt of the cause he went on, yet, going against king James in person was hard upon him, since it would be a vast trouble, both to himself and the queen, if her father should be either killed or taken prisoner.' He [king William] *desired my prayers* and dismissed me very deeply affected, with all he had said."[2]

Now, for a specimen of how the "prayers" worked and the fruits of the "deep affectedness" with which these filial patterns had inspired the revolutionary bishop, no words, excepting his own, shall be used; but his manuscript, instead of the printed copy familiar to every one, furnishes the narrative:[3] "I had a particular occasion to know how tender he [William III.] was of king James's

[1] Harleian MSS. No. 6584. Brit. Museum.

[2] Burnets Own Times, which thus far varies little from the MSS.

[3] Harleian MSS. No. 6584. Brit. Museum.

person; for *one*[1] had *sent by me a proposition to him* [William], which seemed fair: that a first-rate ship, manned by men on whom the king [William] might depend, and commanded by one that the king [William] might trust, should be sent to Dublin, and had orders to declare 'for king James.' He [the commander of the ship] offered to be the person who should carry the message to king James, then at Dublin; for he had served him at sea, and was known to him. He knew the king's temper [James] so well, that, upon an invitation, he was sure he would come on board, and then they might sail away with him, either 'to some part of Spain or Italy.' For he [*the betrayer*] 'would *not engage in it* unless he was assured he [James II.] *was not to be made a prisoner.*'"

Very remarkable is the last clause, when compared with the result and consecutive circumstances.

"When *I* [Burnet] *carried this to the king* [William,] he thought 'the thing might, probably enough, succeed:' but he would not hearken to it; 'he would have no hand in treachery; and besides, if king James should go on board with his guards, there might be some struggle with them and the seamen, and in it somewhat might happen to king James's person, in which he would have no hand.' So he would not entertain the notion. I told this afterwards to the queen, and saw in her a great tenderness for her father, and she seemed much touched at the answer the king had made."

Would, for the honour of human nature, that this passage were true, but sternly is it gainsaid by existing documents. It seems that William and Mary took an immediate opportunity of privately acting on the hint which Burnet says he gave to them; yet, not by the agency of either this clerical

[1] The author has some idea that this "one," unnamed by Burnet, was sir Cloudesley Shovel.

plotter or his naval coadjutor. A warrant has been found among Herbert, earl of Torrington's papers,[1] written throughout by queen Mary's great confidant, the earl of Nottingham, and signed by the hand of king William, authorizing the same admiral [Torrington] who piloted William's Dutch navy, through the Downs to Torbay, the year before, "to seize the person of James II., and to deliver him up, certainly not to Spain, or Italy, but to the states of Holland, to be disposed of *as they should think proper.*" The mercies of the Dutch to the admiral-prince who had quelled their flag in so many tremendous conflicts were not likely to be very tender.

The new information gained by comparing Burnet's manuscript notation of current events with the printed version, given to the world in general, is worth attention. It has been shown, that he claims the introduction of the above plan for kidnapping king James II., by enticing him on board one of the ships that had formerly belonged to him, and asserts, that he, the sea-captain, who had formerly served James, refused to have anything to do with this first scheme, which Burnet "thought fair enough," if his old master was to be made prisoner. Therefore, king James, when entrapped, was to be set on shore in Spain or Italy.[2]

[1] Lord Dartmouth, Notes to Burnet, vol. iv. p. 82.

[2] The following is the transcript from Burnet's History of his Own Times, edition 1823, vol. iv. p. 82, as it runs in print, commencing where it varies from his original version of the event. Harleian MS., No. 6584.

"I had a particular occasion to know how tender he [William III.] was of king James's person, having learned an instance of it from the first hand. A proposition was made the king that a third-rate ship well manned by a faithful crew and commanded by one who had been well with king James (but was such a one as the king [William] might trust) should sail to Dublin and declare for king James. The person who told me this offered to be the man that should carry the message to king James (for he was well known to him) to invite him to come on board, which he seemed to be sure he [king James] would accept of, and when he was on board he would sail away with him and land him either in Spain or Italy as he [king William] should desire, and

Then ensued all the scene of filial tenderness for the bishop to put down in his book. But lo! as soon as the garrulous contriver of the scheme is bowed out with tears and pious ejaculating, and "desired prayers," the filial pair agree that neither conspirator have gone far enough—the fools dictate scruples: and finally, William, the nephew, and Mary, the daughter, executed the Torrington-warrant to act on the plan for betraying the old king; but, instead of sending him to be set on shore, endowed with "twenty thousand pounds," as Burnet has printed, the old admiral is to be surrendered to the Dutch sailors, whom he had so often defeated!

The real nature of William and Mary's intentions towards their unfortunate father is apparent from this consignment, which is in disgusting contrast with the qualms of remorse or apprehension, which their flatterer terms tenderness! In further illustration of their true feelings may be seen, to this day, the "London Gazette" printed under Mary's regency, in which exultant mention is made "that the cannons of her husband, pointed against the tents of her father, had beat down many in close vicinity to him."[1]

should have *twenty thousand pounds to give him* [king James] *when he should be set on shore.*"

The last audacious figment is in the printed history, but not in Burnet's own manuscript notations. On the other hand, the bishop or his worthy executor Mackay, "the spy," favours not the world with the intelligence that he himself was first the contriver and then the introducer of the whole scheme of betrayal "that seemed fair." The printed history then proceeds in unison with the manuscript, to describe the filial scene acted by William, the nephew, and Mary, the daughter. And to do proper justice to the merits of their acting, they seemed to have induced credence in the bishop. For he knew not the secret tendency of their conduct, brought to light a century afterwards, when lord Dartmouth's Notes were printed; that nobleman having discovered when he was lord privy-seal to queen Anne, the cruel warrant proving how William III. and his queen had privately adopted Burnet's scheme to kidnap James II., with those aggravations in his intended destination which must have led to the unhappy old king being murdered by his Dutch gaolers.

[1] London Gazette, July, 1690, which is further quoted in Ralph's History, p. 21.

The husband of the princess Anne shared in the campaign against her father, prince George being made available by William III. to obtain a large body of forces, chiefly heavy cavalry, from Denmark. He hired nearly 7000 of these troops. The consort of the princess Anne, although he volunteered to assist in the strife against his father-in-law, was not given the command of his countrymen. It was according to etiquette that prince George should ride in the same coach with the king, but William III. excluded him with undisguised disgust.

"So exact was the queen, that she would not enter on the government until the king was upon the seas," says Burnet in his manuscript, and likewise gives the following sketch of her majesty's demeanour:[1] "She was regular in her private and public devotions to admiration. She was much in her closet, and read a great deal: she *wrought* much [*in handyworks,*] and seemed to employ her thoughts on anything but business. All she did was natural and unaffected; her conversation was natural and obliging, and she was singular for her vast charities to the poor. A vast mass of people of quality had fled from Ireland, and drew from her great marks of her bounty and goodness: nor was she ever uneasy or angry with those who threw objects in her way. But all this was nothing to the public; if the king talked to her of affairs, it was in so private a way as nobody seemed to apprehend it. Only Shrewsbury told me [Burnet], that the king said to him: 'That though he could not hit the right way of pleasing the nation, he was sure she could, and that we should be all very happy under her.'"

Queen Mary bade adieu to her husband June $\frac{1}{4}$, 1690. He commenced his journey towards the coast of Cheshire[2]

[1] Harleian Collection, Burnet's Original Autograph MSS., No. 6584.

[2] Diary of lord Clarendon.

the same day, meaning to land in that part of Ireland, which would enable him to effect a speedy junction of the great forces he brought, with the miserable and dispirited army commanded by Schomberg and Kirke. The day of his departure, the queen came to Whitehall-palace, where she ostensibly took up her residence, and assumed the reins of government. In due time, she received a letter from her husband, announcing his safe arrival at Carrickfergus, June $\frac{14}{24}$.

Henceforth, the queen becomes the historian of that part of her own reign which is parallel with her husband's campaign in Ireland, in a most extraordinary series of letters addressed to him. The letters of William III. in reply unfortunately exist not; they were probably destroyed by the queen a few hours before her death. Her own were carefully preserved by him, and were found at Kensington-palace after his decease. Her first letter was written in answer to the announcement of his safe arrival in Ireland:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, June $\frac{13}{23}$, 1690.

"You will be weary of seeing every day a letter from me, it may be, yet being apt to flatter myself, I will hope that you will be as willing to read as I to write. And indeed, it is the only comfort I have in this world, besides that of trust in God. I have nothing to say to you, at present, that is worth writing, and I think it unreasonable to trouble you with my grief, which must continue while you are absent, though I trust, every post, to hear some good news of you, therefore, I shall make this very short, and only tell you I have got a swelled face, though not quite so bad as it was in Holland, five years ago. I believe it came by standing too near the window when I took the waters.

"I cannot thank God enough for your being so well past the dangers of the sea, I beseech him in his mercy, still to preserve you so, and send us once more a happy meeting upon earth. I long to hear again from you how the air of Ireland agrees with you, for I must own, I am not without my fears for that, loving you so entirely as I do, and shall till death."

This love-letter to her husband was followed by another, dated June 21, which shows Mary launched on the sea

of troubles belonging to her exalted station. She details to her absent lord her refusal to sign the death-warrant of Macguire, the burglar, and her determination of commuting his sentence of death into transportation,[1] and then adds, "I shall not trouble you with everything the lords said to me at this time—the chief thing was that they had had the *parson* in examination."

Her majesty proceeds to relate, in diction rather too involved for direct quotation, why "this *parson*" was in trouble with the privy-council. A prayer had been ordered by her to be said in all church of England places of worship, for the success of king William's arms against her father in Ireland. Lord Feversham, chamberlain to the queen dowager, Catharine of Braganza, had taken upon him to stop this prayer from being said by "the parson" of the Savoy chapel, because it was under the jurisdiction of Somerset-house, the dower-palace of Catharine of Braganza, whereby king William was deprived of the benefit of the prayers of the protestant part of the dowager's household, conduct which Mary viewed with intense indignation.

The whole proceeding brings strongly to mind the rugged, but noble lines of Davenant on the political prayers of his day:—

> "Still does the ambitious world rudely prefer,
> Their quarrels, which they call their prayers to heaven;
> Deeming the Almighty like themselves can err,
> Depriving some of what's to others given."

The bitterness which pervaded the mind of Mary against the forlorn queen-dowager, her uncle's widow, whose friendless state in a foreign land ought to have called forth better feelings, is apparent throughout the whole of this correspondence. She proceeds thus to describe to her wedded

[1] It must be remembered that the West India Islands and North America were, at that time, the penal settlements for convicts.

partner how she took lord Feversham to task for the offences of his royal mistress:—

"I was," she writes,[1] "*extreme* angry, which the lords (of the privy-council) saw, but I shall not trouble you with it. I told them *that I thought there was no more measures to be kept with the queen-dowager herself after this*—that is, if it were her order, which no doubt it is. First, lord Nottingham was to send for lord Feversham to him, I desired him 'to speak as angrily to him as possible,' which he promised to do. Lord Feversham was with him as soon as he got home, having heard of the *parson* being examined. When lord Nottingham told him all I said, he seemed much concerned, and desired to come *and throw* himself at my feet, and own all the matter as a very great fault in him, but done out of no ill design. To be short, he came yesterday to my bed-chamber, at the hour when there was a great deal of company (I mean just before dinner); he looked as pale as death, and spoke in great disorder."

Mary has been regarded by the world as the passionless idol of the glorious revolution, but, if her own account of her sayings and doings in the present series may be trusted, it must be owned that she could show vixenish vivacity enough on occasions. As Lord Feversham had recently been a prisoner in the Round Tower at Windsor Castle,[2] on the committal of king William, perhaps his pallor proved his alarm lest the queen should send him back to his old place of durance.

Queen Mary's narrative proves that she gave her morning receptions in her bed-chamber. She thus continues to narrate the tribulations of poor lord Feversham, who, being a

[1] Letters of queen Mary to king William, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., from the Kensington box, pp. 115, 116.

[2] Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, 2nd series, vol. iv. p. 184. His name was Louis Duras; he was nephew to the great Turenne.

Frenchman, was, of course, rather hyperbolical in his mode of apology to the fair offended majesty of Great Britain:

"He said," continued the queen, "that he must own it was a very great fault, since I took it so, but he begged me to believe it was done not out of any ill intention, nor by agreement with anybody; he assured me, the queen-dowager knew nothing of it. That it was a fault, a folly, an indiscretion, or anything I would call it!' I told him 'that after doing a thing of that nature, the best way was not to go about excusing of it, for *that* was impossible, since, to call it by the most gentle name, I could give it, 'twas an unpardonable folly, which I did not expect, after the protestations he had made;' upon which he said an abundance of words; I doubt whether he himself knew what he meant by them. At last, he spoke *plain* enough. He said, 'God pardoned sinners when they repented, and so he hoped I would.' I told him, 'God saw hearts, and whether their repentance was sincere, which, since I could not do, he must not find it strange if I trusted only to actions,' and so I left him."

"I pity the poor man for being obliged thus to take the queen-dowager's faults upon him, yet I could not bring myself to forgive him. I remember, I did say more, 'that if it had been myself, I could have pardoned him, but when it immediately concerned your person, I would not, nor could not."

"The queen-dowager sent me a compliment, yesterday, on my swelled face. I do not know whether I have writ you word of it. Yesterday I had leeches set behind my ears, which has done but little good, so that it mends but slowly; and one of my eyes being again sore, I am fain to write this at so many times, that I fear you will make but ill sense of it.

"The queen-dowager will come to-day to see me, but

desired an hour when there was least company, so I imagine she will speak something of herself, and that which inclines me the more to this opinion is, that she has sent for lord Halifax,[1] and was shut up in her chamber about business with him and others the whole morning; I shall give you an account of this before I seal up my letter.'

Queen Mary was, however, disappointed. Catharine of Braganza came not as a suppliant at her levee, to receive a rating, like her lord-chamberlain, Feversham. As that nobleman had promised and vowed that *his* queen knew nothing of the offence, Catharine wisely resolved to appear as if she remained in utter ignorance of the whole affair. Nor could queen Mary insist that her dowager-aunt knew aught of what was going on in a Protestant place of worship, which she never attended. At the close of her letter, queen Mary says—

"The queen-dowager has been, but did not stay a moment or speak two words. Since she went, I have been in the garden, and find my face pretty well, but it is now candle-light, therefore I dare say no more. I have still the same complaint to make that I have not time to cry, which would a little ease my heart; but I hope in God I shall have such news from you as will give me no reason, yet your absence is enough; but since it pleases God, I must have patience. Do but continue to love me and I can bear all things with ease."

The next day brought tidings of sufficient import to divert her mind from dwelling on her heart-burnings with the queen-dowager; it was, that a mighty French fleet, which had been long expected to invade England, was seen passing through the Channel. Queen Mary announced this event in two duplicate letters to her husband:

[1] He was chancellor to the queen dowager's (Katherine of Braganza) establishment.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, June 22, half-past 11 at night.

"The news which is come to-night, of the French fleet being upon the coast, *makes it thought* necessary to write to you *both ways*,[2] and I (that you may see how matters stand in my heart) prepare a letter for each. I think lord Torrington[3] (admiral of the English fleet in the channel) has made no haste; and I cannot tell whether his being sick and staying for lord Pembroke's regiment will be a sufficient excuse; but I will not take up your time with my reasonings, I *shall* only tell you that I am so little afraid, that I begin to fear that I have not sense enough to apprehend the danger; for whether it threatens Ireland or this place (England), to me 'tis much as one to the fear, for as much a coward as you think me, I fear me for your dear person more than my poor *carcase*. I know who is most necessary in the world. What I fear most at present is not hearing from you.

"Love me, whatever happens, and be assured I am ever entirely yours till death."

In the duplicate letter which she wrote at this exigence, the chief variation is in her pretty expressions of affection to her husband. She says to him—"As I was ready to go into my bed, lord Nott [ingham] came and brought me a letter of which he is going to give you an account; for my own part, I shall say nothing to it, but that I trust God will preserve us—you where you are, and *poor* I here."

She again repeats "that her insensibility to fear is so complete, that she attributes it to a defect of character." William, it seems, had formed no high idea of her valour, for she playfully alludes to his opinion of her cowardice. She nevertheless showed, at this awful crisis, as valiant and steady a spirit as her most renowned sires.

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 117, printed from king William's box, Kensington.

[2] By two different routes to Ireland; both of the queen's letters arrived safely.

[3] The same commander whom William and Mary had entrusted with carrying out the plan for betraying the old king, (contrived by Burnet and a nameless sea-captain,) and among whose papers the warrant previously quoted was found. Torrington was, perhaps, revolted with disgust, as he was, during the remainder of his days, suspected of Jacobitism; it is certain he never attempted to carry out this filial project.

Left alone, or surrounded by those whose fidelity was doubtful, Mary II. acted with decision and vigour. While a victorious fleet threatened her coasts, she issued warrants for the capture of a large number of the discontented nobility, among whom her mother's brothers were numbered; and strong in her reliance on the middle-classes of England, who were the true supporters of the revolution, and the only disinterested ones, she reviewed in person the militia called "the London and Westminster trained-bands." Her next measure was to banish all the catholics from the vicinity of the metropolis, a step which met with the enthusiastic applause of her party. All Mary's apprehension was limited to the dread lest she should incur the displeasure of her absent partner in any of these measures. She devotes a whole letter to her husband on the subject of the arrests, and manifests as little natural affection at incarcerating, or, as she calls it, "clapping up" her uncle, lord Clarendon, in the Tower on suspicion, as she did when dispossessing her father of his throne and country. These are her words on the subject, dated Whitehall, June 24, [July 4, O.S.]

"Since I writ to you about the coming of the French fleet upon the coast, the lords have been very busy. I shall not go about to give you an account of all things, but shall tell you some particular passages. One happened to-day at the *great* council, [privy council,] where I was by their advice. When they had resolved to seize on suspected persons, in naming them, sir H. Capel would have said something for lord Clarendon (whose first wife, you know, was sir H. C.'s sister.) Everybody stared at him, but nobody preparing to answer, I ventured to speak, and told sir H. Capel 'that I believed everybody knew, as I did, that there was too much against him [*lord Clarendon*] to leave him out of the list that was making.' I can't tell whether I ought to have said this; but when I knew your mind upon it, and had seen his [lord Clarendon's] letter, I believed it as necessary, that he should

be *clapt up* as any, and therefore thought myself obliged to say so: but as I do not know when I ought to speak and when not, I am as silent as can be, and if I have done it now *mal-à-propos*, I am sorry, but could not help it, though, at the same time, I must own, I am sorrier than it may be well believed for him, finding the Dutch proverb true, which you know, but I should spoil in writing."

It is to be regretted that queen Mary did not quote her Dutch proverb, since anything in illustration of her feeling towards her mother's family would be an historical curiosity. Mary knew that the manner in which her uncle treated her advancement, implied the severest blame on her conduct: and she never forgave him for viewing her queenship with grief and shame, instead of rushing to profit by her power. The sorrow she speaks of was somewhat singular in its effects.

At an early period of her regnal labours, the queen requested her council to assist her in framing regulations for the better observance of the Sabbath. All hackney carriages and horses were forbidden to work on that day, and their drivers to ply for customers. The humanity of this regulation was, however, neutralized by the absurdity of other acts. She had constables stationed at the corners of streets, who were charged to capture all puddings and pies on their progress to bakers' ovens on Sundays: and such ridiculous scenes in the streets took place, in consequence of the owners fighting fiercely for their dinners, that her laws were suspended amid universal laughter.[1] Perhaps some of her council, remembering her own Sunday evening gamblings, both in England and Holland, thought that she might have had mercy on the less culpable Sunday puddings and pies of the hungry poor, belonging to persons too often destitute of fire and conveniences for preparing their humble meal.

[1] Somer's Tracts. Brit. Museum.

The privy-council is often mentioned in the queen's letters, but it must not be confounded with the council more deserving that name, which consisted of the junta of nine, where all the real business was resolved on. Mary seldom appeared at the full privy-council board, and then only when there was some measure in agitation which required the weight of her personal influence and *viva voce* observations, such as the consignment of her eldest uncle to the Tower. Did she then cast a thought on his devoted attachment to her expatriated sire? or take shame that the love of the brother-in-law and the friend of early youth so far exceeded that of "Mary the *daughter*," as her Scottish subjects, in the utmost bitterness of satire, ironically termed her? No: for there was but one spot of tenderness in the marble of her heart, and that was exclusively devoted to her husband.

The queen continues her narrative, in the course of which the reiteration of her sneering phrase, "clapt up," proves that she had little pity for those whom her warrants had hurried into captivity. She says:—"I hope the easterly wind is the only cause I do not hear from you, which I am very impatient for now, and, when I consider that you may be got a great way, if you began to march last Thursday, I am in a million of fears, not knowing when you may be in danger. That alone is enough to *make* me the greatest pain imaginable, and in comparison of which all things else are not to be named. Yet, by a letter from lord Torrington,[1] dated three o'clock yesterday afternoon, I see he thought *this day* was like to decide a great deal there. I cannot but be in pain; it may be I do not reason *just* on the matter, but I fear, besides disheartening many people, the loss of a battle would be such an encouragement to the disaffected ones, that might put things here into disorder, which, in your absence, would be a ter-

[1] From the fleet he was commanding, off Beachy Head.

rible thing, but I thank God I trust in him, and that is really the only consolation I have!

"I was, last night, in Hyde park, for the first time since you went; it swarmed with those who are now ordered to be *clapt up*. Yesterday, lord Feversham [queen Catharine's lord chamberlain] came to lord Nottingham [queen Mary's lord chamberlain] and told him that he had put queen-dowager off the Hamburgh voyage, but she would go to the Bath, after which he came again, and said, 'that seeing it might be inconvenient to have guards there, she desired to go to Islington,' but lord Marlborough desired an answer might not be given for a day or two, till we heard something of the success of the fleet.

"Since I have writ this, I was called out to lord Nottingham, who brought me your dear letter, which is so welcome that I cannot express it, especially, because you pity me, which I like, and desire from you and you only. As for the buildings, I fear there will be many obstacles, for I spoke to sir J. Lowther this very day, and hear of so much use for money, and find so little, that I cannot tell whether that of Hampton Court will not be the *worst* for it, especially since the French are in the channel, and at present, between Portland and us, from whence the stone must come; but, in a day or two, I hope to give you a more certain account, this being only our conjecture. God be praised that you are so well; I hope in his mercy he will continue it. I have been obliged to write this evening to Schulemberg to desire him to advance money for the six regiments to march, which they say is absolutely necessary for your service as well as honour. The lords of the treasury have made me pawn my word for it, and to-morrow 20,000*l.* will be paid to him.

"It is now candlelight, and I dare say no more but that I am ever and entirely yours."

[1] Probably to Canonbury House.

The queen alludes, in this letter, to the quadrangle at Hampton Court, which had been demolished by William III., and was then in course of reconstruction by sir Christopher Wren. It is apparent that the queen was fearful that her consort could not enjoy his tastes for war and building both at the same time. The sovereigns of England possessed, at that time, statelier palaces than at the present day. Whitehall, as yet unscathed by the destroying flames, displayed all the glories lavished on it by the last of the ecclesiastical architects, by the magnificence of the Tudors, and by the elegance of the Stuarts. St. James's palace, the private residence of our kings, was of four times the extent of the present building. But nothing could satisfy king William till he possessed a Dutch house and gardens, reminding him of home, situated where the smoke of London would not choke and poison him, as he complained it did at Whitehall and St. James's. His queen frequently alludes to his buildings, and his sanatory precautions against the smoke of London, in her letters. She wrote, two days after, to her absent king, dated Whitehall, [June 26, O. S.,] July 6, N. S., 1690, and in her narrative, the troubles of empire appear to thicken around her: "By this express I shall write freely, and tell you what great suspicions increase continually of major Wildman.[1] It would be too long to tell you all the reasons of suspicion, but this one instance I will give, that since your going from hence, there is not one word come from Scotland, neither from lord *Melvin*,[2] nor colonel Mackay to lord Marlborough, which methinks is unaccountable. Lord Nottingham desired I would sign letters to the governors of Berwick and

[1] Wildman had been engaged in all the plots for the last forty years. He appears to have been secretary to lord Monmouth, afterwards so well known as the warlike and eccentric Charles Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough, heir of James II.'s friend, the old cavalier and Jacobite.

[2] The name means Melville, prime minister for Scotland.

Carlisle, not to let any persons go by who had not a pass, and that they should stop all the mails. This I have done, and the express is to be immediately sent away. I ever fear not doing well, and trust to what nobody says but you, therefore I hope it will have your approbation.

"It is a strange thing, that, last night, sir R. Holmes writ to lord Nottingham and Mr. Braithwait both, that the fleets were briskly engaged, which he could see from the hills, which letter was writ at six yesterday-morning, since which we have not heard a word from him, but another [letter] from sir H. Goodricke, from Portsmouth, dated at three in the afternoon, assures that *then* there had been no engagement, but some shooting between the scouts. What to think of this, nobody knows, but it seems to me every one is mightily afraid of themselves, for sir R. Holmes desires some succours, or else the Isle of Wight is lost."

"Lord Bath is very backward in going down, but with much ado he sends his son, who only says 'he stays for a letter of mine,' which is signed this morning, to empower him to command at Plymouth in his father's absence, which he tells me you promised before you went, and it is upon your leave lord Bath pretends to stay here, till the term is over; but I told him 'I supposed you had not foreseen the French being so near.'"

The intense difficulty of the queen's position, surrounded as she was by secret enemies, petulant friends, or partisans solely devoted to their own interest, was really frightful; and if she had had no truer support from the English people than she had from the English court and aristocracy, her cause would have been a desperate one. Such as it was, it is best to be comprehended through the medium of her own pen, as she relates her troubles to her only friend and confidant:

"The Duke of Bolton also tells me, last night, you had given him leave to raise some horse-volunteers, for which

he should have had a commission, but that you went away, and therefore he would have *me* give it. I put it off, and lord Marlborough advises me not to give it. Lord-president [Carmarthen] some time since, told me the same thing, but I will not give any positive answer till you send me your directions.

"I must also give you an account of what lord Nottingham told me yesterday; he says, 'lord Steward [the earl of Devonshire] was very angry at lord Torrington's deferring the fight, and proposed 'that somebody should be joined in commission with him.' But that, the other lords said, 'could not be done,' so lord Monmouth offered to take one whose name I have forgot, (he is newly made, I think, commissioner of the navy,) and (as lord Nottingham tells me, you had thoughts of having him command the fleet if lord Torrington had not,) this man lord Monmouth proposed 'to take and go together on board lord Torrington's ship, as volunteers, but with a commission about them to take the command in case he should be killed.' I told Nottingham 'I was not willing to grant any commission of that nature, not knowing whether you ever had any thoughts of that kind, so that I thought he was only to be thanked for his offer.' I added, 'that I could not think it proper, that he being one of the nine you had named [*as her council of regency*] should be sent away.' Upon which, lord Nottingham laughed and said, 'That was the greatest compliment I could make lord Monmouth, to say I could not make use of his arm, having need of his counsel.'

"I suppose they are not *very* good friends, but I said it really as I meant, and besides, to hinder propositions of this kind for Mr. Russell, for lord president [Carmarthen] has, upon several occasions, to me alone, mentioned sending Mr. Russell, and I believe it was only to be rid of him; for my part, after what you have told me of all the nine, I should be very sorry to have him from hence."

This Mr. Russell was the person called admiral Russell in history. Queen Mary seems to have placed the utmost reliance on his fidelity; though his rough and savage temper, together with his perpetual grasping after money and profit, made him by no means a practicable member of the regency council. Just at this time, he had taken some affront—a frequent case; and the queen was forced to court him back to her aid, at this awful crisis, by the assistance of his relative, the celebrated Rachel lady Russell. Her majesty continues—

"And now I have named Mr. Russell, I must tell you that, at your first going, he did not come to me, nor I believe to this hour would not have asked to have spoke with me, had not I told lady Russell, one day, I desired it. When he came, I told him freely 'that I desired to see him sometimes, for being a stranger to business, I was afraid of being led or persuaded by one party.' He said, 'that he was very glad to find me of that mind, and assured me that since I gave him that liberty, he would come when he saw occasion, though he would not be troublesome.'

"I hope I did not do amiss in this, and indeed I saw, at that time, no one but lord-president Carmarthen, and I was afraid of myself. Lord Carmarthen is, on all occasions, afraid of giving me too much trouble, and thinks, by little and little, to do all. Every one sees how little I know of business, and therefore, I believe, will be apt to do as much as they can. Lord Marlborough advised me 'to resolve to be present as often as was possible,' out of what intention I cannot judge, but I find they meet often at the secretary's office, and do not take much pains to give me an account; this I thought fit to tell you; pray be so kind to answer me as *particular* as you can.

"Queen-dowager has been to take her leave, in order to going to Hammersmith, where she will stay till she can go for Windsor. I have tired you with this long letter, and it

is now staid [*waited*][1] for. I shall say no more, but beg you to believe it is impossible to love more than I do—don't love me less."

This letter and the succeeding one were written during the period of anxiety which preceded the impending sea-fight off Beachy Head. Suspicion of lord Torrington, and an earnest desire to interfere in his business as admiral, were the prevalent feelings in the queen's cabinet. Just time enough had elapsed for the English navy to feel the want of the royal admiral; for the harpies of corruption, ever on the alert in an elective monarchy, had done their business so effectually with the well-appointed ships and stores he had left, that a discomfiture had been experienced by the English navy at Bantry bay the year before, and another disgraceful defeat awaited it.[2] Great jealousies existed between the Dutch admiral, Evertzen, and the English admiral, lord Torrington, who was desirous of avoiding an engagement; and, knowing the miserable state of his appointments, he wished to defend the English coasts from invasion, and this opinion he communicated to the queen. Her proceedings may be gathered from her letter to her husband:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"June 28, N. S., 8 in the morning. July 8, O. S.

"Seeing I cannot always write when I will, I must do it when I can, and that upon something that happened yesterday.

[1] In these letters all the author's explanatory interpolations are in square brackets, the round parenthetical enclosures are by the queen.

[2] The lamentable state into which the navy had fallen may be judged by the following piteous extract from lord Carmarthen's letter to king William, (June 13,) the same year. After mentioning the French naval force, he says, 'How ill a condition we are in to resist them, your majesty can judge; the fleet cannot be at sea for three weeks—I fear not so soon; and though vice-admiral Killigrew be arrived at Plymouth, yet his ships are so foul that he can't avoid the enemy if he should attempt to come up the channel." It seems he was not even in condition to run away.

"As for lord Torrington's letter, you will have an account of that, and the answer from lord Nottingham. I shall tell you, as far as I could judge, what the others did.

"Lord Carmarthen was with me," continues her majesty's narrative, "when lord Nottingham brought the letter; he was mightily hot upon sending Mr. Russell down to the fleet. I confess, I saw, as I thought, the ill consequence of that, having heard you say *they*[1] were not good friends, and believing lord Torrington being in the post he is in, and of his humour, ought not to be provoked; besides, I do believe lord president [Carmarthen] was willing to be rid of Mr. Russell, and I had no mind to *that*, so I said what I could against it, and found most of the lords of my mind when they met, but lord Monmouth was not with them."

"Mr. Russell drew up a pretty sharp letter[2] for me to sign, but it was softened, and the only dispute was, 'whether he [lord Torrington] should have a positive order to fight?' At last, it was wrote in such terms as you will see, to which all agreed but lord-steward [Devonshire], who said, 'it was his duty to tell his thoughts upon a subject of this consequence,' which *was*, 'that he believed it very dangerous to trust lord Torrington with the fate of three kingdoms'—this was his expression—'and that he was absolutely of opinion that some other should be joined in commission with him.' To which Mr. Russell answered, 'You must send for him prisoner, then!' and all the rest concluded it would breed too much disturbance in the sight of the enemy. So the letter was signed, and lord Nottingham writ another letter, in which he told him our other accounts received of the fleets from the Isle of Wight.

"I was no sooner a-bed but lord Nottingham came to

[1] *i. e.* Torrington and Russell.

[2] To Herbert, lord Torrington; the letter was addressed to him, commanding the English fleet.

me from the lords, who were most of them still at his office, where lord Monmouth was come, very late, but time enough to know all. He offered his service immediately to go down post to Portsmouth (so that the admiralty would give him the commission of a captain), and fit out the best ship there, which he believes he can do with more speed than another, with which he will join lord Torrington, and, being in a great passion, swears 'he will never come back again if they do not fight.' Upon his earnest desire, and the approbation of the lords who were present, lord Nottingham came up to ask my consent. I asked 'who was there?' and finding few besides lord Monmouth and lord Nottingham—I remember but the names of three of them, which were the lord president, lord steward [Devonshire], and sir John Lowther, but the fourth was either lord Pembroke or lord Marlborough,—I thought, in myself, they were two-thirds of the committee, so would carry it if put to the vote; therefore, seeing they were as earnest as he for it, I thought I might consent."

Monmouth's absence was welcome to Mary and her council, on account of the tormenting suspicions with which they were beset; yet it seems that his absence was dearly purchased by trusting him with a ship of war. The wheels within wheels of treachery and secret dealing were portentously revolving in the royal council. Every post day, lord Monmouth brought to the queen and her junta, letters written in lemon-juice, which he declared his friend, major Wildman, had intercepted. He began to show these letters, about four days before king William sailed for Ireland. They contained an abstract of everything that was done by either the sovereigns or their ministers in the cabinet council, of which lord Monmouth was one. They were directed to "M. Contenay, Amsterdam." The marquis of Carmarthen[1]

[1] Carmarthen's letter to king William, June 16, (O. S.) 1690. Dalrymple's Appendix.

expressed his opinion to king William that the letters were fabricated by lord Monmouth himself, with the aid of major Wildman, in order to breed doubts and strife in the queen's council.

Mary intimates her own suspicions on the subject to her absent consort in the following guarded terms:—"I own to you, that I had a thought which I would not own, though I did find some of the lords have the same, about the *lemon letters* (which I suppose you have heard of) which *comes* so constantly, and are so very exact—the last of which told even the debates of the committee, as well as if one of the lords themselves had writ them—this, I think, looks somewhat odd, and I believe makes many forward for this expedition, and for my own part I believe he [Monmouth] may be best spared of the company, though I think it a little irregularity, yet I hope you will excuse it, and nobody else can find fault.

"*Ten at night.*—Since my writing this, there has come a great deal of news. As I was going to cabinet-council, sir William Lockhart came with a letter from the committee there. Lord Monmouth was there, after having been in the city, where he has found one major Born (I think his name is) who has the commission of captain, and not himself, he desiring his intentions may be kept as secret as may be, lest he should come too late, in the meantime, his regiment's being at Portsmouth is the pretence. He [lord Monmouth] made great professions at parting, and desired me to believe there are some great designs."

This passage reveals remarkable differences in the customs of England scarcely one century beyond the memory of man in the present time. The professions of naval and military warfare were not separated. Lord Monmouth, whose regiment laid at Portsmouth, demanded of the queen the command of a ship of the line. Although many of these land-officers had greatly distinguished themselves in

the mighty naval battles which made James II. sovereign of the seas, (Monmouth being one among them,) yet James, in his famous naval regulations, forbade any one to command ships, without such person had, to use his own term, "served a proper apprenticeship to a naval life." His daughter did not observe this excellent rule, and a disgraceful naval defeat was the consequence. Monmouth was desirous of taking the whole command of the navy from the admiral who had possession of it, a measure queen Mary demurred upon, not because soldiers ought not to command fleets,[1] but because she doubted of Monmouth's fidelity.

Her majesty proceeds thus:—"We had another *lemon letter* with things so particular that none but some of the nine lords could know them, especially things that were done at our office late last night; upon which all sides are of the same mind. Before I went out of the room, I received your dear letter from Lough Bricklin, but I cannot express what I then felt, and still feel, at the thoughts that *now* you may be ready to give battle, or have done it. My heart is ready to burst. I can say nothing, but pray to God for you. This has waked me, who was almost asleep, and almost put out of the possibility of saying anything more, yet must I strive with my heart to tell you that this afternoon the ill news of the battle of Fleury came; I had a letter from the prince of Waldeck with a copy of the account he sent you, so that I can say nothing but that God, in whose hands we only are, knows best why he has ordered it so, and to Him we must submit.

"This evening there has been a person with me, from

[1] Among the causes of the decrepitude of the French monarchy in the last century, even so lately as the reign of Louis XVI., it was the custom to appoint any courtier of high rank, albeit utterly unused to naval affairs, (who had, perhaps, never seen a ship,) to command the French navy. See the autobiography of that execrable coxcomb, the last duke of Lauzun, of his doings in 1773.

whom you heard at Chester, [probably earl of Breadalbane,'] and whom you there ordered to come to me, as he says, 'he believes you will know him by this,' and will by no means be named, and what is worse, will name nobody, so I fear there is not much good to be done, yet I wont give over so.

"I must end my letter, for my eyes are at present in somewhat a worse condition than before I received your letter. My impatience for another is as great as my love, which will not end but with my life, which is very uneasy to me at present; but I trust in God, who can alone preserve and comfort me."

The disastrous news of the naval defeat at Beachy Head followed fast on this interesting letter, and queen Mary had again "to strive with her heart," as she poetically expresses herself, and communicate to her royal lord the most signal naval overthrow that England had ever experienced:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, (June 29, N. S.,) July 7, O. S., 1690.

"Seven in the morning.

"I am sorry there is not as pleasing news to send you from hence as what I had last from you. I would not write last by the post being assured the messenger this morning *should* overtake him before they came to Highlake. Here has been great things done, but so unanimously, that I hope when you have an exact account from lord Nottingham, you will approve of it. I must confess I think they were in the right; but if I had not, I should have submitted my judgment when I saw all of a mind.

"What lord Torrington can say for himself I know not, but I believe he will never be forgiven here: the letters from the fleet, before and since the engagement, show, sufficiently, he was the only man there who had no mind to fight, and his not doing it, was attributed to orders from hence—[*i.e. from the council.*] Those (orders) which were sent and obeyed, have had but very ill success, the news of which is come this morning.[1]

"I will not stop the messenger with staying for my letter, and 'tis unneces-

[1] Lord Breadalbane was one of the leaders of the first Scotch plot against William; his coadjutor, lord Annandale, came to confess the matter to Mary afterwards, "on her birth-day."

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sary for me to say much, only as to the part of sending Mr. Russell away; I believe it was a great irregularity, and for my own part I was sorry to miss him here, after what you had told me, and the fear I am in of being imposed upon, but all were for it, and I could say nothing against it. I confess I was as sorry lord Monmouth came so soon back, for all agree in the same opinion of him."

The above letter was in answer to one which king William had sent, in remonstrance against Russell being transferred from his post in her council, to superintend the disabled fleet; for the queen had evidently sent to recall him, since she resumes—"Mr. Russell was overtaken before he came to Canterbury, so the nine are again together. As to the ill success at sea, I am more concerned for the honour of the nation than for anything else, but I think it has pleased God to punish them justly, for they really *talkt* as if it were impossible they should be beaten, which looks too much like trusting to the arm of flesh; I pray God we may no more deserve the punishment; the same God who has done so much, can tell what is best, and I trust he will do more than we deserve.

"This afternoon I am to go to the great council, [privy council] *to take order* about the prorogation of parliament, according to your orders. I long again to hear from you, which is my only comfort; I fear this news may give courage to those who retired before, but God can disappoint them all, and I hope will take care of his own cause. He of his mercy send us a happy meeting again, that will be a happiness to me beyond all others, loving you more than my life!"

It will be observed that the queen says she knows not what lord Torrington can say for himself; but he had a great deal to say for himself in his letter to the lord-president [Carmarthen], dated off Beachy Head, July 1st.[1] In her next letter, she continued the painful subject of the defeat,

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., pp. 112, 113.

to king William, who was daily expecting to give battle to her father in Ireland:

"Queen Mary to King William.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{3}{13}$,

"If you knew in what fear I am that my letter I writ yesterday morning did not overtake the post, you would pity me, for though it is but one day's difference, yet I would not for anything seem to have missed an opportunity of writing to you, and indeed, as sleepy as I was *a*-Tuesday night, I would have writ, had not lord Nottingham assured me the message should follow the next morning early, and so he was certain it would come time enough, but when the letter came in from lord Torrington, and, what was to be done, being thought necessary to acquaint you with, he stopt the messenger without telling me."

The queen then describes to her husband[1] the proceedings of her nine assistants, among whom she wished to choose two, to send down to take charge of the remains of the fleet, while lord Torrington was displaced and brought to trial.[2] Lord Monmouth and Mr. Russell, the two professed seamen of the junta, both excused themselves to the queen, from the ungracious office; Monmouth, because he was related to the delinquent, and was not to *command* the fleet. Russell declined, because he had served for many years under Torrington as his officer; "Therefore," pursues queen Mary, in the phraseology of the times, "it would seem something indecent in him to be forward in offering his service in this particular."

[1] In the same letter, printed from king William's Kensington box, by Sir John Dalrymple. See his Appendix, p. 126, 127.

[2] He was not tried till the succeeding December, when a court-martial was held upon him at Sheerness, and he was unanimously acquitted. He was the man who led the Dutch fleet through the Downs at William's invasion. He was most unjustly treated in regard to all this odium, as the ships were utterly out of condition, and the men in want of every necessary, as food, ammunition, &c. He withdrew into obscurity and disgrace. Dalrymple's Appendix. On his death, the title of Torrington was speedily granted to admiral Byng, a commander whom James II. had drawn from obscurity. The similarity of title and profession in these two admirals, who were contemporaries, causes great confusion in the history of the revolution.

Queen Mary, in this dilemma, turned to her lord-chamberlain, and then to lord Marlborough, who both told her, very truly, "that they should make themselves ridiculous if they interfered in sea matters." On this, the queen herself named lord Devonshire and lord Pembroke; but at the same time, she observed lord-president Carmarthen "look very black, and found that he wished to undertake the commission himself." She drew him aside, after her consultation broke up, and told him "she could not spare him from his post, as king William had informed her he was the person whose advice she was most to rely upon." He replied, "he did not look upon himself as so tied." As earl of Danby, he had been deep in the Popish plot: he had assisted in the calumny which stigmatized the birth of the queen's unfortunate brother, and altogether had been the enemy of the queen's father in a sufficient degree to make her majesty confident that he would not subvert her government, as such a measure was thoroughly against his own safety. Carmarthen had a son, who was one of the amphibious warriors of that age, willing alike to command on sea or shore.

Her majesty says—"There is another thing that I must acquaint you with, by-the-bye, that I believe will anger him [Carmarthen], which is, that neither Mr. Hampden nor Mr. Pelham will sign the docket for lady Plymouth's 8000*l.*; *he* complained to me—I promised to ask them about it, which I have done, and both of them asunder have told me 'the sum was too great to be spared at present, when money was so much wanted,' and, indeed, I think they are in the right. I hope you will let me know your mind about it; but they say sir Stephen Fox signed it by surprise, and is of their mind. The only thing I could say to this, was, 'that *you* had signed the warrant before you went, which I thought was enough.'"

Thus this mysterious order for so large a mass from the public money is proved to have originated wholly from king

William. It was equally distasteful to his wife and his ministers. The queen proceeded to say—"By advice, I writ a letter to admiral Evertzen, but I forgot to tell you so, and not knowing he spoke English, with much a-do, I writ it in Dutch, so as, I believe, he could have understood me; but *'tis* come back to be burnt." What a literary curiosity this Dutch letter of English Mary would have proved, if it had not, very provokingly to autograph collectors, "come back to be burnt!"

The next paragraph of Mary's narrative touches on a point calculated to awaken curiosity. It mentions interviews with her reputed lover, lord Shrewsbury, who might be considered (when all his advantages were computed) the mightiest power among the aristocracy of Great Britain. He was, at this juncture, a displaced prime-minister, yet displaced by his own obstinate renunciation of office:

"Lord Shrewsbury was at my dinner; I told him 'I was glad to see him so well, again;' he said, 'he had been at Epsom for the air, or else he would have been here sooner.' He stayed not long, but went away with Mr. Wharton, who I have not seen once at council, and but seldom anywhere. Lord Shrewsbury was here again at my supper, and as *I thought took pains to talk, which I did to him, as formerly, by your directions.* Though by my letter, it may be, you would not think me in so much pain as I am, yet I must tell you, I am very much so, but not for what lord Monmouth would have me be. He daily tells me of the great dangers we are in, and now has a mind to be sent to Holland, (of which you will hear either this, or the next post,) I see every one is inclined to it, for a reason I mentioned before; and, indeed, things have but a melancholy prospect."

It seems ambiguous whether Mary means that all her political assistants proved alarmists, and endeavoured to intimidate her like lord Monmouth, or whether, as he

did, they all wished to seek refuge in Holland. In whichever way the sense is taken, it affords strong proof that Mary's courage was firm, when the leading spirits of England quailed before the expected storm:

"I am fully persuaded," she continues, "that God will do some great thing or other, and it may be when human means fail, he will show his power; this makes me, that I cannot be so much afraid as it may be I have reason for, but that which makes me in pain is for fear what is done may not please you. I am sure it is my chief desire, but you know I must do what the others think fit, and I think they all desire, as much as may be, to act according to your mind.

"I long to hear from you, and know in what we have failed; for my own part, if I do, in anything, what you don't like, 'tis my misfortune, and not my fault, for I love you more than my life, and desire only to please you."

The queen's next letter is a hurried one, written under the influence of sadness. She was suffering from disease in her eyes, and is perforce obliged to confine the limits of her despatch to affectionate expressions:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{5}{15}$, 1690.

"This is only to tell you I have received yours of the 28th of June, Old Style, which puts me in so many troubles that I shall not trouble you with at present.

"To-morrow night, an express shall go to you, that cannot possibly be despatched to-night, and I am not sorry, for at this time I dare say but little by candlelight, and 'tis to-morrow the first Sunday of the month.[1] I have really hardly had time to say my prayers, and was fain to run away to Kensington where I had three hours of quiet, which is more than I have had together since I saw you. That place made me think how happy I was there, when I had your dear company, but now—I will say no more, for I shall hurt my own eyes, which I want more than ever.

"Adieu, think of me, and love me as much as I shall you, *who* I love more

[1] She means to intimate that she was to receive the sacrament then.

than my life. I should have sent this last post, but not seeing madame Nieuhuys, hindered me then, and makes me send it now, which I hope you will excuse."

Thus it is evident that the queen dared not give vent to her overcharged heart by tears, because weeping would injure her eyes. Her anxiety was increased the next day, by the tidings that her husband had been wounded in one of the skirmishes that preceded the hourly expected battle in Ireland:[1]

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{6}{16}$, 1690.

"I can never give God thanks enough as long as I live, for your preservation; I hope in his mercy, that this is a sign he preserves you to finish the work he has begun by you; but I hope it may be a warning to you, to let you see you are exposed to as many accidents as others; and though it has pleased God to keep you once in so visible a manner, yet you must forgive me if I tell you that I should think it *a-tempting* God to venture again without a great necessity. I know what I say of this kind will be attributed to fear, I own I have a great deal for your dear person, yet I hope I am not unreasonable upon the subject, for I do trust in God, and he is pleased every day to confirm me more and more in the confidence I have in him, yet my fears are not less, since I cannot tell if it should be his will to suffer you to come to harm for our sins, for though God is able, yet many times he punishes the sins of a nation as it seems good in his sight.

"Your writing me word how soon you hoped to send me good news, shows me how soon you thought there might be some action, and this thought puts me in perpetual pain. This morning, when I heard the express was come, before lord Nottingham came up, I was taken with a trembling for fear, which has hardly left me yet, and I really don't know what to do. Your letter came just before I went to chapel, and though the first thing that lord Nottingham told me was that you were very well, yet the thoughts that you expose yourself thus to danger fright me out of my wits, and make me not able to keep my trouble to myself. For God's sake, let me beg you to take more care for the time to come—consider what depends upon your safety, there are so many more important things than myself, that I think I am not worthy naming among them—but, it may be, the worst may be over before this time, so that I will say no more.

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[1] A brief sketch of the war in Ireland had place in the 9th volume. Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

"I did not answer your letter by the post last night, because the express could not be dispatched; I can say little on any subject at present, for really I had my head and heart so full of you, I could mind nothing else.

"It is now past 10 o'clock; I don't tell it you for an excuse, for I am not sleepy."

The expectation of a battle between her father and her husband's forces in Ireland, and the alarm regarding the wound the latter had received, had the effect of keeping her majesty queen Mary wide awake at the hour of past ten o'clock, which was evidently the time usual for their high mightinesses in Holland to go to bed, or to *roost*, according to the Dutch language; for, in the course of this correspondence, she often mentions "that it is ten o'clock, and that she is so sleepy she cannot write." Such were the customs of royal domesticity in the seventeenth century; a king and queen retired to rest, just at the hour when modern belles set out to their evening parties.

It may be observed that, in the commencement of this letter, her majesty dwells with much spiritual unction on the possibility that her husband's wound was sent as a visitation for the sins of the British nation. She proceeds to ask the king's directions for the command of the fleet, which remained still unsettled. Lord Monmouth claimed the command, of which Torrington had been deprived; but Mary was fully aware of his Jacobite tendencies, and suspecting that his confidant, major Wildman, was author of the letters written in lemon-juice, she declined his services. She wished to appoint Russell, but he positively refused. Sir Richard Haddick and sir John Ashby were proposed by the council; but sir Richard Haddick wished the office might be put in commission, with two seamen and one man of quality. And the queen adds, she thought that person might be the duke of Grafton; first, because he had "behaved lately 'very brave' in this last business," [i. e., *the defeat at Beachy Head*], and also "that he might learn, and

so in time prove good for something"[1]—a plain indication that she did not consider this illegitimate cousin good for aught without improvement. While discussing the difficult matter of naval command, she observes to the king "that Shovell was considered the best officer of his age." He had just taken her father's only remaining frigate.

The news of the long-expected battle arrived the next day. The victory at Boyne Water obliterated from the public mind the recent defeat of the British navy. The disastrous naval defeat occurred on the 30th of June;[2] the land victory took place the very day after, July 1st, but, as may be perceived by this correspondence, the queen did not receive the news until a week had elapsed.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{7}{1}\frac{7}{7}$, 1690.

"How to begin this letter I don't know, or how ever to render to God thanks enough for his mercies; indeed, they are too great, if we look on our deserts, but as you say 'tis his own cause,' and since 'tis for the glory of his great name, we have no reason to fear, but he will perfect what he has begun; for myself, in particular, my heart is so full of joy and acknowledgment to that great God who has preserved you, and given you such a victory, that I am unable to explain it. I beseech him to give me grace to be ever sensible, as I ought, and that I and all may live suitable to such a mercy as this is. I am sorry the fleet has done no better, but 'tis God's providence, and we must not murmur, but wait with patience to see the event. I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble. I am now almost so with joy, so that I can't, really, as yet, tell what I have to say to you by this bearer, who is impatient to return. I hope in God, by the afternoon, to be in a condition of sense enough to say much more, but for the present I am not."

If novelists or dramatists had been describing the situation of queen Mary, they would, according to the natural feelings of humanity, have painted her as distracted between tenderness for her father and her love for her husband; mourn-

[1] Grafton had but a short time left "to learn and prove good for something," for he was killed a few months afterwards at the siege of Cork, under Marlborough, fighting as a land soldier.

[2] Old style, by which all English history is dated till the middle of the last century.

ing, amidst victory, for her sire, and alive only to the grief that such unhallowed contests should awaken in the bosom of the woman, who had been the indulged daughter of the one antagonist, and was the wife of the other. Such feelings were attributed by the Greek tragedians to virtuous heathens of old, and by Shakespeare to the royal heroines of England's earlier day; but no trace of them is to be discerned in Mary's actual letters. Unmixed joy and exulting thanksgiving, are the first emotions which burst from her heart in this epistolary Te Deum. Towards the end of the letter, however, she recollects herself sufficiently to express her satisfaction that the "late king," as she calls her father, was not among the slain, a passage which will be read with intense interest by those who know Mary's situation, but who are utterly in the dark regarding her own opinion of her extraordinary position in the world.

The queen resumes, after she has given vent to her joy: "When I writ the foregoing part of this, it was in the morning, soon after I had received yours, and 'tis now four in the afternoon, but I am not yet come to myself, and fear I shall lose this opportunity of writing all my mind, for I am still in such a confusion of thought that I *scarce* know not what to say, but I hope in God, you will more readily consent to what lord-president wrote last, for methinks you have nothing more for you to do.

"I will hasten Kensington as much as it's possible, and I will also get ready for you here, for I will hope you may come before that is done. I must put you in mind of one thing, believing it is now the season, which is, that you would take care of the church in Ireland. *Everybody agrees 'tis the worst in Christendom;* there are now bishoprics vacant, and other things; I beg you will take time to think who you will fill them with. You will forgive me that I trouble you with this now, but I hope you will take care of these things, which are of so great consequence as

to religion, which I am sure will be more your care every day, now it has pleased God still to bless you with success.

"I think I have told you before how impatient I am to hear how you approve what has been done here. I have but little part in it myself, but I long to hear how others have pleased you. I am very uneasy in one thing, which is, want of somebody to speak my mind freely to, for, 'tis a great restraint to think and be silent, and there is so much matter, that I am one of king Solomon's fools, *who am* ready to burst. I believe lord-president and lord Nottingham agree very well, though I believe the first pretends to govern all, and I see the other (lord Nottingham) is always ready to yield to him, and seems to me to have a great deal of deference for him, whether they always agree or not, I cannot tell. Lord Marlborough is much with them, and loses no opportunity of coming upon all occasions with the others. As yet I have not found them differ, or at least so little, that I was surprised to find it so (I mean the whole nine); for it has never come to put anything to the vote; but I attribute that to the great danger, I believe, all have apprehended, which has made them all of a mind."

Great natural sagacity is shown by the queen in her remarks on the unwonted unanimity of her councillors. The whole of her cabinet had so far committed themselves with king James, that they were obliged to unite in one common purpose to prevent his return, which they knew would ruin them. Mary likewise adopted a very rational idea of the origin of the intercepted letters, written in lemon-juice, which was suggested to her by Mr. Russell, that they were written on purpose to be intercepted, and to raise vain suspicions and doubts in the councillors towards each other. While lord Monmouth and his colleague, Wildman, were away at the fleet, these letters ceased, but directly they returned, the correspondence recommenced. But, totally unconscious of the conclusions the queen had

drawn, lord Monmouth sedulously seized the opportunity of every conference he held with her, to insinuate distrusts of his colleagues, which her majesty thus detailed to her partner in regality:

"I had a conversation with lord Monmouth, t'other morning, in which he said, 'What a misfortune it was that things thus went ill, which was certainly by the faults of those that were in trust; that it was a melancholy thing to the nation to see themselves thus thrown away. And, to speak plain,' said he, 'do not you see how all you do is known, that what is said one day in the cabinet-council, is wrote next day to France. For my part,' added he, 'I must speak plainly, I have a great deal of reason to esteem lord Nottingham; I don't believe 'tis he, but 'tis some in his office'—and then he fell on Mr. Blaithwit.

"I owned 'I wondered why you would let him serve here, since he would not go with you,' but I said, 'I supposed you knew why you did it.' And when he, lord Monmouth, began to talk high of ill-administration, I told him in the same freedom that he seemed to speak to me, 'that I found it very strange you were not thought fit to choose your own ministers; that they had already removed lord Halifax, the same endeavours were used for lord Carmarthen, and would they now begin to have *a bout* at lord Nottingham, too? I would show they would pretend even to control the king in his choice, which, if I were he, I would not suffer, but would make use of whom I pleased.'

"I can't tell if I did well or no in this, but in the free way we were speaking I could not help it. Upon this, he [lord Monmouth] said, 'He had, indeed, been an enemy to lord Halifax, but he had done what he could do to save lord Carmarthen, out of personal friendship, as well as because he believed him firm to our interest.' Upon which, I took occasion to remember my obligations to him [lord

Carmarthen[1]] 'upon account of our marriage; *from which* he [lord Monmouth] still went on, 'That he thought it necessary the nation should be satisfied.' I asked him, 'If he thought *that* possible?' He said, he could tell me much on that subject. But we were called to council, and so our discourse ended for that time."

The reader will observe, in this colloquy, how fiercely the queen resented the shadow of an attack on her friend and lord-chamberlain, lord Nottingham. She shows, too, resentment because lord Halifax had been displaced from the ministry, and her expressions are in thorough contradiction to the resentment king William affirmed she bore that lord for his personal ridicule of her father. Queen Mary proceeds to give her absent husband a rapid sketch of the characteristics and conduct of the chief of her councillors.

"As for lord Pembroke, I never see him but in council; lord *Cham* [Shrewsbury[2]] comes as little as he can with decency, and seldom speaks, but he never comes to the cabinet-council. Lord *Stuard*, [Devonshire,] you know, will be a courtier among ladies—speaking of him puts me in mind that M. Sesak, before we went to cards, came and made me a very handsome compliment on your victory and wound, and assured me 'no man living wished us a longer and happier reign.' But to return to *that* lord, who[3]—I think I have named all—I must say once my opinion, that lord Nottingham seems to be very hearty in all affairs; and, to my thinking, appears to be sincere, though he does not take much pains to persuade me of it upon all occasions, as others

[1] When he was lord Danby, one of the ministers of Charles II.

[2] Great chamberlain; the double regality, made a perplexing duplication of state offices and officers; for instance, lord Nottingham was not Mary's lord chamberlain as queen-consort, but held a place of more responsibility as lord chamberlain to her as a queen-regnant.

[3] This is as the queen wrote it; she has, through some interruption, left the construction of the sentence defective. By *that* lord, she means Monmouth, and recurs to his insinuations against her friend, lord Nottingham.

do, for he never spoke but once of himself, yet I confess I incline to have a good opinion of him. It may be, his formal grave look deceives me. He brought me your letter yesterday, and I could not hold; so he saw me cry, which I have hindered myself before everybody till then—then it was impossible.

"And this morning, when I heard the joyful news from Mr. Butler, I was in pain to know what was become of the late king [*meaning her father, James II.*] and durst not ask him, but when lord Nottingham came, I *did* venture to do it, and had the satisfaction to hear he was safe. I know I need not beg you to let him be taken care of, for I am confident you will, for *your own sake;* yet add that to all your kindness, and, for my sake, let people know you would have no hurt come to his person. *Forgive me this.*"

In this last paragraph is comprised all that can, with truth, be urged in Mary's vindication regarding the reports of her alleged parricidal instigations against the life of her father, which had been previously brought to that hapless parent's ears. Her sole defence rests on the passage above mentioned, in which, nevertheless, she can find no kinder name than "the late king" for the author of her being; and withal asks "forgiveness," as if such cold and unnatural expressions were *too* kind towards her unfortunate sire.

"I have writ this," resumes Mary, in her letter, "at so many times, that I fear you will hardly make sense of it. I long to hear what you will say to the proposition that will be sent you this night by the lords, and I do flatter myself mightily with the hopes to see you, for which I am more impatient than can be expressed, loving you with a passion which cannot end but with my life!"

The "proposition" on which the queen dwells with such fond interest was that the king, having broken the Jacobite army, should return instantly to England. William was

too good a general not to be aware that the battle of the Boyne, if attention had been fixed solely on its physical advantages, was far from decisive of the contest. The praises of William III.'s great valour in this battle have resounded throughout Europe, but he had in Ireland 30,000 regular and disciplined troops: he had the most formidable train of artillery in the world at his command: surely, the very act of looking such a formidable force in the face, as opponents, was one of superior valour in the ill-armed and undisciplined, and unpaid militia who fought for James. That unfortunate king has been called a coward on account of its loss, which, indeed, made good his own representations in his naval regulations, "that a wholly different genius is required for marine and land warfare." Every one to his profession. The battle of the Boyne was won by a furious charge of cavalry, and we never heard that English sailors were particularly skilful in equestrian evolutions,[1] or that a British admiral ought to be called a coward, because he was not an adroit general of horse. When the sailor-king met the Dutch on his own element, history gave a different account of him. The cavalry tactics of William would have availed him as little on the seas. That most mysterious politician, Defoe, although a Dutchman by descent, in his "Memoirs of Captain Carlton," first called on Englishmen to notice this point, and remarks the injustice and ingratitude of condemning their greatest admiral as a coward, because he was not equally skilful in a cavalry-skirmish.

Charles Montague, earl of Halifax, wrote a long poem

[1] Lord Dartmouth, a favourite naval pupil of James, observes that the king had made him renounce the land-service for ever; saying, "If he serves not out his naval apprenticeship, and forgets not his land-fashions, I will trust him with no ship of mine." Lord Dartmouth, in one of his interesting letters to James II., when admiral of the fleet at the crisis of the revolution, writes, "I have sent your majesty a despatch by a Scotch sailor on horseback, but what has become of either man or horse I know not, for you well know, sire, that we sailors are not quite so skilful with horses as with ships."

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on the battle, in heroic verse; it consists of the most lofty eulogiums on William, without either naming or alluding to his antagonist. After lauding his valour and generosity, he leaves it in complete mystery against whom he fought; and but for the word "Boyne," no one could ever guess the subject. He sums up with the presumption, that if William had been a Frenchman, France would have said and done more to his honour and glory than ungrateful Englishmen deemed necessary:—

"Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,[1]
And operas repeat no other sound;
Boyne would for ages be the painter's theme,
The *Goblin's* labour,[2] and the poet's dream;
The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms,
And bleed for ever scarlet in their looms.

* * * * *

"The queen, the charming queen herself should grace,
The noble piece, and in an artful place,
Soften war's horrors with her lovely face;
Who can omit the queen's auspicious smile,
The pride of the fair sex, the goddess of our Isle.
Who can forget what all admired of late,
Her fears for him, her prudence for the state;
Dissembling cares, she smooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleasure in her face;
As danger did approach, her courage rose,
And putting on the king, dismay'd his foes."

The last couplets present a true picture of the queen's personal demeanour at this tremendous crisis, and it is satisfactory to be able to produce contemporary evidence that the self-portraits drawn in her letters, of her efforts "to grin when her heart was bursting," were seen by by-standers in the light she wished:

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[1] In allusion to the scratch which William received in the commencement of the action.

[2] Probably meaning the name of Gobelin, the tapestry-worker.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{6}{16}$, 1690.

"Being resolved never to miss a post, I write now to let you know I have received yours by Mr. Grey, who came at nine in the morning, and was dressing till one, before he brought it; to-morrow I think to write again by him.

"Now I shall only tell you," says the queen, resuming her historical narrative, "that I have been satisfied with the sight of lord Lincoln, which I have so often wished for in vain. I met him as I came from prayers, with a hundred people at least after him. I can't represent to you my surprise at so unexpected an object, and so strange a one; but what he said was as much so, if it were possible. He called lord-president [Carmarthen] by name, (and all in general who are in trust) 'rogues;' told me 'I must go back with him to council [*privy-council*] to hear his complaint,' which I think was against lord Torrington; he talked so like a madman that I answered him as calmly as I could, looking on him as such, and so with much ado, got from him.

"I shall say no more now, but that I am so sleepy I can't see; but I shall live and die entirely yours."

The unfortunate noble, who was thus met by queen Mary, with a rabble at his heels, to whom he was addressing his wayward ideas on politics, was Edward, the last earl of Lincoln, of the elder line of Clinton. It is plain by this amusing little letter of the queen, that her curiosity had been excited by the reported eccentricities of that peer; but that she did not expect so strange an encounter in her progress to Whitehall-chapel. The earl of Lincoln[1] then seated himself in Whitehall-gallery,[2] bawling

[1] The earl of Lincoln died a few months afterwards. His title reverted to his cousin, Sir Francis Fiennes Clinton, whose descendant, having married in 1744, the heiress of the dukes of Newcastle, added the name of Pelham to his own ancient surname, and became duke of Newcastle, in 1768.

[2] The reader must remember that the great palace of Whitehall, the seat of royalty and government was not yet burnt down.

out to every one, "that the queen was shut up by three or four lords, who would not let her appear at the privy-council, or suffer her nobles to have access to her." "Although," as the queen herself observed, "he never asked it all the while." He was evidently incited to torment the whig junta of nine, by whose councils her majesty was implicitly guided, instead of having recourse to the privy-council.

The troubles in which the queen was involved with these inimical councils, are best described by her own pen. (Whitehall, July $\frac{1}{8}$, 1690.) "I wrote to you a Tuesday night by the post, only to show that I would miss no opportunity of doing it, and have kept Mr. Grey ever since, having nothing worth writing or troubling you with. I shall now begin with answering your letter to him by him, and thank God with all my soul, for the continuance of your good success, and hope you will have no more to do, but come back here, where you are wished for by all that love you or themselves; I need not say most by me it would be a wrong of me to suppose you doubt it."

"If the first part of your letter was *extreme* welcome, the next was not less so, for next to knowing of your health and success, that of your being satisfied with what has been done here, is the best news, and till then I was very much in pain. You will see, also, that we have had the good fortune here to have done just as you would have had it yourself, in sending Mr. Russell down to the fleet; but that was prevented as you will know before this. I told Mr. Russell what your design was there, and asked 'what I might write on it now?' He told me, 'he should be always ready to serve you any way;' and seemed mightily pleased at what I had told him. I did not say it openly at the *committee*, [the council of nine] because I know how much lord Monmouth would have been troubled, but I told lord-president as you writ him word, and lord Nottingham, and lord Marlborough. It seems he [Russell]

still wishes for a commission to other people, and not to be alone.

"The day that I received yours by Mr. Grey, which was on Tuesday noon, the *great council* was called extraordinarily, being thought fit to acquaint them with the good news:" this was the tidings of the recent victory at the Boyne. By the "great council," the queen means to designate the privy-council, which the king and his ministers had warned her from attending often. The members conceived their functions were unconstitutionally superseded by a body bearing some resemblance, at least in name, to the Venetian "Council of Ten;" they were enraged, and almost in a state of insurrection, because the queen's presence was denied them.

Mary was, indeed, placed in a situation of the most exquisite difficulty, which no person could have passed through without imminent danger, excepting one who possessed her peculiar concentrativeness of purpose. Had she felt an atom of kindliness to father, sister, brother, nephew, or friend, or even a particle of egotism or personal ambition, which was not centred in that second self, her ungracious and ungraceful little partner, she could not have steered the vessel of state steadily enough to have avoided the shoals of the oligarch faction on the one side, and the rocks of Jacobitism on the other. She likewise had to dread the political jealousy of her spouse, however well she might govern, if she put herself too forward in her function of queen-regnant. This dread is apparent in the continuation of her narrative, where she expresses her reluctance to attend the privy-council, and describes the stormy scene raised therein because she had hitherto denied her presence, according to her husband's orders:—"Seeing you had left me to the advice of the committee of nine when to go, [*to the privy council*] I asked them in the morning 'if they thought it necessary? that, for *my part, I did not*.' Lord president

Carmarthen said 'No.' In the afternoon, when the privy-council met, all began, it seems, to ask 'If I came?' The lord president Carmarthen said, 'No.' Upon which, there were some who grumbled. Sir R. Howard made a formal speech, wherein he hinted many things, as if he thought it not reasonable that I did not come to privy-council. He was seconded by the duke of Bolton."

That afternoon faction ran very high in the privy council. In the midst of the murmurs on account of her majesty's absence, lord Monmouth and the lord-steward [Devonshire], thought proper to leave their seats at the council-board, and enter her private apartments, where they began to entreat her to accompany them back, to appease the malcontents. The queen, who shrewdly suspected lord Monmouth to be the secret mover of the storm, and dreading the displeasure of her husband, if she appeared too often at the more public council, thus expresses herself, in the dilemma:—"I was surprised at it, for they sent for me out of my closet. I will not trouble you with all they said, but they were very pressing; and lord Steward [Devonshire] told me there were many there who absolutely told him 'they would not speak but before me, that they were privy-councillors' established by law, and did not know why they should be denied my presence?'"

"I answered *them* [*i.e.* Devonshire and Monmouth] at first as civilly as I could, and as calmly, but being much pressed, I grew a little peevish, and told them 'that, between us, I must own I thought it a *humour* (caprice) in some there, [of the privy council,] which I did not think myself bound to please, for, should I come now for this, I should at last be sent for when any body had a mind to it, and that I wondered they, who had heard me in the morning say, I *would not* come, should now be so importunate.'"

"But all I could say would not satisfy them, and had not lord Nottingham come in, I believe they would not have

left me so soon. I cannot tell if I did well or no, but I think I did. This was the same day lord Lincoln was here, as I wrote you word before, and he sat in the gallery, crying aloud 'that five or six lords shut me up, and would let nobody else come near me,' yet never asked it all the time."

"Lord Nottingham will give you an account of lord Mayor's being called next day to the *great council* [privy council] where I was, but I must needs observe that he came with his answer ready wrote, and pulled out his paper and read it! Upon which, many of those who came with him looked upon one another as amazed, and the more because the lord-president did not desire *it* till Friday."

Thus it is plain that queen Mary was obliged, in order to appease the discontents of the privy council, to call the whole of that body together, and preside over their deliberations on the ensuing day. Lord Monmouth, who had fomented a faction, and gained a partisan among the junta of nine, of which he was a member, was now very active among the malcontents of the privy council. The queen suspected some treachery in the singular circumstance that the "*lord mayor*" brought his speech, ready written, in his pocket, and pulled it out, and read it to her. Her majesty was not quite so familiar with speeches ready cut and dried, as her successors have been: this was one of the first experiments of the kind, and queen Mary confessed herself amazed at the proceeding. Neither could she comprehend how this ready written speech could suit a council suddenly called on the Thursday, when my lord mayor did not expect it till the day after. The speech was assuredly provided by the cunning Carmarthen.

The queen found that the noble members of the privy council were bent on showing their displeasure, by protecting the Jacobite lords who had been marked down by herself and council for imprisonment and prosecution. A plot was maturing in Scotland which gave great uneasiness to

William and Mary, and, in conjunction with the French invasion, might have wrecked their government, if the leaders, lord Annandale and lord Breadalbane, had not severally visited the king and queen, and made their confessions, to the discomfiture of their colleagues. Lord Ross, then in London, was one of those betrayed; queen Mary thus expresses herself, regarding his apprehension:—"Another thing happened that I must tell: lord Nottingham had secured lord Rosse, and now desired the [privy] council that he might be sent to the Tower as well as so many others. All consented. Duke of Bolton asked 'Why?' Lord Nottingham said 'There *was* informations against him, and more his own letters to sir John Cochrane;' upon which all said a warrant should be drawn. But when it came to be signed, duke of Bolton would not; he hindered lord Devon[1] by a whisper, and his son by a nod. Lord Montague would not sign it *neither;* if this be usual, I cannot tell, but methinks it ought not to be so."

Her majesty continues, in her letter, to discuss, in no very perspicuous terms, the half-revealed Jacobite plot in Scotland, and mentioned the opinion of her "junta of nine," that sir James Montgomery,[2] a whig lately turned Jacobite, who was deeply concerned in the plot, "ought to be arrested and sent from Scotland, for he was crafty and malicious, and his confessions, if listened to, would implicate *honest* per-

[1] Lord Ross seems to have married a daughter of Rachel, lady Russell, and was in consequence closely connected with the family of Cavendish and their powerful alliances. He is frequently mentioned familiarly in the manuscript letters in the Devonshire Papers.

[2] Sir James Montgomery had been in strong opposition to James II. during his reign, he had been one of the principal deputies who had brought the offer of the Scottish crown to William and Mary. He became malcontent as well as the other revolutionist leaders, Breadalbane, Annandale, and Ross, because his desire of gain was not sufficiently satisfied. He had therefore joined the Jacobite plot of 1689, which was disorganized by the death of Dundee at Killicrankie. (See Dalrymple's Memoirs and Appendix.)

sons," meaning, doubtless by honest persons, not only various members of the now discontented oligarchy, who had aided in the revolution, but most of themselves—the queen's assistant junta.

Many traces are to be found in Mary's letters of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; and if we may judge by the glee with which she mentions persons being now "clapt up," who were fluttering in the park but a few hours before, she had some satisfaction in the exertion of this despotism.

Jacobitism was, in the year 1690, so frequent in every-day life, that it was a common occurrence to see a messenger enter a house, a theatre, or Hyde-park, show a privy-council warrant to some gallant, all embroidery, cravat, and ruffle, and march him off, bewigged and befringed as he was, from among a circle of belles, to the Tower. If not seriously implicated in any of the numerous plots then in active concoction, either in Scotland or England, the prisoner was let out, after some weeks' detention, much impoverished in purse by his visit to the grim fortress, for no one, in the seventeenth century, was freed from the Tower at less than the cost of 200*l.* in fees and other expenses. So common was this manœuvre in the reign of William and Mary, that the matter-of-fact comedies of the day make these arrests, either feigned or real, incidents for the purpose of removing rivals, or furnishing adventures to the hero of the piece. In illustration of these traits of the times may be quoted a passage from an original letter of sir George Rooke,[1] who seems not a little scandalized at the conduct of one of queen Mary's captives, when her majesty was pleased to sign a privy-council warrant for his liberation. "I could easily believe that my lord Falkland was very much transported with his release from the Tower, but did not think that he would leap from thence into a ball."

[1] In the MS. Collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

Jacobite poetry now began to form a powerful means of offence against the government of Mary. It had originated in opposition to the faction which strove to exclude James II., when duke of York, from the throne. The first of these songs, "York, our great admiral," and "We'll stand to our landlord as long as we've breath," were decidedly of English composition. But the subject was caught up in the more musical and poetical land beyond the Tweed. Numerous Jacobite lyrics were adapted to the rhythm of the exquisite melodies of Scotland. Some were tender in pathos: others bold and biting in satire. There was one of the latter, written by the heir of Lothian, which dashed at the points on which the four persons of the royal family in England were most liable to censure, and combined them in one fierce couplet:—

> "There's Mary *the daughter*, there's Willy the cheater,
> There's Geordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater."

Another party song took its rise within a few months of the accession of William and Mary: it was hummed by every voice, and being set to a bold original air, haunted every ear, although it was but a burst of audacious doggerel:—

> "Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?[1]
> Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
> King James the Seventh had ae daughter,
> And he gave her to an Oranger.
>
> "Ken ye how he requited him?
> Ken ye how he requited him?
> The dog has into England come,
> And ta'en the crown in spite of him!
>
> "The rogue he sal na keep it lang,
> To budge we'll make him fain again:
> We'll hang him high upon a tree,
> King James shall ha his ain again!"

The plaintive and elegant Jacobite songs of this period are not numerous. The exquisite one, both in words and

[1] *Foreigner* is the answer to this quaint question.

melody, by Ogilvie of Inquharairty, written after the loss of the battle of the Boyne, "It was a' for our rightful king," has previously been quoted. Perhaps the following beautiful song, which is the only one in which queen Mary is alluded to, was composed by the same brave exile. It is the lament of a Jacobite lady for the absence of her lover at St. Germains:

"I ha'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me,
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea;

"He's gane with ane[1] that was our ain,
And we may rue the day,
When our king's ae[2] daughter came,
To play sae foul a play.

"O gin I were a bonny bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
My ane true love to see.

"Then wad I tell a joyful tale,
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window
And sing my melody"—

At St. Germains, the window of the room, once tenanted by king James, juts boldly over a commanding view, as if to invite such winged minstrels; — and strongly did it recall this exquisite old melody to the mind of the writer, when standing, in musing mood, within it. The concluding verses allude to the plots of the period, regarding which, the Jacobites were high in hope; by "the crow" or "corbie," is meant William III. and his party.

"The adder lies i'th' corbie's nest.
Beneath the corbie's wame,
And the blast that reaves the corbie's nest,
Shall blaw our good king hame.[3]

[1] James II. Ogilvie, the sweetest Jacobite poet of his day, was in the Scottish brigade, being one of the officers of the Dumbarton regiments broke by William III. for refusing to take the oaths to him. He fought at the Boyne for James II., and fell at the battle of the Rhine.

[2] Mary: *ae* daughter is eldest daughter. [3] James II.

"Then blaw ye east or blaw ye west:
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
Oh, bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I dare na name."

The queen, in full expectation that king William would return speedily from Ireland, found it requisite to apologize to him that his Kensington villa was not ready for his reception. She concludes her letter, dated July $\frac{10}{20}$, with these words:

"You don't know how I please myself with the hopes of seeing you here very soon, but I must tell you that it is impossible to be at Kensington. Your closets here are also not in order, but there is no smoke, in the summer, and the air much better than in another season. Pray let me have your orders, if not by yourself, then tell lord Portland, and let him write. I see I can hardly end this, but I must force myself, without saying a word more but that I am ever yours—more than ever, if that be possible—and shall be so till death."

The next letter was written by the queen from her bed, at eleven at night, at which hour she was too sleepy to write a long one, having fatigued herself by a visit to Hampton Court, to superintend the Dutch devices disfiguring that ancient palace. The grand apartments, where the English-born sovereigns held their state, had been demolished; and had it not been for a felicitous lack of money and Portland stone, not a fragment of their noble country-palace would have been left:

"Queen Mary to King William.[1]

"Whitehall, 1690, July $\frac{13}{23}$, N. S., at eleven at night.

"You will excuse me from answering your letter I received yesterday morning, (which was writ on Sunday last,) when you know I have been this morning to Hampton Court and back again by noon, and ever since have had one or other to speak to me, of which I will give you an account when I have more time."

"Now," says the queen, resuming her narrative of incidents, "I shall only tell you that things go on there [at

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 138.

Hampton Court] very slowly; want of money and Portland stone are the hindrances, and indeed, in a time when there are such pressing *necessitys*, I am almost ashamed to speak about it, and yet *it is* become so just a debt, that it ought to be paid. I mean the privy-seal which you passed long ago.

"Sir Charles Littleton has sent to me to offer to give up his commission, which I expect now, and am glad of, for reasons too long to tell now. Pray send word who shall have the government, for 'tis judged necessary to be filled up as soon as may be.

"I fancy the joy at St. Patrick's church was greater than can be exprest, and wish I had been with you; but though at a distance, none ever praised God so heartily for many reasons, chiefly that of your wonderful deliverance;—upon which, the queen-dowager sent lady Arlington to compliment me. I am now in my bed, having bathed, and am so sleepy I can say no more, but that I am ever and entirely yours."

In the three succeeding days, she wrote two more letters to her husband, full of hopes of seeing him quickly, mingled with fears that the French ships—which then rode victors both in the English and Irish channels, in a manner unprecedented for centuries—should intercept him on his return:—"All my *fears*," observes the queen,[1] "*is*[2] the French ships, which are going to St. George's Channel, and are already at Kinsale; if those should hinder you, what will become of me? I think the fright would take away my reason. But I hope the express, which goes this evening to sir Cloudesley Shovel, will come time enough to prevent any surprise. I am the most impatient creature in the world, for an answer about your coming, which I do hope may be a good one, and that I shall see you, and en-

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 141.
[2] So written.

deavour myself to let you see, if it be possible, that my heart is more yours than my own."

The queen, in continuation, gives more laudable proofs of her sincerity in religion, than can previously be discovered in her conduct: "I have been desired," she says to her husband, "to beg you not to be too quick in parting with the confiscated estates, but consider whether you will not keep some for public schools, to instruct the poor Irish. For my part, I must needs say that I think you would do very well if you would consider what care can be taken of the poor souls there, and indeed, if you would give me leave, I must tell you, I think the wonderful deliverance and success you have had, should oblige you to think upon doing what you can for the advancement of true religion, and promoting the Gospel."[1]

Alas, king William, like all mere military sovereigns, had no endowments to bestow on the Gospel, or on Christian civilization of any kind!

The property she mentions was the private inheritance of her father from the earls of Clare and Ulster. It was given by her husband to his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers. Probably it was some intimation of its infamous destination that prompted Mary to make the request that it might be destined to the above virtuous use. But her regal partner little thought of any atonement for the excessive miseries that wretched Ireland groaned under during his reign. Far from that, it is to be feared that he was the cause of many atrocities being perpetrated by his cruel troops, the slightest mention of one of which thrills the nerves with horror. When William was compelled to raise the siege of Waterford, he was asked, "In what manner he should dispose of the sick and wounded prisoners?" "Burn them!" was his ill-tempered reply. There is too much reason to believe that this

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 141.

peevish expletive was literally obeyed; for one thousand of these unfortunates were destroyed in this inhuman manner, by the place in which they were penned directly afterwards bursting into flames, in which they miserably perished.[1]

Towards the end of July, it was found necessary that queen Mary should in person review the militia, which had been called out for the defence of the country, then threatened with invasion by the victorious fleets of France. This was trenching very closely on the office of her military lord and master; and she evidently deemed it proper to apologize for playing the general, as well as the sovereign, in his absence:—"I go," she says in her next letter, "to Hyde Park, to see the militia drawn out there, next Monday; you may believe *I go against my will.*

"I still must come back to my first saying, which is, that I do hope and flatter myself that you will be come back, if it can be with safety. I'm sure if that can't be, I shall wish you may rather stay where you are, though I long never so much to see you, than that you should venture your dear person, which is a thousand times *more so* to me than my own self, and ever will be so while I breathe."

All that has been hitherto known of Mary II. has been imbibed by the public from Burnet's panegyric. But with what promptitude would the revolutionary bishop have demolished his own work, could he, like us, have read her majesty's letter to the king, of July $\frac{16}{26}$, and seen the contemptuous reluctance with which she acceded to his desire of having his "thundering long sermon" on the Boyne victory, printed!

Many passages in these letters, written with unstudied

[1] Porter's History of Ireland. It is cited by the author of "Ireland as a Kingdom and Colony." At the siege of Waterford was killed captain Carlisle, a player, who had found his account in turning Williamite; his principal service was an abusive ballad, which he had written and set to music, commencing, "King James, with his rascally rabble of rogues." (Tindal's Continuation.)

grace and simplicity, prove that Mary's tastes in composition were elegant and unaffected, consequently Burnet's style must have been odious to her. How differently did the man himself, and the world, believe he was rated in her majesty's estimation! Let her speak for herself, as follows:[1] "I will say no more at present, but that the bishop of Salisbury made a *thundering long* sermon this morning, which he has been with *me to desire me to print*, which I could not refuse, *though* I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him."

"I am *extreme* impatient of *hearing* from you, which I hope in God will be before I sleep this night—if not, I think I shall not rest; but, if I should meet with a disappointment of your not coming, I don't know what I shall do, for my desire of seeing you, is equal to my love, which cannot end but with my life."

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{17}{27}$, 1690.

"Every hour makes me more impatient to hear from you, and everything I hear stir, I think brings me a letter. I shall not go about to excuse myself; I know 'tis folly to a great degree to be so uneasy as I am, at present, when I have no reason to apprehend any ill cause, but only might attribute your silence to your marching farther from Dublin, which makes the way longer. I have stayed till I am almost asleep, in hopes; but they are vain; and I must once more go to bed, in hopes of being waked with a letter from you, which I shall get at last, I hope."

By the conclusion of this letter may be gathered that her majesty's councillors were much agitated with quarrelsome divisions, and that stormy discussions constantly sprang up, to her great uneasiness. In truth, the immediate danger of her father's restoration had frightened them into something

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii. 142. A panegyrist of the queen has published some of her letters, but has carefully omitted this passage, the editor being an admirer of Burnet. No one ought to touch documents in such a spirit. Letters and diaries ought to speak honestly for themselves; then let readers draw their own deductions, if they are not satisfied with those of the biographer.

like unanimity while the queen presided over them; but, after the battle of the Boyne, they deemed that danger passed, and they relapsed, in consequence, into their usual state of factious animosity. Their tempers had previously greatly annoyed her liege lord, who had prepared her for their troublesome behaviour; she had secretly imagined that he found fault from his own cynical spirit. She thus owns that he knew them better than she did:

"I cannot resolve to write you all that has past at council this day, till which time, I thought you had given me wrong characters of men, but I now see they answer my expectation of being as little of a mind as of a body.[1]

"Adieu, do but love me, and I can bear all."

As the king was still detained in Ireland, Mary's next despatch brought details more particular of the quarrels which pervaded both the cabinet and the privy-council, and had for their object the appointment of commanders of the shattered and fugitive navy, then skulking dishonourably in the ports of the Thames.

The queen mentions that she had had vapours in the evening of the 27th of July, having been worried by the mad lord Lincoln that morning. The term "vapours" requires explanation, as much as any other historical antiquity of a bygone day; we believe it is synonymous with an "attack on the nerves" in the present century. But nervous complaints were classed by queen Mary's court into three separate maladies. These were vapours, megrims, and spleen. Vapours, we believe, veered in symptoms towards hysterics, megrims to nervous headache, while the spleen simply meant a pain in the temper. Pope, in his brilliant court poem, the "Rape of the Lock," represents all three keeping watch round his fainting Belinda, a fair belle of the courts of queen Mary and queen Anne, Mrs. Arabella Fermor by name, from whom the lord Petre of that day had

[1] The queen means that her councillors are no more "*one in mind, than they are one in body.*"

contumaciously, and against her consent, stolen a curl. Queen Mary may be excused, then, for having had one of these feminine afflictions: especially when she had been agitated by conflicting feelings that day,—plagued by the council, and beset by a madman, withal, according to her own description in the following letter:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, July $\frac{2}{12}\frac{3}{8}$.

"Could you but guess at my impatience for a letter, you would be able to judge of my joy at receiving yours from Timolin. At present, I shall say nothing to you, but that I have, at last, seen the council in a great heat, but shall stay till I see you to tell you my mind upon it. Lord Nottingham will send you the account the commissioners have brought from sea, of the assurance of the fleet being ready Wednesday next.

"Lord Lincoln," pursues her majesty's historical narrative, "was with me this afternoon no less than an hour and a half, reforming the fleet, correcting abuses, and not shy, either, of naming persons. He talked so perfectly like a madman, as I never heard anything more in my life; he made me the *most extravagantest* compliments in the world, but was by no means satisfied that I would do nothing he desired me. He had an expression that I have heard often within this few days, which is, 'that I have the power in my hand, and they wonder I do not make use of it,' and 'why should I stay for your return?' and 'whether I *should* [ought to] lose so much time as to write you word or no, is doubted, that is, when *they* must stay till an answer come.'"

"I shall tell you more of this, when I shall be so happy once more to see you, or when I can write you a long letter, *for I have taken the vapours*, and dare not to-night; but you know, whatever my letters are, my heart is more yours than my own."

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii. p. 143.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Queen Mary urged to assume sovereignty independently of her husband—Dialogues with Sir Thomas Lee—Affronted by him—Dialogue with lord Devonshire—Her perplexities—Her arrangements for the king's return—Laments the unfinished state of Kensington-palace—His angry reproof—Her humble apologies — Preparations at Kensington—General style of her writing—Proceedings of the princess Anne—Queen goes to look at Campden house—Young duke of Gloucester settled there—William III.'s letter concerning the queen — Her celebration-ball at Whitehall deferred — The queen disappointed of her husband's return — Continuation of her letters — Her difficulties increase—Her troubles with naval matters—Listens to Dutch cabals—Joy at the king's approval—Announces that Kensington palace is ready—Intercedes for Hamilton—Her interviews with informers—Detects a plot—Urges the king's return—State of England under her sway —Her aversion to Whitehall—Receives Zulestein—Communes with Jacobite traitors—Sends their secret confessions to William III.—Mentions Nevill Payne—Her fondness for Holland—Sends cannon and money to her husband—Mentions its loss—Her dialogue with Russell—Her tender expressions to the king—Gossip about his relatives—Her anguish of mind—Dread of the king's campaign in Flanders—Receives an amber cabinet—Hears news of the king's landing—Enmity to Catherine of Braganza—Meets king William—Their residence at Kensington—King's jealousy of his wife's government—Traits of costume, &c. &c.

Whether for the purpose of breaking the unanimity of purpose between the king and queen, or really from motives of personal preference to herself as the native-born monarch, it is certain that a strong party existed, eager to urge her majesty to acts of independent sovereignty. It

is no slight amplification of her conjugal virtue, to find her strenuously resisting every temptation to her own separate aggrandizement.

A long historical despatch from the queen to her absent partner, opens, according to custom, like a love-letter, as follows:

"Queen Mary to King William.

"Whitehall, Aug. 1, N. S., (July, 21, O. S.,) 1690.[1]

"Last night I received your letter with so much joy, that it was seen by my face by those who knew the secret of it, that you were coming. I will not take more of your time with endeavouring to tell you what is impossible to be expressed; but you know how much I love you, and therefore you will not doubt of my delight to think I shall soon see you. I will not, at this time, tell you anything that can be writ by others."

The gist of the political part of the epistle is the detail of the feuds in the two councils, founded on the facts that the king and queen wished Mr. Russell to take the command of the fleet; subsequent events proved they were perfectly right; but Russell would not take the responsibility, after the disastrous defeats which had succeeded each other since the revolution. He chose to have two partners, one a nobleman—his friend, lord Shrewsbury, the ex-minister—the other a seaman. The queen did not object to the appointment of Shrewsbury, but she always named him with a mysterious degree of prudery. Both herself and the king insisted on the third admiral being sir Richard Haddick. But Russell remained obstinate, for he hated Haddick. The lords of the admiralty, too, thought fit to place themselves in strong opposition to the queen, and, in her next letter, appear positively disobedient and contumacious to her authority; ostensibly out of hatred to sir Richard Haddick, between whom and sir Thomas Lee (a leading man in the admiralty) there was a violent enmity. The queen concluded her letter with these words:

"'Tis impossible for Kensington to be ready for your

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 146.

coming, though I will do my best that you shall not stay long for it. When you are come, I will make my apology for the matter when I see you; I shall now only tell you I am in great pain to know if I have done well in this business, or no. Pardon all my faults, and believe that I commit none willingly; and that I love you more than my life."

Two days afterwards, the queen describes, with some animation, a dialogue between herself and sir Thomas Lee:[1] "So the commissioners of the admiralty were sent for, and lord president Carmarthen told them what the resolution was [viz., *that Russell and Haddick should have the command of the fleet with some great noble as partner with them.*] Sir Thomas grew as pale as death, and told me, 'that the custom was that they [*the lords of the admiralty*] used to recommend, and that they were to answer for the persons, since they were to give them the commissions, and did not know but what they might be called to account in parliament. Lord-president answered and argued with them. At last, sir Thomas Lee came to say plainly, 'Haddick was the man they did not like.' He added, afterwards, "I might give a commission if I liked, but they could not.' When I saw he *talkt* long, and insisted upon their privilege, I said, 'I perceived, then, that the king had given away his own power, and could not make an admiral, which the admiralty did not like!' Sir Thomas Lee answered, 'No; no more he can't!' I was ready to say, 'Then the king should give the commission to such as would not dispute with him.' but I did not, though I must confess I was heartily angry.

"It may be, I am in the wrong: but, as yet, I cannot think so. Lord-president, after more discourse, desired them to retire."

The blunt answer of sir Thomas Lee could not be di-

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 148.

gested by the queen, who soon found that he was set on by her friend Russell, whose hatred to sir Richard Haddick was equal to that of sir Thomas Lee. The next step taken by the lords of the admiralty was a downright refusal to sign the commission. Carmarthen, the lord-president, brought this intelligence to the queen. He was, or pretended to be, in a very great rage. The observations her majesty made[1] on his angry demeanour, display good sense, and command of temper: "I *askt* lord president what answer was to be sent; he was very angry, and *talkt* at a great rate; but I stopped him and told him '*I* was angry enough, and desired he would not be *too* much so, for I did not believe it a proper time.' Lord-president answered, 'The best answer he could give from me was, that they, the lords of the admiralty, would do well to consider of it.' I desired he would add, 'That I could not change my mind, if it were proper to say so much.' He said, 'It was rather too little.'

"I saw Mr. Russell this morning, and I found him very much out of humour; *he excused sir Thomas Lee*, and would not believe he had said such a thing as I told you. I said, 'Indeed that he had angered me very much,' but he [Russell] endeavoured to talk it over. He said, 'that Haddick was not acceptable to them, because they believed lord Nottingham had recommended him, and they did not like that.' I saw Russell shifted off signing the commission, and indeed, I never saw him out of humour before. There was company by, so I had not a fair opportunity of saying more to him; only he prest naming lord Shrewsbury for a third, [*as joint admiral of the fleet,*] as the best means to allay all these things. But as I had not time or convenience to say more to him then, I was fain to leave off at a place I would have said more upon. This I had the oppor-

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 148.

tunity of doing this morning to lord Marlborough, who came to me about the same thing. I told him why I should be unwilling to name Shrewsbury myself, 'for I thought it would not be proper for me, by any means, to name a person, who had quitted [*i. e., resigned office*] just upon your going away, though I was persuaded you would trust him, and had a good opinion of him; yet for *me* to take upon me alone, (for we concluded none would be for it, but those only who are trusted with the secret,[1] I mean lord Marl and Mr. Russell, and lord Cham,) for me, I say, now so to name him, [Shrewsbury,] without being assured from yourself of your approbation, I thought not proper."

The queen's pique that Shrewsbury should have resigned office, just at the time when he had an opportunity of assisting her in reigning, is, perhaps, apparent here. The rest of her detail of passing events is full of interesting individual particulars of her thoughts and feelings at this trying epoch:

"I pray God send you here quickly, for besides the desire I have to see you for my own sake, (which is not now to be named,) I see all breaking out into flames. Lord Steward [Devonshire] was with me this afternoon from sir Thomas Lee, to excuse himself to me. He said 'The reason was because he saw this [the appointment of Haddick] was a business between two or three—a concerted thing—and that *made him*, he could not consent.' I told him [Devonshire] 'he himself could have assured sir Thomas Lee it was your own orders, in your letter from you to me.' At which, he shaked his head."

"I *askt*, 'if he, or sir Thomas Lee, did not believe me?' He said, 'Sir Thomas Lee thought that Haddick was im-

[1] What the secret was is not very clear; in all probability it was that king William was exceedingly desirous for Shrewsbury again to take office, let that office be whatsoever he chose. It seems very odd that a courtier of rank not bred to the naval profession, should be solicited to command a fleet, but such were the customs of that day.

posed on the king; I said, 'I did not believe *that* was so easy!' 'I mean'—said lord (*Devonshire*)—'recommended by persons they don't much like.' 'Indeed, my lord, if they only dislike sir R. Haddick because he is recommended by such as they don't approve, it will only confirm me in the belief that he is a fit man, since they make no other objection against him. I confess,' said I, 'my lord, I was very angry at what sir Thomas Lee said yesterday; but this is to make me more so, since I see 'tis not reason but passion makes sir T. Lee speak thus.' Upon which, *we* [*the queen and lord Devonshire*] fell into discourse of the divisions [*quarrels in council*], which we both lamented, and I think we were both angry, though not with one another. He complained 'that people were too much *believed that ought* not to be so, and we could not agree.' I should never have done, should I *say* [repeat] all I hear on such matters but what I have said, I think absolutely necessary for you to know. If I have been too angry, I am sorry for it. I don't believe I am easily provoked, but I think I had reason. If I may say so, I do not think people should be humoured to this degree. Mr. Russell again desired the duke of Grafton should not be in [i. e., *in the command of the fleet*], and lord Nottingham, who was one of those who mentioned him before, desired me to let you know he is concerned at having mentioned him, having since been informed how unfit he is."

On account of his rude and brutal manners, which exasperated every one with whom he came in contact, the queen, who had wished this illegitimate cousin of hers to be employed, that he might "become good for something," now shrank from the responsibility of her recommendation. She continues thus: "One thing more I must desire to know positively, which is about Kensington, whether you will go there, though my chamber is not ready. Your own apartment, lord Portland's, Mr. Overkirk's, and lady *Darby's*

are done; but mine impossible to be used, and nobody else's lodgings ready. The air there is now free from smoke, but your closet as yet smells of paint, for which I *will ask pardon* when I see you. This is the true state of your two houses, but if you will go *lye* only at Kensington, for I suppose your business will keep you here [*i. e., at Whitehall*] all day, pray let me know. You may be sure I shall be very willing to suffer any inconvenience for the sake of your dear company, and I wish I could suffer it all. for I deserve it, being something in fault, though I have excuses which are not lies."

"I hope," concludes the queen, "this long letter may meet you so near that you may bring your own answer; if not, if you love me, either write me a particular answer yourself, or let lord Portland do it for you. You see the necessity of it for the public; do a little also for my private satisfaction, who love you much more than my own life."

The succeeding letter is wholly devoted to the personal and private arrangements of the royal pair:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, Aug. 5, N. S., (July 25, O. S.) 1690.

"Last night I received yours from Benit Bridge, by which I find you designed to summon Waterford again last Monday, I beseech God give you good success, and send you safe and quickly home. There was an order taken yesterday in council for the prorogueing the parliament for three weeks. I have been this evening at Kensington, for though I did believe you would not be willing to stay at Whitehall, yet what you write me word, makes me in a million of fears, especially since I must needs confess my fault that I have not been pressing enough till it was too late."

King William had certainly written a sharp reproof to his loving spouse on the subject of Kensington Palace not being ready for his reception. How humbly she asked pardon for his closet at Kensington smelling of paint, has been shown in the preceding letter. It was rather unreasonable of the king, who only left her in the middle of June,

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 150.

to expect that, with an exhausted treasury, his queen could prepare his palace for his reception in the first days of August; therefore her apology and extreme humiliation for the non-performance of impossibilities—especially in asking pardon for smells for which the house-painter and his painting-pots were alone accountable—seem somewhat slavish. The rest of her letter is couched in the same prostration of spirit:

"The outside of the house (at Kensington) is the *fiddling* work, which takes up more time than one can imagine; and while the *schafolds* are up, the windows must be boarded up, but as soon as that is done, your own apartments may be furnished; and though mine cannot possibly be ready yet awhile, I have found out a way, if you please, which is, that I may make use of lord Portland's, and he *ly* in some other rooms; we [*i. e.*, she and the king] may *ly* in your chamber, and I go *throw* the *councill*-room down, or *els* dress me there; and as I suppose your business will bring you often to town, so I must take such time to see company here; and that part of the family which can't *come* there, must stay here; for 'tis no matter what inconvenien*cys* any *els* suffers for your dear sake: I think this way the only one yourself will have, will be my lying in your chamber, which you know I can make as easy to you as may be. Our being there (at Kensington) will certainly forward the work. I hope this letter will not come to your hands, but that you will be on your way hither before this. My greatest fear is for your closets here; but if you consider how much sooner you come back than any one durst have hoped, you will forgive me, and I can't but be *extreme* glad to be so deceived.

"God in his mercy send us a happy meeting, and a quick one, for which I am more impatient than I can possibly express!"

Although extremely interesting as a transcript of queen

Mary's private feelings, and affording an amusing view of her domestic arrangements and expedients, the foregoing narrative presents us with the most faulty specimen of her orthography and phraseology which has been as yet discovered. Those of our readers who are familiar with the epistolary literature of the seventeenth century, will consider Mary's letters in general as wonderful productions, not only on account of the good sense and graphic power of expressing what she has to say, whether in dialogue or narrative, but as presenting occasionally good specimens of the familiar English of her era. It may be observed, that her majesty was in advance of Steele and Addison, and of the dramatists of her day, who wrote *you was*, instead of *you were*. She generally uses her subjunctives correctly; and her sentences, however hurriedly written, have a logical connexion in their divisions.

Throughout this mass of voluminous correspondence, not a word occurs regarding the princess Anne, nor does the queen ever allude to her nephew and heir-presumptive, the infant duke of Gloucester, then twelve months of age. The hatred that was brooding in the minds of queen Mary and her sister had not yet burst into open flame: they still observed the decencies of dislike, had ceremonious meetings and formal leave-takings, when courtly etiquette required them. The princess having discovered that Craven-house was too small for her son's nursery, the queen condescended to accompany her to look at Campden-house,[1] situated (as the remains of it are at present) behind Kensington-palace. The princess considered that its vicinity would be convenient for the queen to see her godson and nephew at pleasure, when her majesty took up her abode at the new-built palace; she therefore hired Campden-house for her nursery, at an enormous rental, of Mr. Bertie, the guardian of young

[1] Like most ancient seats near London, this relic (it is said) has been doomed by the building mania to destruction. Indeed, the old gateway, surmounted by the supporters of the Noel family, has been demolished while these sheets were in progress.

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Noel, to whom the house belonged. Here the infant duke of Gloucester was established,[1] and his improved health showed the salubrity of the site the queen and his mother had chosen.

The queen continued to devote a large portion of her time to epistolary communication with her absent husband; his replies have been vainly sought, yet from the remaining specimens of his letters, their absence is perhaps no great historical loss, as it is doubtful whether his majesty ever wrote a narrative letter in his life. His enormous handwriting spreads far and wide over his paper, as if to prevent the introduction of much matter, and this habit was acquired as an adult; for his hand, in his boyish letters to his uncle Charles, in the State Paper Office, is not quite so large as children's writing in general. Few of his notes consist of more than two or three prettily turned French sentences, from which it is scarcely possible to extract any individual information; in consequence, it may be observed, that her majesty was often in great perplexity to know his wishes and intentions. The following letter from the king, written throughout by his own hand, to the earl of Devonshire, then one of the council of nine, belongs to this period. The original is in French, it contains more matter than any other extant, from William's pen, excepting the wrathful one relating to Dr. Covel's transgressions.[2] The present document, hitherto inedited, is in answer to "a compliment" on the king's wound, previously sent to Ireland, by the lord-steward of the household, the earl of Devonshire:

"WILLIAM III. TO THE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.[3]

"At the Camp of Welles, this July 17.

"I am very much obliged by the part that you take in what concerns my

[1] Memoirs of the young duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins.

[2] Quoted in vol. ix., in Mary's Life, as princess of Orange.

[3] Holograph Letter from William III. to the first duke of Devonshire, (then earl,) lord steward of the household. From the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

person, and the advantage[1] that I have gained over my enemies.[2] The misfortune that has befallen my fleet[3] has sensibly touched me, but I hope that it will soon be in a state to put to sea. It will be necessary to chastise severely those who have not done their duty.[4]

"If it had been possible without abandoning all here, I should have set out as soon as yesterday morning when I received your despatches, but without losing all the advantages I have gained, I cannot leave the army for five or six days. Of this, I have written to the queen and to the lords of the committee, to whom I refer you, and hope very soon to have the satisfaction of seeing you, and of assuring you of my constant friendship and esteem, on which you may entirely rely.

"WILLIAM R."

The absence of nomenclature is a curious feature in this epistle of the royal diplomatist. No one is named in it but the queen, although he refers to several persons. No place is mentioned, yet he alludes to the battle of the Boyne, the defeat at La Hogue, and the court-martial pending at Sheerness on lord Torrington.

From the contents of the royal missive from the seat of war, lord Devonshire concluded that queen Mary would be forced to postpone a grand ball for which the palace was in preparation. Her majesty meant, by this festival, to celebrate the king's victory of the Boyne, and his return to England. For purposes either of her royal pleasure or policy, the queen had been indefatigable in giving balls at Whitehall, during the king's absence. The earl of Devonshire, her high-steward, notwithstanding his known taste for these diversions, required a respite. Other troubles annoyed the lord-steward—the ladies of the queen's court danced awkwardly, and there were more ladies than gentlemen. Some of the young nobles were fighting in Ireland against the queen's father, some were fighting for him, others were exiled for maintaining his cause, and not a few of the best beaux were incarcerated by the queen's warrants in the Tower. However, her majesty had expressed her parti-

[1] Battle of the Boyne.
[2] King James II. and the French.
[3] Loss of the battle off Beachy Head.
[4] Court-martial on lord Torrington.

cular wish that the daughter-in-law of the earl of Devonshire might be present at her grand celebration-ball. The royal pleasure was thus notified to that lady by her mother-in-law, lady Devonshire.[1]

"The Countess of Devonshire to Lady Cavendish,[2] (daughter to Rachel, Lady Russell.)

(Saturday.)

"I am very glad to hear by Mr. Woolman, not only of your good health, but that I shall see you sooner than you seemed to intend I should. You may still be in time, as the queen desires, for the ball, for nobody can tell when it will be, the king's coming not being so soon as was expected. I hope there will be a respite too in the dancings at Whitehall, till it be for the great ball—yet there *is* more ladies than men, and worse dancers than them they have found, can hardly be met with. Mrs. Moone danced rather worse than better than she did last year. My lord is come from Newmarket; my head aches, so I leave Betty,[3] dear daughter, to end my letter with what news she knows."

[Betty's conclusion.]

"I hope you will pardon my not answering yours at this present, but you may believe that I am very full of business when I fall it. We have danced very often at Whitehall, where you are wanting extremely, there being not above one or two tolerable dancers, and as for myself, I am worse at it than last year. We are just going to supper. I believe this would hardly pass with you for a letter if I should say more, so I will only desire you to give my humble service to my lady Ross. I am very sorry to hear by Mr. Belman that she does not come with you to town."

Endorsed, "To the lady Hartington, at Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire."

The husband of "lady Ross" here mentioned is the same lord Ross who, it will be remembered, was then the object of queen Mary's particular displeasure. Her majesty, in a letter quoted a few pages back, we have seen express her lively displeasure, that the powerful families of Devonshire and Bolton had successfully prevented her from incarcerating lord Ross in the Tower, on her mere privy-council warrant.

[1] The hand is very large and masculine, but, as the letter is signed E. Devonshire, and *her lord* is mentioned, it must be written by the countess.

[2] Family Papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

[3] Probably lady Elizabeth Cavendish, youngest daughter to the earl and countess of Devonshire.

The queen's hopes of the return of her husband, which had been lively at the beginning of July, were now deferred from week to week. Success had turned in Ireland against the protestant party. The defence of Limerick by the Jacobite general, Sarsfield, rivalled in desperation that of Londonderry, in the preceding year, by the Calvinist minister, Walker; an equal number of William's highly-disciplined soldiers fell in the siege as king James had lost of the half-armed Irish militia at the passage of the Boyne. The protestants of Ireland had been discouraged by the speech that broke from the ungrateful lips of the Orange king. When one of them told him, in a tone of lamentation, "that parson Walker was among the slain in the *melée* at the Boyne," "Why did the fool go there?" was the best tribute king William gave to the memory of the valiant partisan, to whom he owed Ireland. The reverend gentleman had given his aid at the Boyne, in the expectation of gaining further renown in regular warfare, and the regimental king scorned all glory that had not been at drill.

William remained unwillingly in Ireland, witnessing the waste of his army in the fatal trenches of Limerick. His passage home was by no means an easy matter; for the victorious French fleets not only rode triumphantly in the English channel, but in that of St. George, rendering dangerous the communication between England and Ireland.

The queen's letters continued to describe the difficulties which beset her at the helm of government. Her next epistle details the feuds and factions regarding the command of the fleet:

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, Aug. 9 N. S., (July 30, O. S.,) 1690.

"You will not wonder that I did not write last night, when you know that at noon I received yours, by Mr. Butler, whose face I shall love to see ever hereafter, since he has come twice with such good news. That he brought

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 151.

yesterday was so welcome to me, that I wont go about expressing it, since 'tis impossible. But (for my misfortune), I have now another reason to be glad of your coming, and a very strong one (if compared to anything but the kindness I have for your dear self), and that is the divisions, which, to my thinking, increase here daily, or at least appear more and more to me. The business of the commission is again put off by Mr. Russell."

Points of precedence had to be settled between the admirals, Killigrew and sir John Ashby, before sir R. Haddick could accept the promotion the queen designed him. Her majesty, in discussing the affair with Russell, again mentioned her displeasure against sir T. Lee :—

"Russell went to excuse him (Lee)," she continues. "I said, 'that I must own to him, that were I in your place, I would not have borne his (sir Thomas Lee's) answer, but when he had in a manner refused to sign the commission, I should have put it into such hands as would have done it.' Mr. Russell said, 'He hoped I would not think of doing it now.' I told him, 'No, he might be sure in your absence I would not think of anything of that nature, especially not without your orders for it.' At my coming from council, I was told of Mr. Butler's being come, [*this was the messenger with king William's letters;*] he soon brought me your letters, and though I was in hourly expectation, yet being sure you were coming did really transport me so, that I have hardly recovered it yet, and there's such a joy everywhere, that 'tis not to be exprest."

"I went, last night, to Kensington, and will go again by and by. They promise me all shall be ready by Tuesday next, and this is Wednesday. That is the night, [*the ensuing Tuesday,*] by Mr. Butler's reckoning, that with a fair wind you may be here,[1] though I think, by your dear letter, it is possible you may come a day sooner. At most, if you lye here, [i. e., *at Whitehall,*] two nights, the third, you may certainly, if it please God, be at Kensington. I will do my

[1] The king delayed his return till a month afterwards.

endeavour that it may be sooner, but one night, I reckon you will be content to lie here. I writ you word in my last, how I thought you might shift at Kensington, without my chamber, but I have thought since to set up a bed (which is already ordered) in the council chamber, and that I can dress me in lord Portland's, and use his closet. M. Neinburg is gone to get other rooms for him; thus I think we may shift for a fortnight, in which time I hope my own [*chamber*] will be ready; they promise it sooner.

"This letter will, I hope, meet you at Chester, it shall stay for you there, so that if there be anything else you would have done, do but let me know it by one word, and you shall find it so, if it be in my power.

"I have one thing to beg, which is, that if it be possible, I may come and meet you on the road, either where you desire, or anywhere else, for I do so long to see you, that *I am sure had you as much mind to see your poor wife again, you would propose it;* but do as you please, I will say no more, but that I love you so much it cannot increase, else I am sure it would."

There is a little tender reproach implied in the concluding sentence; perhaps Mary thought of Elizabeth Villiers, and wished to prevent her from holding a first conference with her husband. However, neither the queen nor her rival were to meet William so soon as was expected. His next letter declared that his return was delayed, on which intelligence her majesty thus expresses herself in her next letter,[1] dated "Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{12}{22}$, 1690.—Unless I could express the joy I had at the thoughts of your coming, it will be vain to undertake telling you of the disappointment 'tis to me, you do not come so soon."

"I begin to be in great pain lest you should be in the storm *a* Thursday night, which I am told was great, though

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 153.

its being *a t'other* side of the house, hindered my hearing it, but was soon delivered by your letter of the 29th from Ch.[1] I confess I deserve such a stop to my joy, [i. e., *the delay of the king's return*] since may be it was too great, and I not thankful enough to God, and we are here apt to be too vain upon so quick a success. But I have mortification enough to think that your dear person may be again exposed at the passage of the Shannon, as it was at that of the Boyne; this is what goes to my heart; but yet I see the reasons for it so good, that I will not murmur, for certainly the glory would be greater to terminate the war this summer, and the people here are much better pleased than if they must furnish next year for the same thing again. Upon these considerations I ought to be satisfied, and I will endeavour, as much as may be, to submit to the will of God and your judgment; *but you must forgive a poor wife, who loves you so dearly, if I can't do it with dry eyes.*

"Since it has pleased God so wonderfully to preserve you all your life, and so miraculously now, I need not doubt but he will still preserve you; yet let me beg of you not to expose yourself unnecessarily—that will be too much tempting that Providence which I hope will still watch over you."

"Mr. Russell is gone down to the fleet last Thursday, to hasten, as much as may be, all things there, and will be back *a Monday*, when there is a great council appointed. I don't doubt but this commission will find many obstacles, and this (naming Killigrew) among such as don't like him, will be called in question, as well as the other two (*i. e., Ashby and Haddick*); and I shall hear again 'tis a thing agreed among two or three."

[1] Chapelford, where William's head-quarters were at that instant, is probably the place indicated by this contraction. The queen usually contracts proper names, thus, lord Nottingham, is always lord Nott.; Pembroke, lord Pem.; Marlborough, Marl.; Feversham, Fev.; lord Chamberlain, Cham., &c.

"I will not write, now, *no* more *than* I *used to do what others can*;[1] and indeed I am fit for nothing this day, my heart is so opprest, I don't know what to do."

"I have been at Kensington for some hours' quiet, to-morrow being the first Sunday of the month, and have made use of lord Portland's closet, as I told you in my last I would. The house [Kensington Palace] would have been ready by Tuesday night, and I hope will be in better order now; at least, it shall not be my fault if it is not. I shall be very impatient to hear again from you, till when, I shall be in perpetual pain and trouble, which I think you can't wonder at, knowing that you are dearer to me than my life."

The cabals in the two councils, relative to the command of the beaten and disgraced fleet of England, continued to harass the queen. The fine navy her father had formed for his destroyers was at the command of Mary—at least, all that remained of it from the two disastrous defeats that had followed her accession. But the harpies of corruption had rushed in; the vigilant eye, which watched over the proper appointment of stores and necessaries, was distant; the elective sovereigns durst not complain of the peculations which had become systematic. The English fleet was degraded, not for want of brave hearts and hands, and fine ships, but because all the civilians concerned in finding stores, ammunition, provision, and pay, pilfered daringly; the consequence was, that none of James's former sea-captains could be induced to take a command, which must perforce end in disgrace, when the British navy came in collision with the well-appointed ships which Louis XIV. had been raising for the last twenty years.

[1] So written by the queen. In her hurry and trouble of mind, she has failed to express her meaning clearly, which is, "I will not now write to you anything which can be written by others, for, indeed, I am fit for nothing to-day," &c. &c.

Queen Mary was fully justified by her husband in the displeasure she had expressed at the insolence of sir Thomas Lee. She expresses her satisfaction at finding that the king viewed the affront in the same light as herself in the following manner:—

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{5}{15}$, 1690.

"Last night I received yours of the 3rd of July, and with great satisfaction that it was plain, you approving of my anger is a great ease to me, and I hope may make things go on the better, if it be possible, though great pains are taken to hinder the persons named from serving at all,[1] or from agreeing, but I hope to little purpose."

In order to deprive sir Richard Haddick of the royal favour, a Dutchman, of the queen's household, was employed to tell her sir Richard railed furiously at everything Dutch. The queen had him called to account for it; and afterwards wrote to the king, that she considered he had cleared himself. She mentioned, that lord Torrington had very earnestly demanded his trial, but doubted whether his acquittal would not greatly incense the Dutch at that time.[2] A scheme she alludes to for the delay of his trial, comes the nearest to unrighteous diplomacy of any portion of these letters; for if the Englishman deserved his acquittal, he had a right to it, whether the Dutch approved of it or not.

"I should not write you this thought of mine, if I did

[1] The four were Russell, Haddick, Killigrew, and Ashby—all, excepting Haddick, were extremely unwilling to take the command the queen offered them, and thus to risk the fate of lord Torrington. The historical result of all the queen's anxious deliberations, was, that Torrington was sent to the Tower on the 9th of August, and Haddick, Killigrew, and Ashby appointed joint admirals of the fleet. Russell positively refused serving with Haddick, having an intrigue on foot to advance Marlborough's brother, captain Churchill, over the heads of the veterans, as will be shown in the queen's succeeding letters.

[2] The Dutch navy was most severely handled by the French; the Dutch accused Torrington of remaining passive, and seeing with pleasure the French contest the day with them. But the bad state of the English fleet is most evident by Carmarthen's letter to king William, already mentioned.

not find several (of the council) of my mind, which makes me apt to believe I am not quite in the wrong; but *that* you know better: and you may believe I shall do as much as lies in my power to follow your directions in that and all things whatever, and am never so easy as when I have them. Judge, then, what a joy it was for me to have your approbation of my behaviour; the kind way you express it in, is the only comfort I can possibly have in your absence. What other people say I ever suspect, but when *you* tell me I have done well, I could be almost vain upon it."

It was this intimate union of purpose and of interest between these two sovereigns, and the entire confidence in each other, that produced their great worldly prosperity. The same result is usually the case where unanimity prevails between a married pair, in whatever rank of life their lot may be cast; for never was a prophecy, or proverb, more divinely true than that pronounced by the Saviour: "A house divided against itself shall not stand."

"I am sure," continues the queen's narrative of events, "I have all the reason in the world to praise God, who has sustained me in things so difficult to flesh and blood; and has given me more courage than I could have hoped for. I am sure 'tis so great a mercy I can never forget it; we have received many—God send us grace to value them as we ought!—but nothing touches people's hearts here enough to make them agree: that would be too much happiness."

"Lord Nottingham will give you an account of all things, and of some letters, which by great luck are fallen into our hands. I have been at Kensington this evening, and made it, now, so late, that I am very sleepy, and so can't say much more: I shall only assure you that I shall take all the pains I can. Kensington is ready; had you come this night, as I did flatter myself you would have done, you could have lain there; that is to say, in the council-chamber, and there I fear you must lie when you do come, which

God grant may be soon. I must needs tell you on the subject, that when it was first known you intended to come back, 'twas then said, 'What! leave Ireland unconquered —the work unfinished!' Now upon your not coming, 'tis wondered whose council this is, and why leave us thus to ourselves in our danger?"

"Thus people are never satisfied; but I must not begin upon the subject, which would take up volumes, and, as much as I was prepared, surprises me to a degree that is beyond expression. I have so many *several* (different) things to say to you, if I live to see you, that I fear you will never have patience to hear half; but you will not wonder if I am surprised at things which, though you are used to, are quite new to me."

"I am very impatient to hear if you are over the Shannon; that passage frights me. You must excuse me telling my fears; I love you too much to hide them, and that makes all dangers seem greater, it may be, than they are. I pray God, in his mercy, keep you, and send us a happy meeting here on earth first, before we meet in heaven. If I could take more pains to deserve your kindness, that which you write would make me do it: but that has been ever so much my desire, that I can't do more for you, nor love you better."

Similar expressions of tenderness pervade her letter, dated August $\frac{17}{7}$, intermixed with state information and council disputes, relative to calling a new parliament, and of the bankrupt state of the treasury, of which "sad stories are told," the queen says, "by Mr. Hampden,[1] which I fear will prove true."

[1] This gentleman was as much concerned in the Revolution of 1688, as his more celebrated ancestor had been in that of 1640, who declared death to be peculiarly welcome when it came on the battle-field at Chalgrave; but it came not speedily enough to his descendant, whose own desperate hand committed suicide. His name, as a bribed tool of France, at the time of the agitation of the Popish Plot, is disgustingly apparent on Barillon's black

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{1}{9}$, 1690.

"I have had no letter from you since that of the 31st, from Chapelford; what I suffer by it you cannot imagine. I don't say this by way of complaint, for I really believe you write as often as 'tis convenient or necessary, but yet I cannot help being extremely desirous of hearing again from you. This passage of the river Shannon runs much in my mind, and gives me no quiet, night nor day; I have a million of fears, which are caused by what you can't be angry at, and if I were less sensible I should hate myself, though I wish I were not so *fear full*, and yet one can hardly go without t'other—but 'tis not reasonable I should torment you with any of this.

"Lord *Steward* [Devonshire] desires me to let you know he has had a letter from monsieur et madame de *Grammon*, about her brother, Mr. Ham[ilton]; they earnestly desire he may be exchanged for lord Mountjoy."

The celebrated family group thus named by queen Mary were all individuals intimately known to her in her youth. Madame de *Grammon* was the beautiful Miss Hamilton, who married the profligate fop, count de Grammont. He resided some time at the court of Charles II., which (if possible) he made worse than he found it. Mr. Hamilton,[2] mentioned by the queen, was the brother of the lady; he is better known as the witty count Antony Hamilton, the author whose pen embodied the scandalous reminiscences of his brother-in-law, under the title of Memoires de Grammont. Count Antony Hamilton was now a prisoner from the battle of the Boyne. He had greatly incensed king William by undertaking to induce lord lieutenant Tyrconnel to yield up Ireland to him: and when he had obtained all the confidence with which the Whigs could trust him, he posted over to Ireland, and did all in his power, by pen, interest, or sword, in the cause of his master, king James. A man of delicate honour could not,

list.—See Dalrymple's copy of the document. Appendix, Part i., p. 316; the whole of Barillon's Despatches should be read, likewise, p. 286. The originals are under the care of M. Dumont, a learned contemporary, at *Les Affaires Êtrangères*, at Paris.

[2] The queen has throughout written his name according to her usual abbreviations, *Ham*; but his description as the countess de Grammont's *brother* clearly identifies him.

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would not, have accepted the confidence of William, or acted thus; but a few falsehoods more or less broke no squares with the author of the scandalous chronicle aforesaid; yet it is strange to find count Antony Hamilton risking at once his life and his honour in the service of James II., whom he had libelled so viciously, and after his ruin, too!

When Hamilton was brought into the presence of William, a prisoner at the Boyne, he was questioned as to the forces still maintaining the contest, his answer was doubted, when he maintained it by the asseveration, "On my honour." At this, William turned contemptuously away, muttering "Honour—on *your* honour!" History leaves the literary soldier in this very bad predicament; no one has ever noticed that queen Mary interested herself so deeply for him, and she continued her letter, excusing herself, however, for interfering in the behalf of a man so thoroughly on her husband's black list, by her sympathy for the sufferings of lord Montjoy's family, lord Montjoy being then a prisoner in the Bastile, but Louis XIV. offered to exchange him for Hamilton.[1]

"I told lord Devonshire that I knew nothing of Ham[ilton]'s faults, which I see he is very apprehensive the parliament will take into consideration if *he* [Hamilton] be not out of their power, but that upon *his* [lord Devonshire's] earnest desire I would let you know it. I would have had him [Devonshire] write it you himself, but he begs me to do it."

"As for lord Montjoy, I hope you will consider if anything can be done for him. I can never forget that I promised his son's wife to speak to you—and she really died of

[1] Montjoy, who was considered the head of the protestants in Ireland, went to France to demonstrate to James II. how impossible it was for Ireland to resist William and Mary; he had been seized and sent to the Bastile by Louis XIV., as a punishment for undertaking this mission; therefore queen Mary had every right to interest herself in his behalf.

grief, which makes me pity her case: his family is in a miserable way, and I am daily solicited by his eldest daughter about him. If you would let lord Portland give me some answer to this, I should be very glad, for I can't wonder at people's desiring an answer, though I am tormented myself."

There is little doubt but that the united interest of the queen and the earl of Devonshire, to say nothing of that of the fair Grammont, obtained the release of Hamilton, for he soon after re-appeared at the court of St. Germains.

"I have staid," continues the queen, "till I am ready to go to bed, and can now put off the sealing of my letter no longer. I pray God to give me patience and submission! I want the first exceedingly, but I hope all is well—especially your dear self, *who* I love much better than life."

The queen was about the same time deeply occupied in receiving the confessions of the lords Annandale, Breadalbane, and Ross: these men were not originally the friends of her father, but his enemies, who, with Sir James Montgomery, had headed the deputation sent to offer her and her husband the crown of Scotland, and to receive their oaths. These worthies deemed they had not been rewarded commensurate with their merits, and therefore joined the widely ramified plot against the government, which the death of the great Dundee had disorganized in the preceding year. According to what might be expected from the treachery of their characters, there was a race between these persons as to who should first betray the devoted Jacobites, who had unfortunately trusted them. The titled informers made a bargain that they were not to be brought in personal evidence against their victims. Breadalbane incognito waylaid the king[1] at Chester, to tell his tale; Annandale came in disguise to the queen for the same purpose, and, it is said, had an interview with her on the even-

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs.

ing of her birth-day.[1] Ross, (regarding whose imprisonment the queen has described a contest between herself and the privy-council,) now offered to confess to her all he knew; but, as he refused to reiterate his confessions as a witness against those he had accused, the queen finally committed him to the Tower.

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{23}{13}$, 1690.

"You cannot imagine the miserable condition I was in last night: I think if your letter had not come as it did, I should have fallen sick with fear for your dear person; but all that trouble made your news of the French having left *Limmerick* the more welcome, I will not say your letters, for those are ever so. I am sure this news affords new reason of praising God, since I hope it will prevent any more fighting. You speak of your coming back now in a way which makes me hope not only that it will be quickly, but that you will come willingly, and that is a double joy to me, for before, I confess, I was afraid to have seen you dissatisfied when you were here, and that would have been very unpleasant, but now, I hope in God to see you soon, and see you as well pleased as this place will suffer you to be, for I fancy you will find people really worse and worse.

"Lord Steward [the earl of Devonshire]" continues Mary, falling into her usual style of narrative, "was with me this afternoon, with whom I had a long conversation, which will be worth your while knowing when you come, but he has made me promise to write you word, *now*, some part of it, which is, that he begs you 'to consider if you will not have a new parliament, for this,' he is sure, 'will do no good; this,' he says, 'is his opinion.' I see it is a thing they are mightily set upon. Lord-president, methinks, has very good arguments to try this [parliament] first, but of all this you will judge best when you come."

"I can't imagine how it comes to pass that you have not received my letter of the 26th July; I am sure I writ,[2] and

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs. It could not have been this year, as her birthday, April 30, had occurred before the king went to Ireland.

[2] She did write, and the reader on looking back will see it is a hurried, ill-spelled letter, on which some comment has been made. Mary reckons here by the New Style.

that you will have had it by this time, or else there must be some carelessness in it which must be *lookt* after."

"I have had, this evening, lord Annandale, who is to *tell all*, and then I am to procure a pardon from you, but I think I shall not be so easily deceived by him, as I fear lord Melvill has been by sir James Montgomery; but these are things to talk of when you come back, which I pray God may be very soon. 'Tis the greatest joy in the world to hear you are so well. I pray God continue it!"

"I hope this will meet you upon your way back, *so* it goes by express that it may not miss you. I can't express my impatience to see you; there is nothing greater than that which it proceeds from, which will not end but with my life."

The arrival of two Dutchmen in the meantime caused her majesty to add, as postscript—

"I have seen Mr. Hop and Mr. Olderson, but have to say no more. You will have an account of the business of the admiralty from lord Nott."

Mr. Hop was ambassador from the *Hogan Mogans*, the states-general; the utmost jealousy was excited among the other diplomatists, because he had been received with a greater number of bows than any of them. Queen Mary likewise sent her best coach and horses, with their gayest trappings, attended by forty running footmen and pages, to fetch Mr. Hop to Whitehall, when he brought his credentials.[1]

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{23}{13}$, 1690.

"Though I have nothing to say to you worth writing, yet I cannot let any express go without doing it, and Mr. *Hop*, it seems, believes this business of the Swedish ship too considerable to stay till to-morrow. The commissioners of the admiralty have resolved to come to me to-morrow, with some names for flags. Mr. Russell recommends Churchill and Ellmor, because, he says, nothing has been done for them, though they were both trusted when you

[1] Lamberty.

came over, and have ever been very true to your interest; but I think if it be possible to let them alone till you come, though Mr. Russell seems to think it cannot be delayed. I shall hear (if it must be so) what the other commissioners think, and do as well as I can."

Had the queen possessed the smallest germ of political justice, she would have recoiled from appointing captain Churchill to a place of trust. He had, in the succeeding year, been expelled from the House of Commons for his peculations, by receiving convoy-money, and had at the same time been deprived of the naval command he abused. Taking convoy-money of merchant ships, had been sternly forbidden by the sea-king, James II., but among the evils of William and Mary's government, was a most injurious one, that convoys were seldom provided, and when they were, the captains of the ships of war impoverished the merchant by the extortion of convoy-money.[1] Churchill was brother to lord Marlborough, and worthy of the brotherhood; his ship had been the first that deserted king James. Queen Mary seems to have considered, that Churchill's service to her party, by thus leading the race of treachery, covered a multitude of sins.

At first, king William stood aghast at the rapacity with which such men as the Churchills and other patriots of the same stamp, flew on the quarry of the public money, which had been carefully guarded by the frugality of king James; it seemed as if the Revolution had been only effected for liberty of theft!

At that very moment queen Mary had suspended the Habeas Corpus law; the Tower and other prisons were full of captives, seized on her mere signature. The summer

[1] A petition to the House of Commons from the London merchants, presented Nov. 14th, 1689, proves that in the first year of the revolution, one hundred merchant ships, worth 600,000*l.*, were lost for want of convoys, o by the corruption of the naval captains. Captain Churchill's conduct appeared in such a light, that he was expelled the house four days after.—See Journals of the House of Commons, 1689.

circuits of the itinerary justices were delayed at her dictum. English soldiers and seamen were subjected to the horrors of the lash, and many millions of debt, besides enormous outlays had been incurred since her father's deposition. All this was submitted to by the well meaning people, supposing these portentous measures were effected by the united wisdom of parliament.

The present system of military punishments can be traced no farther back than the era of William and Mary. Two Scotch regiments, commanded by lord Dumbarton at the revolution, refused to submit to William after James II. had dismissed them, and unfurling their standards, commenced a bold march to Scotland; but, unfortunately for themselves, encumbered their progress home with four cannons, because these instruments of destruction had originally belonged to Edinburgh-castle. William III. caused the regiments to be pursued and to be surrounded. To make vengeance legal on these soldiers, the Mutiny Bill was brought into parliament by the ministers of William and Mary;[1] the result was, that British soldiers were, whether serving in these islands or abroad, subjected to the punishments which prevailed among William's foreign mercenaries —the wickedest and cruellest troops that England had ever seen, as Ireland knew full well.

When king William was armed with the terrific power given by the Mutiny Bill, he broke the loyal Scotch regiments, gave the officers leave to go wheresoever they pleased, and distributed the unfortunate common-soldiers among his troops: the most resolute he sent to Flanders, where if they were not flogged to death, it was no fault of the Mutiny Bill and the Dutch code which had superseded that of St. George.[2] Stranger innovations even than these took place in this free country. Among the Somers Tracts

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.

[2] It is acknowledged by the government, in a MS. requisition to the council of Scotland, that "these regiments having lost all their men by *death* and

in the British Museum, there is a complaint that the government in 1690, not content with instituting a sharp press of men for both army and navy, actually forced women into the service of the camp and into the navy, at the rate of ten for every ship of war, as nurses, sempstresses, and laundresses. The atrocities to which such a system naturally gave rise, need no comment, but lead at least to the conclusion, that if the Dutch prince were a liberator, it was not over every class of the British people that his blessings were diffused.

Queen Mary, in her next letter, flattered her husband's known tastes, by depreciating Whitehall, the palace of her ancestors:—

"I have been this day to Kensington, which looks really very well, at least to a poor body like me, who have been so long condemned to *this place*, and see nothing but wall and water. I have received a letter from lord Dursley, who I suppose will write of the same thing to yourself, and therefore I shall not do it. I am very impatient for another letter, hoping that will bring me the news of your coming back; 'tis impossible to believe how impatient I am for that, nor how much I love you, which will not end but with my life."

The succeeding letter is wholly personal:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. ¾, 1690.

"I only write for fashion's sake, for I really have nothing in the world to say, yet I am resolved never to miss an opportunity of doing it while I live.

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desertion in Flanders, more recruits must be sent." The Scotch tradition is, that resisting these new laws, the soldiers were all tortured to death with the lash. The extract, with other valuable matter, was obtained through the courteous permission of W. Pitt Dundas, Esq., from the Royal Records of Scotland. Privy Council Books MS., Edinburgh. The code of St. George is in intelligible language; it may be seen in the Fœdera, that there was no flogging in the days of the Plantagenets. Captain Marryat, in one of his brilliant naval sketches, is the first person who has ever traced this anti-national cruelty to the Dutch king.

To-morrow, I am to go to the great council [privy-council,] where my lord mayor and aldermen are to come to be thanked for their two regiments and released of them; when that is over, I go, if it please God, to Hampton Court, which I fear will not be much advanced.

"It has been such a storm of rain and wind this whole day, that I *thankt* God with my whole heart that you could not be near the sea. I hope the ill weather will spend itself now, that when you do come, you may have a quick passage.

"I have seen Mr. Zulestein to-day, who is so tanned that he frights me."

Zulestein is the same person whose marriage with Mary Worth caused queen Mary so much trouble in her youth; he was the beau of the Dutch court, and having made the Irish campaign with the king, had injured his fine complexion, which is rather affectedly mentioned by the queen. He was inseparable from the king, unless despatched on some mission wherein his diplomatic cunning was indispensable:

"I was heartily glad to see him," continues the queen, "believing you would not have sent him here, but that you resolved soon to follow. Adieu! continue to love me, and I shall be happy, and 'tis the only thing that can make me so."

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{28}{18}$, 1690.

"This time I write with a better heart than the last, because it goes by an express which must find you out,—may be, the common post will not. I have a paper to send you, which lord Nottingham is to copy, which is what lord Annandale has made sir William *Lochart* (Lockhart) write, because he was not willing it should be seen in his own hand."

"I think I writ you word," continues her majesty's narrative of current events, "or should have done, that he (lord Annandale) sent by his wife to sir William that he would surrender himself, if he might be sure not to be made an evidence of. Upon which, sir William drew up conditions that *he should tell all, and then he should be made no evidence*, and has my word to get your pardon; I think I writ you this before; but to be short, he is come in, and I have spoke twice with him."

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"Lord Annandale told me, that after the time the papers were burnt, (wherewith this ends,) sir James Montgomery proposed sending a second message by the same, Simson, but he [Annandale] rejected it as much as he durst, but was afraid to tell him plainly he would not. So having a mind to get out of this, he [Annandale] pretended business at his own house in the country, but his coldness made sir James Montgomery the warmer in it, and assure him that he would spend his life and fortune in *that interest*." Meaning the interest of her father.

The result of these private conferences with the queen was, that Neal, or Nevill Payne, a Jacobite of low degree, should be forced to take upon himself the infamy of legal informer regarding the secrets of this Jacobite conspiracy, from which detestable task Montgomery, Annandale, Breadalbane, and the rest of the real betrayers, had bargained with the queen to be excused. The queen and these double traitors, deeming Nevill Payne a plebeian "fellow of no reckoning," had not the most distant idea of the high-spirited scorn with which he resisted both bribes and torture, and showed to high-born informers how a man of the people could keep his oath and his word. The dreadful scenes that ensued certainly belong to this portion of the queen's government, although they actually occurred some days after king William's return to England. The queen's letters are worded with such guarded mystery, that it is difficult to elicit her part in the work of darkness; but as the prime minister of Scotland, lord Melville, was at her court in England, co-operating with her in guiding the whole affair, and her personal conferences with the real informers were frequent, it is utterly impossible to acquit her of pre-knowledge of the atrocities that ensued.[1]

In the paper enclosed by the queen to the king, as the confession of lord Annandale to the queen, written by the

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 161.

hand of sir W. Lockhart, according to the words of her letter above, Nevill Payne is thrice mentioned as being present at the Jacobite meeting at the Globe tavern, near Northumberland-house, Strand; they were likewise convened under the Piazzas, Covent Garden. The paper is too long and heavy to be inserted here;[1] we must be content with giving our readers the gist of the queen's part in the affair, as briefly as the records of a conspiracy which fill a large quarto, will permit.

Mary again alluded to the mysterious man who encountered her spouse at Chester, whom she distinctly named as lord Breadalbin. And she thus continues lord Annandale's revelations:—

"Lord Breadalbin came to see lord Annandale on his way to Chester, where he went *to meet you;* he told him that sir James Montgomery had certainly sent another message [*i. e., to king James, her father*] but he [Breadalbin] was not engaged in it, and he believed nobody was but lord Arran, though he could not be positive that lord Ross was not likewise in. This he told me last night, and desires 'to be *askit* more questions, not knowing but he might remember more than he can yet think of.'"

"Thus he seems to deal sincerely, but, to say the truth, I think one does not know what to believe, but this I am certain *off* [of] that lord Ross did not keep his word with me, much less has sir James Montgomery with lord Melville, for he has been in town ever since this day was sevennight, and I have heard nothing of him—a plain breach of the conditions."

"I hope in God I shall soon hear from you, 'tis a long while since I have, but I am not so *uneasie* as I was the

[1] Printed in Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 103, and is the same paper, the copy of which the queen mentions here as enclosed to the king; for it is dated the 14th of August, 1690, and endorsed as given by sir William Lockhart to "her most excellent majesty the queen."

last time, yet enough to make me wish extremely for a letter."

"*D'Lone*[1] is to send lord Portland, by this post, a copy of a letter from Mr. Priestman, in which you will see what need you have of that divine protection, which has hitherto so watched over you, and which only can make me easy for your dear sake. The same God who has hitherto so preserved you, will, I hope, continue, and grant us a happy meeting here, and a blessed one hereafter."

"Farewell; 'tis too late for me to say any more, but that I am ever and *intirely* yours, and shall be so till death."

The queen, in the continuation of her narrative, affected to regret her former days passed in Holland. In a remarkable passage, dated Whitehall, August $\frac{2}{12}$, 1690, she says: "Last night, when it was just a week since I had heard from you, I received yours of the $\frac{2}{12}$, after I was *a*-bed. I was extremely glad to find by it you had passed the Shannon, but cannot be without fears, since the *enemys* have still an army together, which, though it has once more run away from you, may yet grow desperate for aught I know, and fight at last. These are the things I cannot help fearing, and as long as I have these fears, you may believe I *can't* be easy, yet I must look over them, if possible, or presently every body thinks *all lost*."

Thus, the royal countenance was viewed by those who habitually studied it as a species of political barometer, from which might be learned news of the fate of the Irish campaign, or the Jacobite plots. Hence arose the imperturbable demeanour which Mary assumed, designedly, as a diplomatic mask.

"This is no small part of *my penance*, but all must be endured as long as it please God, and I have still abundant cause to praise him who has given you this new advantage. I pray God to continue to bless you, and make us all as

[1] Meaning the queen's French secretary D'Alonne.

thankful as we ought, but I must own that the thoughts of your staying longer *is* very uneasy to me. God give me patience!"

"I hope you will be so kind as to write oftener, while you are away, it is really the only comfort this world affords, and if you knew what a joy it is to receive such a kind one as your last, you would, by that, better than anything else, be able to judge of *mine* for you, and the belief that what you say on that subject is true, is able to make me bear anything."

"When I writ last, I was *extream* sleepy, and so full of my Scotch business, that I really forgot Mr. Harbord."

The queen had sent this worthy (who was the hero of the anecdote of the standard), to apologize to the Dutch for the defeat of their fleet off Beachy Head. Her message of condolence was not very complimentary to the seamen of her country, who, under the flag of her father, had so often beaten the Dutch. Indeed, English Mary, in this whole affair, comported herself much like a Dutchwoman, for, in her condolence, she directly accused her countrymen of cowardice, and said, withal, she had sent lord Torrington to the Tower.[1] She likewise had the Dutch sailors taken care of in the hospitals, in preference to the English, which, to be sure, was only right in a strange country. The States, in return, sent most affectionate answers, and a supply of ships. She continues—

"Harbord wrote to sir R. Southwell, as he told me, but he has a great deal to say; *he* pleased me extremely to hear how much people love me *there*. *When I think of that, and see what folk do here, it grieves me too much, for Holland has really spoiled me in being so kind to me*—that they are so to you, 'tis no wonder. I wish to God it was the same here! but I ask your pardon for this—if I once begin upon this subject, I can never have done!"

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 163.

"To put it out of my head, I must put you once more in mind of the *custos rotolorum* for lord Fitzharding; he thinks his honour depends on it, since it has been so long in his family."

The rest of her letter is taken up with the solicitations of Marlborough, that his peculating brother might be made an admiral, and for that purpose be put over the head of a veteran officer, despite of the protestations of the lord-president Carmarthen.

"Marlborough says," continues the queen, "that lord-president may write to you about one Carter. 'Tis like enough he will, for he tells me *he is a much older officer, and will quit if others come over his head*, and says, 'all goes by partiality and faction'—as indeed I think 'tis but too plain in other things: how it is in this you are best able to judge. I writ you word before, what Mr. Russell said; you will do in it as you please, for I told the commissioners myself, that 'I hoped you would be here soon, and that I did not see why this matter should not stay for your coming.' And so I resolve to leave it, if 'tis possible, but could not refuse my lord Marlborough, nor indeed myself, the writing you the matter as it is, though he expects I should write in his favour, which, though I would not promise, yet I did make him a sort of compliment, *after my fashion*."[1]

What fashion this was, both biographer and reader would equally like to know; but, if we may judge by the preceding words, it was not a very sincere one. Queen Mary, however, had evidently a hankering to appoint Churchill, broken as he was for dishonesty, both by parliament and navy, in preference to the brave Carter, who died a few months afterwards on the deck of his ship in her cause. The confession of sir John Fenwick, made after her death, names Carter as one of her father's warmest friends; and, at the same time, implicates Marlborough, Russell, and Churchill, as in

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 163.

correspondence with the Jacobites. It is a strange task to compare the letters extant of all these personages; it is like looking into a series of windows, which betray to the observer all that passed in those treacherous bosoms, until death revealed to them the uselessness of their toils and deceits.

The queen, before she wrote again, was alarmed by the vague rumour of one of the daring actions performed by Sarsfield, her father's partisan in Ireland, who intercepted the supplies of cannons, provisions, and money, which she had sent from England for the aid of her husband's troops then besieging Limerick:—

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{3}{13}$, 1690.

"This is only to let you know that I have received your duplicate of the 14th, which came by Waterford, and got hither last night by nine o'clock. There was no time lost in obeying your orders, but I have several remarks to make another time."

"Sir Robert Southwell's letter speaks of a misfortune to the artillery (which he refers to your letter) that is coming[1] by Dublin; I cannot imagine the reason 'tis not come yet, nor can I help being very impatient *for it* [about it]. The messenger tells an imperfect story, which makes a great noise in the town [in London], and does not lessen the desire for knowing the truth; besides, 'tis such a comfort to hear from you, that I can't be blamed for wishing it.

"This is all I will say to-night, for should I begin to tell my fears that you will not be back so soon as I could wish, I should trouble you, and write myself asleep, it being late. You know my heart; I need say nothing of that, 'tis so entirely yours."

The next day brought the confirmation of the bad news. The event was briefly as follows:—William had advanced to Limerick on August 8th, O.S. Three days after the siege commenced, colonel Sarsfield having got intelligence that the battering cannon and ammunition were expected to arrive in William's camp next morning, went secretly out of Limerick, with his forces, and laid an ambush

[1] The queen's ideas are confused between the artillery and her expected letter. We find by her succeeding letters, that this "*cross*," as she calls it, delayed the taking of Limerick.

among the mountains. When the convoy arrived, he made a sudden attack, spiked the cannon, and exploded the ammunition; the Irish, in their eagerness, blew up with it three barrels of money, which the queen had sent her husband. The uproar alarmed the English camp; but Sarsfield returned safely back to Limerick.[1]

The queen alludes to this defeat in her despatch[2] dated "Whitehall, Sep. 1, (Aug. 22,) 1690.—This day at noon, I received yours, which came by the way of Dublin, and am sorry to see the messenger's news confirmed; but it has pleased God to bless you with such continued success, that it may be necessary to have *some little cross*. I hope in God this will not prove a main one to the main business,[3] though it is a terrible thought to me, that your coming is put off again for so long time; I think it so, I'm sure, and have great reason every manner of way. I will say nothing of what my *poor* heart suffers, but must tell you, that I am now in great pain about the naming of the flags. Mr. Russell came to me last night, and said, it would now be absolutely necessary. I insisted upon staying till I heard from you. He desired to know, 'if I had any particular reason?' I told him plainly, 'that since I could not pretend to know myself, who were the fittest, it troubled me to see all were not of a mind; that I was told by several persons, that there were ancient officers in the fleet, who had behaved themselves very well this last time [*battle of Beachy Head*], and would certainly quit if these were preferred, so he [Russell] could not blame me if I desired in this difficulty to stay for your answer.

"To this, Russell answered in more passion than I ever saw him, 'That Carter and Davis [*the senior officers alluded*

[1] Dalrymple's Mems. p. 447, collated with Kelly's Contemporary History published by the Camden Society.

[2] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 164.

[3] The siege of Limerick; see Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 164.

to] were *too* pitiful fellows, and very mean seamen, though he knew lord president and lord Nottingham had spoken for them, and that next summer he would not command the fleet if they had flags."

"After a long dispute about this matter, I have put him off till the last moment comes, when they are to sail. He [Russell] says, 'then he must speak of it to the commissioners, and hear who will speak against it, by which I may judge.'"

The matter was for the promotion of the disgraced brother of Marlborough to a flag. How strange it is that queen Mary did not urge the impossibility of placing a man, branded as Churchill was, in such a situation! In these days, the public press would have thundered their anathemas against such a measure, wheresoever the English language was read or spoken.

"I see lord Marlborough's heart is very much set on this matter, and Mr. Russell, as you may see by what I write. On t'other side," adds her majesty, "lord-president says, 'If Churchill have a flag, it will be called *the flag by favour*, as his brother [Marlborough] is called *the general by favour*.'"

Marlborough had, as yet, done little to justify, even in the eyes of his party, the extraordinary course of prosperity he had enjoyed, except by his services as revolutionist. Few persons, at this period, gave him credit for his skill in military tactics, on which his fame was founded in the reign of Anne. As for his personal prowess, *that* was never greatly boasted, even by his warmest admirers. Queen Mary mentions above the precise value at which he was rated by the revolutionary party, his compeers in 1690; and as she avowedly leant to the appointment of his peculating brother to an admiral's flag, as shown in her letter of August $\frac{23}{12}$, she certainly does not speak with the bitterness of opposition. Neither does queen Mary ever manifest the slightest enmity to Marl-

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borough himself in this correspondence. Far from it; she always mentions him with complacency, though she owns her dislike to his wife. She continues on the subject of the navy:—

"Lord-president says, 'If Churchill have a flag, that absolutely this Carter will quit; he commends him highly; but I must tell you another thing, which is, that he (lord president) is mightily dissatisfied with the business of Kinsale.[1] I see he does not oppose it, for he says, 'it is your order, and therefore must be obeyed,' but I find he raises many difficulties to me; what he does to others, I cannot tell, but among other things, he endeavours to fright me by the danger there is of being so exposed, when the fleet and 5000 men are gone, which he reckons all the force, and tells me how easy it will be then for the French to come with only transport ships, and do what they will."

The victorious French fleet, which had for some weeks kept William from returning from Ireland, now began to find their rendezvous of Kinsale dangerous, and left the Irish coast, and consequently the passage, free for William III. to slip over to England, which he now prepared to do, having accepted lord Marlborough's offer, made to the queen,[2] that he would reduce Cork and Kinsale before winter.

"You will have an account from lord Nottingham," proceeds the queen's narrative, "of what has been done this day and yesterday. I know you will pity me, and I hope will believe that had your letter been less kind, I don't know what had become of me. 'Tis that only makes me bear all that now so torments me, and I give God thanks, every day, for your kindness. 'Tis such a satisfaction to me, to find you are satis*fyed* with me, that I cannot express it, and I do so flatter myself with the hopes of being once more happy with you, that that thought alone in this

[1] Kinsale and Cork still held out for her father.

[2] Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 448.

world makes me bear all with patience. I pray God preserve you from the dangers I hear you daily expose yourself to, which *puts* me in continual pain. A battle, I fancy, is soon over; but the perpetual shooting you are now in, is an intolerable thing to think on. For God's sake, take care of yourself! you owe it to your own [Holland] and this country, and to all in general. I must not name myself where church and state are equally concerned, yet I must say you owe a little care for my sake, who I am sure loves you more than you can do me, and the little care you take of your dear person I take to be a sign of it, but I must still love you more than life."

This tender strain pervades the letter she wrote five days after, in which she unveils still more of her feelings, and gives withal some amusing family gossip of the affairs of king William's relatives:—

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, Sep. 5, Aug. 26, 1690.

"Yesterday I was very much disappointed when lord Nottingham brought me a letter from you, to find it was only a duplicate of a former, which brought your orders to lord Marlborough, so that I have now received three of yours of one date; you may be sure they are all *extreme* welcome, but I confess that which came yesterday, would have been more so had it been of a fresher date.

"I have been just now writing to your aunt, the princess of Nassau, in answer to one which she wrote, to let me know of her daughter being about to marry the prince of Saxenschnach. I believe you will be glad, for your cousin's sake, that she will be disposed of before her mother dies, and I ever heard *it* at the Hague, that this young man was good-natured, which will make him use her well, though she is so much older. And for his good fortune, she has enough [good nature], I believe, to govern him more *gently* than *another cousin of yours does her spouse.*"

Meaning herself and William; with playful irony, she contrasts her own utter submission and devotion to her master with the airs of a governing wife. She then opens her own heart to the object of her love, while her ostensible

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 166.

purpose of sending cannon, and the use to be made of them, are mingled strangely with her honeyed sentences:—

"I can't help laughing at this wedding, though my poor heart is ready to break every time I think in what perpetual danger you are. I am in greater fears than can be imagined by any who loves less than myself. I count the hours and the moments, and have only reason enough to think, as long as I have no letters, all is well.

"I believe, by what you write, that you got your cannon Friday at farthest, and then Saturday, I suppose you began *to make use of them*. Judge then what cruel thoughts they are to me, to think what you may be exposed to all this while. I never do anything without thinking now, it may be, you are in the greatest dangers, and yet I must see company upon my *sett* days. I must play twice a-week; nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me—at least, 'tis a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world! So that I have this misery added to that of your absence and my fears for your dear person, that I must *grin when my heart is ready to break*, and talk when it is so oppressed I can scarce breathe!"[1]

Such was the result of the fruition of her ambition! Surely, Danté in all his descriptions of torture, whether ludicrous or pathetic, or both combined, does not surpass Mary's "grin when her heart was ready to burst!" Queen Mary, like all the royal race of Stuart, excepting her sister Anne, was born with literary abilities; happily for herself, she was unconscious of those powers; for the excitability of the brain devoted to literary pursuits is by no means likely to soothe the thorns interwoven in every regnal diadem.

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 167.

The calamities of authors are as proverbial as those of kings, and both had been united in her hapless race. It would be difficult for any professional pen to have given a more forcible or beautiful transcript of human feeling than this which sprang, in unstudied simplicity, from the queen's mind, written, as it avowedly is, against her inclination, in order to unburden her over-charged heart to its only confidant. She continues:—

"I don't know what I should do, were it not for the grace of God, which supports me; I am sure I have great reason to praise the Lord while I live, for his great mercy, that I don't sink under this affliction; nay, that I keep my health; for I can neither sleep nor eat. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air, but then I can never be quite alone; neither can I complain—*that* would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely. Besides, I must hear of business, which, being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but *break my brains the more*, and not ease my heart."

"I see I have insensibly made my letter too long upon my own self, but I am confident you love enough to bear it for once. I don't remember I have been guilty of the like fault before, since you went; and that is now three months, for which time of almost perpetual fear and trouble, this is but a short account, and so I hope may pass."

It is apparent from this passage that Mary had been chidden by her spouse, on account of the length of these letters.

She resumes: "'Tis some ease to me to write my pain, and 'tis some satisfaction to believe you will pity me; it will be yet more when I hear it from yourself in a letter, as I am sure you must, if it be but out of common good-nature, how much more, then, out of kindness, *if you love me as well as you make me believe*, and as I endeavour to deserve a little by that sincere and lasting kindness I have for you.

"But by making excuses, I do but take up more of your time, and therefore must tell you that this morning lord Marlborough went away; as little reason as I have to care for his wife, yet I must pity her condition, having lain in but eight days; and I have great compassion for wives when their husbands go to fight."

This is a paragraph which does some honour to Mary's feelings. It is singular, that the only person, besides her husband, for whom, in her correspondence, she manifests a human sympathy, should be the woman whose pen was most active in vituperating her. Lord Marlborough set off for Ireland on an expedition, to reduce Cork and Kinsale, which, it is as well to mention here, fell in the course of six weeks, and were the first fruits of his genius in battle and siege. The queen says, of this undertaking:—

"I hope this business will succeed; I find if it do not, those who have advised it will have an ill time, all, except lord Nottingham, being very much against it. Lord-president only complying because it was your order, but not liking it, and wondering England should be left so exposed, thinking it too great a hazard. There would be no end should I tell you all I hear upon this subject, but I thank God I am not afraid, nor do I doubt of the thing since it is by your order. I pray God the weather does not change with you as it does here; it has rained all the last night and this day, and looks as if it were set in for it. Everything frights me now, but were I once more so happy as to see you here, I fancy I should fear nothing."

"I have always forgot to tell you that in the Utrecht Courant, they have printed a letter of yours to the States of Holland, in which you promise to be soon with them; I can't tell you how many ill hours I have had about that, in the midst of my joy, when I thought you were coming home, for it troubled me to think you would go over and fight again there."

And what was worse, indulge at Loo in the society of her rival, Elizabeth Villiers, the companion of his coarse relaxations in Holland; which consisted of schnaps, smoking, and more vulgarity than could be ventured upon in the presence of the English court and his stately queen, who, whatsoever were her deficiencies in family benevolence, these letters will prove was a lady of refined mind; yet, like her ancestress the wife of the Conqueror, and Matilda Atheling, she was often left to sway a lonely sceptre, while her husband was absent prosecuting his continental wars and soothing the discontents of his transmarine subjects. The Dutch, in fact, soon began to murmur at the pains and penalties of absenteeism, which is, sooth to say, the curse of pluralities, whether they be possessions temporal or spiritual.

The next paragraph in the queen's letter alludes to an eccentric character, whom we suppose to be the elector of Brandenburgh. From her description, his letter to her must have been a real curiosity, and we regret in vain that a copy was not enclosed to her spouse.

"I must tell you that Mr. Johnson writes that Mr. Danckleman has writ the elector word that you received the news very coldly, that he, the elector, was come to the army, which they say *vext* him. I have writ to him ('tis already some time ago) in answer to a letter I had from him, which I wish you had seen, it was full of so many extraordinary things, but *so like him.* I have had a present from him of an amber cabinet, for which I think it is not necessary *to write.*"

The amber cabinet seems to indicate, that the queen's eccentric correspondent was the sovereign of Prussia.[1]

"Now," concludes queen Mary, "my letter is so long, 'tis as if I were bewitched to-night; I can't end for my life, but will force myself now, beseeching God to bless

[1] He was made knight of the Garter about a month after, at the same time with the duke of Zelle, another friend and ally of William III., the father of George I.'s unfortunate wife, Sophia Dorothea.

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you, and keep you from all dangers whatsoever! And to send us a happy meeting again here upon earth, and at last, a joyful and blessed one in heaven, in his good time!"

"Farewell—do but continue to love me, and forgive the taking up so much of your time by your poor wife, who deserves more pity than ever any creature did, and who loves you a great deal too much for her own ease, though it can't be more than you deserve."

King William was defeated in an attempt to storm Limerick, August 26, owing to the desperate resistance of the governor, col. Sarsfield. After leaving 1200 regular soldiers dead in the trenches, he raised the siege of Limerick, August 30, and embarked September 5th, for England. His brother-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, was permitted to sail in the same ship with him, though not to enter his coach. So prosperous was his voyage, that they arrived in King's Road, near Bristol, September $\frac{6}{16}$, driven by the equinoctial winds, before which the French ships had prudently retired from the dangerous British channels; and the king of Great Britain, finding the coast clear, got safely to the other side of the water: the news of his landing drew from the queen the following letter:—

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Sep. $\frac{18}{8}$, 1690.

"Lord Winchester is desirous to go meet you, which you may believe I will never hinder any one. Whether I ought to send him out of form sake I can't tell, but it may pass for what it ought to the world; and to your dear self, at least, I suppose it is indifferent. Nothing can express the impatience I have to see you, nor my joy to think it is so near. I have not *sleept* all this night for it, though I had but five hours rest the night before, for a reason I shall tell you. I am now going to Kensington to put things in order there, and intend to dine there to-morrow, and expect to hear when I shall *sett* out to meet you.

"I had a compliment, last night, from the queen-dowager, who came to town *a-Friday* (on Friday). She sent, I believe, with a better heart, because *Limmericke* is not taken—for my part I don't think of that or anything but you.

"God send you a good journey home, and make me thankful as I ought for all his mercies."

So closes this regnal correspondence; it concludes as it began, with the expression of ill-will against the unfortunate Catharine of Braganza.

King William arrived at Kensington, September $\frac{20}{10}$; how affectionately he was received by his adoring consort, may be supposed from her preceding love-letters. The queen went to meet her husband at Windsor, from whence they went to Hampton Court, and from thence in two days to Kensington Palace, where they settled for the remainder of the autumn.

Again does that remarkable feature in this reign press on the attention of observers, that the queen was never permitted to approach her parliament, not even at its solemn opening in the autumn of 1690; the first which was legally elected in their reign. After the meeting of which, the queen's youngest uncle, Laurence Hyde, took the oaths with many other nobles, gentlemen, and clergymen who had previously refused them when William and Mary were governing merely by means of the convention that had elected them to the throne. How deeply the jealousy was seated of the king to his partner, may be considered, when it is remembered that she never invested with her regal robes and state-crown to sceptre the acts, and give her personal assent to any bill passed by parliament, like the queens regnant, her predecessors, not even when she was governing alone. King William had interdicted her from meeting the privy-council, a fact which is evident by her own assertion in her letters, and previously quoted. When forced so to do at critical exigencies, her apologies are remarkable. With parliament, in the most stormy periods of her regency, the queen never had the slightest communication but by commission.[1] The instruments for these commissions bear her full sign-manual, Maria Regina, to which is added, "*Guliel. et Maria Dei gratia Anglia*," &c. &c. Nevertheless, the for-

[1] MS. Journals of the House of Lords.

mula of all assented bills ran, "*Le Roy et la Reyne le veulent.*"[1] Perhaps the king's regal jealousy of his wife had been aggravated by this remarkable circumstance: that when the bill was passing in the spring of this year of 1690, to enable the queen to exercise, in the king's absence, the sole sovereign power, very singular queries were started; for instance, "*Whether, if the queen gave contrary commands to the king, or signed any documents contradicting his orders, which sovereign was to be obeyed?*" Such is, however, the mere heading of the diurnal notation; the very remarkable debate which ensued thereon, passed with closed doors, and if any minutes remain of the speeches, they exist in as yet undiscovered private manuscripts.

Among other remarkable signs of those times was the extreme jealousy of the peers for their personal dignity; there was a disposition shown for assuming to themselves the sacred character of which they had just divested their sovereigns. Such assumption was the more absurd, since, for the last century and a half, the English peerage had begun to lose sight of the true office of nobility as the protective class to the country people inhabiting their wide extents of landed property. The personal abuses of the feudal system were moderated by Henry VII., yet for more than a century the old nobility and ancient country gentry still exercised feudality, but in the spirit of beneficial influence, not the feudality of law—but that of love—which almost assumed the exalted character of patriarchal government. That they exercised this influence to the satisfaction of those beneath them, may be judged by the deep affection borne to them by the country people, who manifested excessive anger if any persons who rose from mean origin were likely to be advanced by royal favour to the highest ranks of the peerage. The colonizing and maritime sovereigns, with statistical wisdom far beyond their century, endeavoured to turn the love of their people to

[1] So written.

the noble classes to great and good account, by inducing various members of the aristocracy to become leaders of emigration in hopes that those who possessed the governing instincts undegenerated, joined to the valour with which they wielded the sword defensive, would prove of the highest utility to the bands they protected in the Transatlantic wilderness. Hence the foundation of the Nova Scotia baronets and the districts in North America, granted to the earls of Stirling, Baltimore, and other nobles. The idea of this truly glorious and useful renewal of the well-spring of nobility sank with its much calumniated originator. Scarcely was his yet more calumniated son enabled to snatch, in a brief interval of power, the means of showing how a colony could prosper, founded under the auspices of a leader of ancient and respected lineage, who possessed the governing powers undegenerated that his Saxon sires of old had exercised, when all power passed away from the royal patron—his leader and his colony both suffered from the persecution of "Mary the daughter;" still, good enough had been done to make that colony a light and beacon of example in contradistinction to all the colonizing blunders perpetrated since its foundation. In vain did William Penn repudiate all titular nobility, and equally repudiating the use of the sword defensive of the ancient noble, he made up for his utter abstinence from physical pugnacity by the more effective exercise of powers of moral government. As the delegate of his sovereign, and the leader of his fellow subjects, Penn became virtually and practically a noble of the highest order, whether he chose to be called so or not. According to the sweet and primitive phrase of Saxon simplicity, it will be allowed that he was "good lord unto" those who were under his protection, whether they were the wild aborigines of the forest or the poor settler.

Whilst this solitary instance of the true exercise of primitive nobility was developing itself in the wilderness, an aris-

tocracy of mere wealth were manifesting active existence in England, which claimed all the privileges of the hereditary nobility, when, by means of successful acquisition, they had won the name and power of protectors—not of wide lands and prosperous tenants, or even of industrious communities, manufactories, or artizans, unto whom they might have had "the opportunity of being good lords," they were but protectors of large masses of money. In fact, "the unaccounted millions" of taxes which had been torn from the people during the period very oddly termed "the *common*-wealth," had been shared by Cromwell among a number of persons unprincipled enough to support his despotism; many of these were scions of genteel families—indeed, the revolution of 1640 was effected by the middle and burgher classes. Such men as the Coopers, the Whartons, and Harleys, with many more, whose names will instantly rise to memory, were found as monied capitalists, imbued with the most ravenous appetite for the titles and privileges of English nobility.

An examination of the journals of the House of Lords gives the reader, in manuscript, curious insights regarding the claims of personal sanctity made by peers, most of whom were in utter ignorance of the origin of their order, or its claims to the continuance of personal reverence by the exercise of any functions but taking care of the cash, on which they had founded their claims to titles. But this desire for mere titular dignity was no new trait: so rapid had been the race for earldoms, marquisates, and dukedoms since the reign of Edward VI., that when delineating the deeds of such men as the Dudleys, Halifaxes, and Osbornes, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is a difficult task for historians to recognise the traits of the old serpents under their frequent changes of skin. No wonder wealthy parvenues struggled forward to the titular oligarchy when much of the time of their debates, with closed doors, was spent in discussing the privileges of their order, on such

cases as the following, which are extracted from the MS. journals of the House of Lords, from the first regular parliament in 1690 to 1692.

Lord Danby, the son of the lord Carmarthen, had his waterman claimed by the master-gunner of a man-of-war, and seized while in the act of rowing his lord down the river, not without desperate resistance. The contumacious gunner was sent for by the black-rod, and was committed to the Gatehouse for breach of privilege. Lord Mulgrave made complaint that his waterman, wearing his arms and crest engraven on a silver badge, had been seized on, and carried off by a press-gang commanded by lieutenant Crowe, in defiance of his privilege as a peer; the black-rod was sent for the offending lieutenant, who had to resign his prey and make humble atonement on his knees at the bar of the house of lords for his audacity.

An assault of a different kind was brought before the discussion of the house of peers, which likewise involved the breach of peers' privilege. It seems that a guard was kept constantly mounted at the theatres, the same as at the British Museum and the royal demesnes and residences at the present day, which guard thought proper to keep the king and queen's peace therein in a somewhat bellicose manner. Lord Longueville, on the 15th of December, informed the house "that he was going to the playhouse," and "having given the *fellow* that receives the money a guinea to change,—not having taken a ticket previously—before he could obtain his change, the serjeant on guard pushed him back, some of the soldiers struck him, order was given to fire, they wounded his footman and knocked down his page."[1] For these outrages, which a well regulated police ought to have rectified, the house of peers, in high indignation, sent the black-rod to capture lieutenant Primrose, (the commander of the guard) his serjeant and his soldiers;

[1] MS. Journals of House of Lords, December, 1691.

and, moreover, they commanded the lord-chamberlain to shut up the playhouse. The offenders were incarcerated in the Gatehouse, and London remained without plays.

The petitions of the players and patentees were piteous; the pardon they asked of the peers almost amounted to prostration, as well as the required genuflexions; but the peers remained obdurate, until their majesties had answered the request of the house to prevent their soldiers from thus maltreating his peers. The answer was sent by the duke of Norfolk, who had especial cognizance, as earl-marshal, of all riots and rows on regal demesnes, "That his majesty hath given order that no soldiers be admitted to guard the playhouse as desired." Three days after, "Alexander Davenant, Richard Middlemore, and Andrew Card, sharers and adventurers in the playhouse, having made their humble apologies, supplications and petitions, the lords requested the lord-chamberlain of their majesties' household to take off the suspension the players lie under."[1]

The duke of Norfolk's family affairs likewise elucidate some traits of ancient usages and costume regarding the privileges of the peerage. His duchess being under prosecution for conjugal infidelity to him, it was needful in regard to her objections to his witnesses, that she had a conference with the house of peers, which went into debate to know how her grace was to be received by them. They agreed she was to sit in a chair at the table. They then debated whether any peer who spoke to her was to address her standing with his hat off, which was, however, negatived. The existence of such solemn notations of debates seem absurd, when it is found that discussions, involving the vital interests of both the monarchs and of their people, remain blanks on the journals of the senate.

It is not generally known that the peers and commons claimed the detestable right of putting their fellow creatures

[1] MS. Journals of House of Lords, December, 1691.

in the pillory, with all the horrors practised in the days of the queen's grandfather, Charles I., if their privileges were invaded. Such disgusting punishments justly meet with reprobation in history, although the law against libelling royalty had been by that unfortunate monarch greatly ameliorated—at least, in the practice, since it had become a statute under the Tudors. Few years elapsed, before a struggle took place in the house of peers to cause the same infliction to be visited on such of the people at large who discussed the conduct of any individual among them; such punishment was perpetrated on the person of Defoe, for blaming the conduct of the members of the houses of parliament collectively, and we shall see it attempted in the case of Dr. Sacheverel, for attacking a peer in office under a *sobriquet* or character-name. A clergyman of the name of Stevens was actually sentenced to the pillory, early in the reign of Anne, for charging the duke of Marlborough with a few of the facts which history has since brought home to his memory. The duke requested the remission of the punishment on Stevens, and proved his wisdom in thus doing, but the conviction and sentence mark the state of the law which the peers of the seventeenth century had voted for themselves.

Most favourable are the comparisons which may be drawn between such proceedings and those of the house of lords at the present day, instead of the doors being inexorably barred, access is easy; instead of reporters being set in the pillory, their accommodations, while in the pursuance of their important avocations, are positively luxurious in the newly erected hall of peers. Nor does there exist greater contrast between the puerile instances above mentioned, and the philanthropic tendency of debates in the present day. All contributes to mark the difference between the real liberty under the present reign and its much vaunted semblance in the days of Mary and Anne.

Illustrations of the literature, costume, and manners of the centuries, which have passed in review in the course of this series of royal English biographies, have always proved an arduous, although not undelightful task. Singular as the assertion may seem, the difficulties have been far greater in the endeavour to present any idea of the manners and tastes of Englishmen and Englishwomen, from the revolution to the accession of queen Anne, than any other period since the times of the Saxons. The information remaining respecting those of William the Conqueror is luminous in comparison.

All literature of costume and manner usually termed light literature, at the close of the seventeenth century, is a blank, or is too atrociously wicked to bear examination. Even unpublished diaries and journals are scarce and barren, for the law of habeas corpus being usually in a state of suspension since the accession of William and Mary, royal messengers were too apt to become very unwelcome and dangerous confidants of persons' private thoughts in such cases. The pictures of life on the stage were rather pictures of human depravity in general, than marked with the beautiful or even quaint delineations of national or historical customs and characters which atone for occasional forgetfulness of decorum in Shakespeare, Jonson, Massinger, Marlow, Herrick, and hundreds of other illustrious names which cast haloes of glory round the thrones of the native British sovereigns. Such forgetfulness of decorum in the literature of the time of Mary II. was not occasional, but universal. Moreover, poetry found neither exercise nor encouragement save in compounding panegyrics on royalty, which royalty neither read nor understood, and the sole sparks of genius apparent are to be sought in the lampoons under the patronage of state ministers or the leaders of opposition. The persons of talent who somewhat improved the literature and manners of the succeeding reign, all made their first efforts at

verse in these dull or abhorrent exercises. Marvel, Defoe, Congreve, and Prior, had previously proved masters in the atrocious art of lampoon, and had risen to a certain degree of political power in consequence. Swift, Steele, Parnell, Fenton, and Garth, were all at this epoch imping their infant wings by dabbling in the same kind of mud, which left its ineffaceable stains on the very souls of some of them, when they found the field open for better work. Addison himself is accused by his opponents, and by lord Byron, of participation in these evils: the more credit is, therefore, due to him for the Christian refinement and civilization, which were afterwards drawn from his writings, if his literary noviciate were, indeed, served in so black an abyss. Is it not, however, a most remarkable circumstance, that the portraiture of sir Roger de Coverley, on which Addison's immortality is founded, the character whose delineation and development makes all English hearts glow with the beautiful resemblance to the pride of their country life, was shown neither as revolutionist nor low churchman, but born a cavalier and bred nonjuror and Jacobite? The character of sir Roger de Coverley pretty well proves which way Addison's real affections tended, although his bread had to be won by rowing against the current of his true inclinations. Odd enough that the successful sketch of a Jacobite country gentleman should raise the author to the rank of an under secretary-of-state, in the revolutionary government. Sir Roger de Coverley was, however, a more complete type of the English country gentleman in the era of Mary II. than of the time in which the Spectator was produced. Most of the *nobiles minores* of his class lived afar off from the court. Like the sir Roger de Coverley of the Spectator, the balance of moral worth was regulated by some nonjuring chaplain of the reformed catholic church, who had, after the example of the apostolical archbishop, Sancroft, forsaken dignities and livings rather than swear a

false oath to the Dutch dissenter governing the church of England. One among the few noble specimens of English poetry of this epoch is the picture of the country clergyman of this class originally drawn by Chaucer, for a priest desirous of *some* Wicklifite reforms, but finished up by Dryden, from an illustrious instance in the deprived church of England of his day.[1] The sketch begins—

> "A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,
> A holy reverend and religious man."

After much forcible delineation of practical excellence, comes the conclusion:—

> "All this the tempter saw with envious eye,
> And, as on Job, demanded leave to try:
> He took the time when Richard was deposed,
> When high and low with happy Harry closed.
> This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood,
> Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
> Had Richard unconstrained resigned the crown,
> A king can give no more than is his own.
> The title stood intailed had Richard had a son.
> Much to himself he thought, but little spoke,
> And undeprived, his benefice forsook."

Well do the readers of antique poetry know that Chaucer has never mentioned or even alluded to either the deposed Richard, or "Happy Harry;" indeed, it would have been an extraordinary circumstance, if the father of English poesy had ventured on such an experiment, the family connexions of Henry IV. being so strangely entangled with his own.[2] It is to the children of James II., to queen Mary and to her sister, and their unfortunate brother, that the interpolation of the deprived laureate alludes.

[1] Bishop Kenn.

[2] By the marriage of his son with the sister of the third wife of John of Gaunt, Catherine Roet.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Great abilities of Mary II.—Birth and death of princess Anne's daughter—King sails for the Hague—Queen again governs *solus*—Condemns her father's friends to death—Remonstrances of lord Preston's child (Vignette)—Danger of the king—His praises of the queen—Her concerns with the church—Queen's danger at the conflagration of Whitehall—Takes refuge in St. James's Park—Insulted by the Jacobites—Return of the king—Queen's negotiation with Dr. Tillotson—King's departure—Queen appoints Dr. Tillotson primate — Promotes Dr. Hooper — Rage of the king — Grief of the queen — Her differences with her sister and George of Denmark—Anne demands the garter for Marlborough—Her letter to the king—Contemptuous refusal of the queen—Anne and her favourites malcontent—They write to James II. —Queen's persecution of Penn the quaker—Queen Mary's letter to lady Russell—Her conversation with Dr. Hooper—Return of the king—Queen reproached by him—His cynical remark on her—Princess Anne's letter to her father—Queen's open quarrel with her sister—Letters of the royal sisters on the dismissal of Marlborough—Final rupture and ejection of the Marlboroughs from Whitehall—Princess Anne departs with them—She borrows Sion House of the Duchess of Somerset—Queen Mary's reception of her sister at her drawing-room in Kensington Palace—Princess Anne suffers petty annoyances—Burnet's private opinions of the conduct of the princess Anne and the queen—She is deprived of her guards by the king and queen —Departure of the king, &c. &c.

The abilities of queen Mary, and the importance of her personal exertions as a sovereign, have been as much underrated, as the goodness of her heart and Christian excellences have been over-estimated. She really reigned alone the chief part of the six years that she was queen of Great

Britain. On her talents for government, and all her husband owed to her sagacity, intelligence, and exclusive affection to him, there is little need to dwell; her own letters fully develop the best part of her character and conduct. William III., with the exception of the first year of his election to the throne of the British empire, was seldom resident more than four months together in England, and would scarcely have tarried that space of time, but for the purpose of inducing the parliament to advance the enormous sums to support the war he carried on in Flanders, where he commanded as generalissimo of the confederated armies of the German empire against France, as heretofore, but with this difference, that all the wealth of the British kingdoms was turned to supply the funds for those fields of useless slaughter—the prospect of obtaining such sinews of war having been the main object of William's efforts to dethrone his uncle.

It is worthy of remark, that Dr. Hooper, the friend and chaplain of queen Mary, held her consort's abilities in as low estimation as he always did his character and religious principles, while he pointed out the great talents of the princess, and said, "that if her husband ever retained his throne, it would be by her skill and talents for governing. Few gave him credit for this assertion, but all came round to his idea when they had seen her at the helm for some months."[1] The king did not leave her so soon as she had dreaded in the summer, but his stay in England was a mere series of preparations for his spring campaign. Lord Marlborough arrived before the close of the autumn from Ireland, where he had met with brilliant success in reducing Cork and Kinsale; he had an audience of thanks from the king and queen at Kensington. Notwithstanding the flattering reception they gave him, he saw that they remem-

[1] Hooper MS., edited in Trevor's William III., vol. ii.

bered with secret displeasure his interference in procuring the income for the princess Anne.

At St. James's palace, the princess Anne gave birth to a daughter, who was baptized Mary, after the queen, but the infant died in the course of a few hours.

The king left the queen to embark for the Hague, at a very dangerous and unsettled time, just on the eve of the explosion of a plot for the subversion of their government. He took leave of her January $\frac{6}{16}$ 1690-91, and embarked with admiral Rooke and a fleet of twelve ships of the line. The queen was left to govern by the assistance of the same junta of nine, who were called by the discontented "the nine kings." The departure of the king was celebrated by some English Jacobite impertinences in rhyme, which were said or sung by more persons than history records, and these lines note what history does not, the increasing corpulence of her majesty.

"Departure of King William from Queen Mary.[1]

"He at the Boyne his father beat,
And mawled the Irish Turk,
The rebel he did make retreat,
With Ginkell and with Kirk.

"But now he is to Holland gone,
That country to defend,
And left the queen and us alone,
No states have such a friend.

"The royal dame can fill at once,
Her husband's triple throne,
For she is thrice as big as he,
And bears three queens in one."

The very day after the king's departure, the important trial of Lord Preston, the late lord chamberlain of James II. and Mr. Ashton, a gentleman in the household of the exiled queen Mary Beatrice, took place, for conspiring the re-

[1] Lansdowne MS., British Museum. MS. Songs, collected for Robert Harley, earl of Oxford.

storation of the queen's father. Lord Preston and Ashton were found guilty, on slender evidence, and condemned to death.

It is said, that the daughter of lord Preston, lady Catherine Graham, a little girl of but nine years old, saved her father's life, by a sudden appeal to the feelings of queen Mary. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the queen's apartments at Windsor Castle, where he had very lately had an establishment, which, probably, in the violent confusion of events, had not been legally taken from his domestics and family. The day after the condemnation of lord Preston, the queen found her in St. George's Gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression of the child's face, Mary asked her hastily,

"What she saw in that picture that made her look on it so particularly?"

"I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that *my* father must die for loving yours."

The story goes, that the queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of lord Preston, and gave the father back to the child.[1] The anecdote furnishes the subject of the vignette to this volume.

It is an ungracious task to dispel the illusions that are pleasant to all generous minds; glad should we be to record as a truth that the pardon of lord Preston sprang from the melting heart of queen Mary, but, alas! the real circumstances of the case will not suffer the idea to be cherished for a moment. Lord Preston was only spared in order to betray, by his evidence, the deep-laid ramifications of the plot, which compromised many of the nobility and clergy. Above all, lord Preston's confessions were made use of to convict his high-spirited coadjutor, young Ashton, to whose

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution of Great Britain, &c. There are several minutiæ the author has supplied from northern traditions.

case the appeal of little lady Catherine[1] applied as much as it did to her father. Queen Mary, however, signed the death-warrant of Ashton without any relenting, and he was executed. He died with great courage, and prayed for king James with his last breath.

Lord Preston's revelations implicated the queen's uncle, lord Clarendon, who continued under very severe incarceration in the Tower during her regency. The extensive conspiracy was connected with the formidable coalition in Scotland, which the queen had partially detected in the summer, when it will be remembered, that a Jacobite, named Nevill Payne, had been arrested by her orders during the absence of king William in Ireland. Her majesty had written, before the return of the king, it seems, several autograph letters to the privy-council of Scotland, in which she had made some ominous inquiries as to what had become of Mr. Nevill Payne?[2] These inquiries were, to be sure, blended with many pious expressions, and as many recommendations "to praise God," which hints in state-documents, unfortunately, are too frequently followed by some unusual perpetration of cruelty to his creatures. The result was the following infliction on her father's faithful and courageous servant. As it is difficult to abstain from indignant language in such a case, we will only use that addressed to the principal minister of her majesty for Scotland, who was then at court expediting the business relating to this affair with the queen:

To Lord Melville.[3]

"Yesterday, in the afternoon, Nevill Paine was questioned upon some things that were not of the greatest concern, and had but *gentle* torture given

[1] Lady Catherine Graham afterwards married the representative of the heroic line of Widdrington, whose fortunes fell in the subsequent northern struggles for the restoration of the house of Stuart, never to rise again.

[2] Melville Papers, pp. 582, 583 to 585.

[3] Letter from the earl of Crafurd, at Edinburgh, to lord Melville, at Mary's court, in London. Nevill Payne soon afterwards died of the effects of these cruelties.

him; being resolved to repeat it this day, which, accordingly, about six this evening, we inflicted on both his thumbs and one of his legs with all the severity that was consistent with humanity [such humanity!] even to that pitch *that we could not preserve life, and have gone farther*, but without the least success, for his answers to all our interrogatories were negatives. Yea, he was so manly and resolute under his suffering, that such of the council as were not acquainted with all the evidences were *bungled* (staggered,) and began to give him charity that he might be innocent. It was surprising to me and others that flesh and blood could, without fainting, endure the heavy penance he was in for two hours."

It is some satisfaction to perceive, that the narrator of this atrocious scene was ashamed and conscience-stricken, and even sick at the part he had played, as chief inquisitor in this hideous business, for he adds—

"My stomach is, truly, so out of tune, by being a witness to an act so far cross to my natural temper, that I am fitter for rest than anything else, but the dangers from *such conspirators to the person of our incomparable king*, have prevailed over me in the council's name *to have been the prompter of the executioner* to increase the torture to so high a pitch."

While these appalling scenes were proceeding in London and Edinburgh, the life of the consort of the queen had been exposed to imminent danger from the elements. King William had made the coast of Holland two days after his departure, but found that the fleet in which he sailed dared approach no nearer to the coast at Goree than four miles, for a dense frost-fog was settled over the shore, and wrapped every object in its impenetrable shroud. The king was extremely anxious to arrive at the Hague, where their High Mightinesses the States Deputies were waiting for him to open their sessions, and they had in the previous year expressed great jealousy of his long absence in his new sovereignty. Notwithstanding the fog, some fishermen ventured on board the king's ship, and reported that Goree was not a mile and a half distant; the king, therefore, resolved to be rowed on shore in his barge, into which he went with the duke of Ormond, and some of the English nobility of his suite. In a few minutes, the royal barge was totally lost in the fog, and could neither find the shore nor regain the

fleet. Night fell, and the waves became rough with a ground-swell; the king laid down in the bottom of the open boat, only sheltered by his cloak; the waves washed over him several times, and the danger seemed great. Some one near the king expressed his despair at their situation, "What, are you afraid to die with me?" asked his majesty, sternly.[1] At day-break the shore was discovered, and the king landed safely at Aranick Haak, and from thence went to the Hague, where he was received triumphantly, with illuminations, and all possible rejoicings. It was his first state entrance into his old dominions as king of Great Britain, which the Dutch firmly believed was as much his conquest, as it had been that of Norman William in the eleventh century. In all the pageantry at the Hague he was greeted with the cognomen of William "the Conqueror," to the shame and confusion of face of the duke of Ormond, and many English nobles he brought in his train.

The earl of Nottingham, the friend and confidential adviser of queen Mary, who was in the train of William at this entry, made some complimentary remark on the acclamations of the Dutch. William replied, "Ah, my lord, if my queen were but here, you would see a difference! Where they now give one shout for me, they would give ten for her."[2] Perhaps his recent danger had caused his heart to be unusually tender in its conjugal reminiscences.

It will be allowed that queen Mary must have possessed considerable personal and mental courage, when it is remembered that she was left alone at the helm of government during the awful events which marked the spring of 1690-1; when the execution of the devoted Ashton, and others of her father's friends, took place; likewise the incarceration of her eldest uncle. Far more dangerous was the step she had to take in dispossessing the apostolic archbishop of Canterbury, and other disinterested clergy of the

[1] Barnard's History of England, p. 525.
[2] Echard's History of the Revolution.

church of England, who refused to take the oaths of allegiance to herself and her spouse. Nor could the queen have succeeded in this bold undertaking, had she not been supported by a standing army, and if that army had not been blended with a numerous portion of foreigners; it was likewise under the unwonted terrors of the lash. Infinitely was the church of England beloved by the common people, and great reason had the people for manifesting towards its ministers the most ardent gratitude.

Those who are observers of historical facts, will readily concur in the remark, that all the changes in our national modes of worship have been effected by queens. Without dwelling on the tradition, that the empress Helena, a British lady, planted the gospel in England, it may be remembered that Ethelburga, the wife of Edwin, king of Northumbria, and her mother, revived the Christian religion by the agency of Paulinus; that Anne Boleyn caused Henry VIII. to open his eyes to the Reformation; that Catharine Parr's influence preserved the present endowments of our church; that Mary I. restored the Roman hierarchy to a feeble but cruel exercise of power, which was triumphantly wrested from that still formidable body by the able policy of queen Elizabeth. We have here to record changes, of a scarcely less important nature, which were effected by queen Mary II. in the established church of England.

At the period when archbishop Sancroft suffered imprisonment for having resisted the rapid advances of James II. to place the Roman church on an equality with the church of England, we think all disinterested observers of history will allow that our established religion had attained a degree of excellent perfection, not often beheld on this earth; nor were the excellences of her clergy confined to their mere learning and literary merit, although Hall, Hooker, George Herbert, Taylor, Barrow, Sanderson, and Kenn, rise to the mind among the sacred classics of their country.

Evidence of the changes in queen Mary's own mind and conduct, from the days of her youth, when Hooper and Kenn were her pastors, has been carefully and painfully collected, and laid before our readers, who will, without difficulty, analyse the reasons why, with such high-sounding panegyrics, decadence and sorrow paralysed the church of England for nearly a century after the sway of this highly praised woman.

Mary temporized, for upwards of a year, in the astute expectation that the possession of the power, dignity, and splendid revenues of the see of Canterbury, and, above all, that the aversion which old age ever has to change of life and usages, would at last altogether shake the principles of archbishop Sancroft into some compromise with expediency. As she found that this was vain, she declared his deprivation, and warned him to quit Lambeth, Feb. 1, 1690-1. Six other learned and disinterested prelates of the church of England,[1] with several hundred divines, were deprived by queen Mary on the same day.[2] Sancroft took no notice of this act, but continued to live at the palace, exercising the same charity and hospitality as before. Bishop Kenn remonstrated and read a protestation, in the market-place of Wells, pointing out the illegality of the queen's proceedings. Finding this was unavailing, Kenn, who carried not away a sixpence from his bishopric, retired to the charity of his nephew, Isaac Walton, who gave him refuge in his prebendal house in Salisbury-close. No successor had as yet been appointed to the see of Canterbury. Dean Tillotson was supposed to be the future archbishop. It was given out that the queen (regarding whose attachment to the church of England a

[1] Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, and Lake, bishop of Chichester, supplied the places of Lloyd, of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, of Bristol, and thus the number of the "sacred seven," who had equally resisted the corruptions of Rome and the innovations of dissent, was completed.

[2] Doyley's Life of Sancroft. Some say 700 clergy, others 400.

political cry was raised), had the sole management of ecclesiastical affairs, and that the choice of all the dignitaries was her own unbiassed act.

Archbishop Sancroft observed that he had committed no crime against church or state, which could authorize his degradation, and that if the queen wished for his place at Lambeth, she must send and thrust him out of it by personal violence. He, however, packed up his beloved books, and waited for that hour. Thousands of swords would have been flashing in the defence of the venerable primate, if he would have endured the appeal to arms; but passive resistance he deemed the only, the proper demeanour for a Christian prelate of the reformed church. The people of the present age have forgotten the sneers that prevailed against these principles throughout a great part of the last century, and, therefore, are better able to appreciate conduct, assuredly, more worthy of primitive Christianity, than the mammon-worshipping seventeenth century would allow.

A dead pause ensued. Queen Mary was perplexed as to the person whom she could appoint to fill the archiepiscopal seat of Canterbury. Her tutor, Compton, bishop of London, had the ambition to desire this high appointment, but his extreme ignorance, his military education, and the perpetual blunders he made in his functions, would not permit such advancement.[1]

In the winter of 1691, Quebec was summoned to surrender to king William and queen Mary, by a detachment of troops which invaded French America. The governor of Quebec, Frontinac, replied, "that he knew neither king William nor queen Mary; but, whosoever they might be, he should hold out the garrison given in charge from his master, Louis XIV., against them."[2] The invasion was, in

[1] With the idea of making his court, however, to the king for this purpose, bishop Compton had left his see, and accompanied him in his voyage to Holland.

[2] Dangeau, vol. ii. p. 369.

fact, unsuccessful. Canada remained in the power of the original colonists for more than half a century.

The queen was, at this juncture, earnestly solicited in behalf of her eldest uncle, Henry, lord Clarendon, by his friend Katherine, the dowager lady Ranelagh, and by his brother, her uncle Laurence, earl of Rochester, particularly for some relaxation in the severity of his durance in the Tower. The reader will recal the queen's own extraordinary narrative of her committal of her eldest uncle to that fortress in the commencement of her last regency. Attainder and trial for high treason were now hanging over the head of Clarendon, whose health, moreover, was sinking under the depression of solitary confinement. Meantime, lady Ranelagh had previously negotiated the armistice between the queen and her uncle, Rochester, through the agency of Burnet. The executor of Burnet[1] claims much credit for the generosity of that person, as the queen's uncles always disliked him; yet, there was a mixture of policy in the interference, as, to use Burnet's own phraseology, "'twasn't decent" for the people to see one of the queen's uncles in durance in the Tower, and another in estrangement and impoverishment, because they beheld the exaltation of their sister's daughter with horror. Had they been brothers of the queen's step-mother, such conduct might have been expected; but that the brothers of her *mother* should afford such examples, left on her cause a glaring reproach, which could not too soon be removed.

In one of Katherine lady Ranelagh's[2] remonstrances, on the subject of the enmity between queen Mary and her uncles, she thus speaks of the queen: "This same royal person would not, I think, act unbecoming herself, or the eminent station God has placed her in, in assisting five

[1] Life of Burnet, p. 272.

[2] Lady Katherine Ranelagh was the dowager lady of that name, the daughter of Richard, first earl of Cork. She seems a warm friend of queen Mary's uncles, with whom she was connected by the marriage of one of her nieces.

innocent children, who have the honour to be related to her royal[1] mother, (who did still, with great tenderness, consider her own family when she was most raised above it,) especially when, in assisting them, her majesty will need only to concern herself to preserve a property made theirs by the law of England, which, as queen of this kingdom, she is obliged to maintain."

It is probable that the allusion here made is to some grant or pension, formerly given by the Stuart sovereigns to help to maintain the honours of the sons of Clarendon, whose titles, howsoever well deserved they might be, were not supported on the broad basis of hereditary estates—a circumstance which places the conscientious opposition of Henry earl of Clarendon to his royal niece in a more decided light, and accounts, at the same time, for the compliance of Laurence, after long reluctance. "I know not," says the queen's younger uncle, Laurence, "whether the queen can do me any good in this affair, but I believe her majesty cannot but wish she could; however, I think I should have been very wanting to my children, if I had not laid this case most humbly before her majesty, lest at one time she herself might say I might have been too negligent in making applications to her, which, having now done, I leave the rest, with all possible submission, to her own judgment, and to the reflection that *some good-natured moments* may incline her towards my family."

During the earl of Clarendon's hard confinement, his more complying brother thus writes of him:—"Such a petition might be presented with a better grace (to the queen), if he were once out of the Tower on bail, than it would be while he is under this *close confinement*."[2] Again, the brother strives to awaken some compassion in the heart of the queen, by pathetic reminiscences of their illustrious

[1] Anne Hyde, duchess of York, so called by lady Ranelagh, because she was by marriage a member of the royal family.

[2] Burnet's Life, p. 286.

father, the grandsire, on whose knees Mary had been reared, at Twickenham: "I will allow you, as a servant of the queen," he writes to Burnet, "to have as great a detestation of the contrivance,[1] as you can wish. But when I consider you, as you once were, a concerned friend, to have a respect for his family, and particularly for our father [*the great earl of Clarendon,*] who not only lost all the honours and preferments of this world, but even the comforts of it, too, for the integrity and uprightness of his heart, you must forgive me, if I conjure you by all that is sacred, that you do not suffer this next heir to my good father's name, to go down with sorrow to the grave."

"I cannot but think that the queen would do (and would be glad to avow it too), some great thing for the memory of *that gentleman*, though long in his grave."

The queen's grandfather, lord Clarendon, is designated by the expression, "that gentleman;" yet all the bearings of her conduct prove that Mary had as little tenderness for her maternal relatives, as for her father; for in all her correspondence extant, the words "my mother," are not to be found traced by her pen. Yet this biography brings instances, in which that parent's memory, and even that of her grandfather, were pressed on the queen's recollection.

"I hope," continues her uncle Laurence, still pleading against the attainder of his eldest brother, by the government of his niece,—"I hope there may be a charitable inclination to spare the *debris* of our broken family, for the sake of him that was the raiser of it. A calamity of the nature that I now deprecate, has something in it so frightful, and *on some accounts, so unnatural,* that I beg you [Burnet] for God's sake, from an angry man, to grow an advocate for me, and for the family on this account."[2] The last of these letters is dated, New Park, April 2, 1691.

[1] The Ashton and Preston plot, for participation in which the queen's eldest uncle was then imprisoned.

[2] Burnet's Life, p. 286.

It is doubtful whether the unfortunate lord Clarendon was liberated from the Tower, until after the death of his old friend, admiral lord Dartmouth, committed to the Tower by queen Mary, the day after the date of the above letter. Dartmouth died of grief and regret, after a few months' durance; and when the queen at last liberated her eldest uncle, he was to hold himself a prisoner within the limits of his country house.

King William returned to England to procure immense supplies of money and troops, April $\frac{3}{13}$, 1691. The night of his return, a tremendous fire laid the principal part of Whitehall in ashes, which presented only heaps of smoking ruins, as he came up the river on the following morning. The conflagration commenced in the Portsmouth apartments, which had been the original cause of the enmity between the queen and her sister, Anne. It was occasioned by linen igniting in the laundry. The Jacobite writers accuse king William of setting fire to Whitehall, because he could not bear to inhabit the former palaces of his uncles; and in hopes of excluding the public, who claimed, by prescription, too ancient to be then controverted, the right of free entrance while their sovereigns sat in state, at meat, or took their diversions. They instanced the demolition of Hampton-Court, the desolation of Greenwich-palace, and the desertion of Whitehall for Kensington. The conflagration certainly originated by accident; for queen Mary, who was a very heavy sleeper, nearly lost her life in the flames. The Portsmouth suite being contiguous to the queen's side, or privy-lodgings, the flames had communicated to the latter before the queen could be awakened, and she was dragged, half asleep, in her night-dress, into St. James's-park. Here new adventures befel her, for colonel Oglethorpe and sir John Fenwick, two gentlemen devoted to her father, leaders of the Jacobite party, seeing her consternation, followed her through the park to St. James's, reviling her by the lurid light of the flames of

Whitehall, and telling her "that her filial sins would come home to her." "She was notoriously insulted by them,"[1] repeats another manuscript authority; "the long gallery was then burnt; most of the royal apartments, with those of the king's officers and servants." Edmund Calamy is the only printed annalist of the times who alludes to the reproaches made to the queen. This author is too timid to enter into detail. However, those who compare his hints with our quotations will see that these curious facts are confirmed by that respectable and honest non-conformist. Without particularizing where the offence was committed, Calamy confirms our MS. evidence in these words, speaking of sir John Fenwick: "He had taken several opportunities of affronting queen Mary in places of public resort."[2]

Many invaluable portraits and treasures of antiquity, belonging to the ancient regality of England, were consumed with Whitehall-palace. Some nameless poet of that day commemorated the event in these lines:

> "See the imperial palace's remains,
> Where nothing now but desolation reigns;
> Fatal presage of monarchy's decline,
> And extirpation of the regal line."[3]

Since the pecuniary assistance that Dr. Tillotson had rendered on the memorable experiment in popularity at Canterbury, king William had marked him for the highest advancement in the church of England. His majesty considered that Dr. Tillotson was perfectly willing to receive this appointment; nevertheless, some obstacle, stronger than the conventional refusal of episcopal promotion, seemed to deter him. Dr. Tillotson told the king, at last, "that he was married; that there had previously been but one or

[1] Birch MS. 4466, British Museum. Diary of Mr. Sampson, p. 43. Another contemporary manuscript repeats the same circumstances of the danger and distress of the queen, of which, no doubt, more detailed particulars exist, in private letters, in the unpublished archives of different noble houses.

[2] Life of Calamy, vol. i. p. 388.

[3] "Faction Displayed." State Poem.

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two married archbishops, and never an archbishop's widow; and as he had no provision wherewith to endow his wife, he considered, in case of her widowhood, it would be an unseemly sight if she left Lambeth to beg alms."[1] The king replied, "if that was his objection, the queen would settle all to his satisfaction and that of Mrs. Tillotson." Accordingly, after a long interview with queen Mary, Dr. Tillotson declared "he was ready to take the place of archbishop Sancroft as soon as her majesty found it vacant." That matter, however, promised to be full of difficulty; for Sancroft persisted in his assertion, "that if the queen wanted Lambeth, she must thrust him out of it."

King William left her majesty solus to encounter all the embarrassments of the archbishop's deprivation, and of the new appointment, and sailed for Flanders, May 11th, 1691. The queen nominated Dr. Tillotson to the primacy, May 31, 1691. She sent a mandate, signed by her own hand, warning Sancroft to quit Lambeth in ten days. This he did not obey. The emissaries of the queen finally expelled him from his palace, June 23rd; he took a boat at the stairs, the same evening, and crossed the Thames to the Temple, where he remained in a private house till August, when he retired to end his days in his village in Suffolk.[2]

There was but one pen in the world capable of calumniating Sancroft—that pen belonged to Burnet. He has accused the apostolic man of having amply provided for himself from the revenues of Canterbury; but long before Burnet's books were printed, the circumstances in which Sancroft lived and died were well known to the world. In truth, the deprived archbishop went forth from Lambeth, taking no property but his staff and books; he had distributed all his revenues in charity, and would have been destitute if he had not inherited a little estate in Suffolk. To an ancient but lowly residence, the place of his birth, at Fressingfield, where his ancestors had dwelt respectably,

[1] Dr. Birch's Life of Tillotson. [2] Biographia Britannica.

from father to son, for three centuries, archbishop Sancroft retired to live on his private patrimony of fifty pounds per annum. On this modicum he subsisted for the remainder of his days, leading a holy and contented life, venerated by his contemporaries, but almost adored by the simple country-folk of Suffolk for his personal merits.

The use to which Sancroft put his savings has been revealed by a biography, strictly founded on documents, the modest voice of which has in our times put to open shame his slanderer; from it, we learn that Sancroft began to devote his savings, when he was only dean of St. Paul's, to amplifying some of those miserable livings, which too frequently fall to the lot of the best of the English clergy. The vicarage of Sandon, in Hertfordshire, was thus endowed. Seven livings were augmented by this practical Christian before queen Mary hurled him from his archbishopric; he likewise wrote earnest letters to his rich clergy, recommending them to "aid their poor brethren's livings." One glorious light of our church, Isaac Barrow, followed the example of his friend. Our church has reason to bless Sancroft daily; for his self-denial and charitable exertions set the example to the great Bounty of queen Anne.[1]

When Dr. Tillotson vacated the deanery of Canterbury, to become primate, William sent the queen, from Holland, three names as those from whom he chose the deanery to be supplied—thus usurping the ancient functions of the chapters of old:[2] a fact in utter contradiction to the assertion,

[1] Burnet *must* have known these facts. Any reader who wishes to see documentary proofs of these good works of Sancroft, and of Burnet's slander, may turn to Dr. Doyley's Life of Sancroft. Yet it is but justice to Burnet to observe, that the accusation on Sancroft of enriching himself does not occur in his manuscripts; *there* he only reviles and despises him for his miserable poverty. It is possible that the contradictory statement was introduced by Mackey, "the Spy," his executor. Collate with Harleian MSS., Burnet's Own Times, vol. i., pp. from 148—181.

[2] The conduct of king William in this action presents a most extraordinary antithesis to the ancient functions of the church on the appointment of digni-

that he permitted his queen to exercise entirely the function of head of the church of England. Mary *did* venture to exercise the limited choice he allowed, so far as to appoint Dr. Hooper dean of Canterbury. The king supposed that his enmity to her former almoner was sufficiently known to his submissive partner; for it became evident, that, although the king had put Hooper's name on the list, it was only to give that divine the mortification of being rejected by her. William's rage was extreme when he found that he was thus taken at his word. One of the queen's ladies, who had married in Holland, (without doubt, the countess Zulestein,) wrote to Mrs. Hooper, "that their royal mistress would be bitterly chid on her husband's return." Indeed, this, the worthiest appointment made in her reign, cost Mary many tears, "that was too often her case in England," continues our authority, "but in Holland it was daily so."

When the queen obtained the liberty, as she supposed, for this appointment, she sent for Dr. Hooper, by lord Nottingham, to Whitehall, and forthwith nominated him to the deanery. He was greatly surprised, and begged to know which of his livings, Lambeth or Woodhey, she would be pleased he should resign. "Neither," replied the queen; but the conscientious Hooper refused to retain pluralities,[1] and he laid down Woodhey, worth 300*l.* per annum, before he quitted the royal presence. Queen Mary was glad to give it to another of her chaplains, Dr. Hearn. The queen required of her old servant to inform her plainly, "why it was that

taries. The heads of chapters, after sitting in convocation in their chapter-houses, presented *three names* to the king, praying him "to name from these churchmen (either of whom the church considered worthy of the office) the one most agreeable to his grace." The monarch did so, and forthwith received homage for the temporalities. It was not considered courteous of the chapter or chapters to give the monarch less choice than three, and the medium seems rational, and subversive of troublesome factions.

[1] Dr. Hooper was a married man with a family; his example was therefore the more admirable. It must be remembered, that his daughter was the editress of this journal.

Tillotson was looked upon as a Socinian?" Dr. Hooper attributed the report to the great intimacy between him and Dr. Firmin,[1] who was often seen at his table at Lambeth; this friendship had begun in their youth, and was still continued.[2]

The calamity of fire seemed to pursue king William and his royal consort. The queen had scarcely welcomed the king on his return to their newly-finished palace of Kensington, when an awful fire broke out there, Nov. 10, 1691; it wrapped in flames the stone gallery, but was extinguished before it involved the royal apartments. When the roar of the fire became audible, William, believing a treacherous attack on his palace was in progress, called loudly for his sword,[3] but soon found that the foe was better quelled by a bucket of water.

The differences which subsisted between the royal sisters, Mary and Anne, at this period, became more publicly apparent; owing, to some awkward diplomacy, that the king had set his consort to transact relative to prince George of Denmark. On his departure from England in the preceding May, William III. gave his leave of audience to the prince, who then asked his permission "to serve him as a volunteer at sea." The king gave his brother-in-law the embrace enjoined by courtly etiquette, but answered him not a word. George of Denmark took silence for consent, prepared his sea-equipage, and sent all on board the ship in which he intended to sail; but king William had left positive orders with queen Mary, "that she was not to suffer prince George to sail with the fleet; yet she was not openly to forbid him to go." Thus the queen had the very

[1] He was the leader of the Socinians in London; we quote the dialogue, not because we have a wish to discuss controversial points, but because queen Mary was one of the speakers.

[2] Manuscript Account of Dr. Hooper. Trevor's William III., vol. ii. p. 472.

[3] Tindal's Con. Rapin, p. 76, from which the above incidents have been drawn.

difficult diplomatic task, enjoined her by her spouse, to impede the intentions of her brother-in-law, making it appear, at the same time, as if he staid by his own choice.

The queen, according to lady Marlborough's account,[1] observed her husband's directions exactly; she sent "a very great lord" to that lady, to desire that she would persuade the princess Anne to hinder prince George from his sea-expedition. The queen expected her (lady Marlborough) to accomplish it without letting her mistress know the reason. Lady Marlborough replied, "that it was natural for the princess to wish that her husband should stay at home out of danger; yet there was doubt whether she would prevail on him to give up his expedition; but that as to herself, she could not undertake to say anything to the princess, and conceal her reasons for speaking; yet, if she were permitted to use her majesty's name, she would say whatever was desired by her."[2] But this did not accord with her majesty's views.

The queen had now entered into a league with Laurence Hyde, earl of Rochester, her younger uncle, who had been prevailed upon, to the indignation of her captive, his elder brother, Clarendon, to take the oaths to her government,[3] and become one of her ministers. The earl of Rochester, who had been the particular object of the revilings of the princess Anne and her favourite, was at this time sent by queen Mary to explain her pleasure, "that prince George of Denmark was to relinquish his intention of going to sea, which measure was to appear to be his own choice." Prince George replied to this rather unreasonable intimation, "That there had been much talk in London respecting his intention; and as his preparations were very well known, if he sent for his sea-equipage from on board ship, as the queen desired, without giving any reason for such

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 40.
[2] Diary of lord Clarendon.
[3] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 40.

caprice, that he should make a very ridiculous figure in the eyes of every one." His representation was undoubtedly true; and it was as true, that the king and queen would not have had any objection to his incurring contempt, by his obedience, in the eyes of the English people. The queen, finding that the prince of Denmark would not submit to the intervention of her will and pleasure in private, was obliged to send her lord-chamberlain, Nottingham, in form, positively to forbid his embarkation.[1]

"The queen and princess lived in appearance," continues lady Marlborough, "as if nothing had happened all that summer. Lord Portland, it was well known, had ever a great prejudice to my lord Marlborough; Elizabeth Villiers, although I had never done her any injury, excepting not making my court to her, was my implacable enemy."[2]

The princess Anne, instigated by the restless ambition of her favourite, had thought fit to demand the order of the Garter, as a reward due to the military merit of lord Marlborough in Ireland. The request was made, by letter, to her brother-in-law:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO KING WILLIAM.[3]

"Tunbridge, Aug. 2, (1691.)

"Sir,

"I hope you will pardon me for giving you this trouble, but I cannot help seconding the request the prince [George of Denmark] has now made you, *to remember your promise of a garter for lord Marlborough.* You cannot bestow it upon any one that has been more serviceable to you in the late revolution, nor that has ventured *their lives* for you, as he has done since your coming to the crown; but, if people will not think these merits enough, I cannot believe any body will be so unreasonable as to be dissatisfied, when it is known you are pleased to give it him on the prince's account and mine. I am sure I shall ever look upon it as a mark of your favour to us. I will not trouble you with any ceremony, because I know you do not care for it.

"ANNE."

The queen refused this demand. It has been stated, that there was something of contempt in her manner of so doing,

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 41. [2] Ibid.

[3] Dalrymple's Appendix.

and that exasperated the favourites of her sister into a degree of rage, which led them to conspire the downfall of her husband and herself from the sovereignty. Lord Marlborough, in the same year, wrote to his former master, James II., declaring "that he could neither sleep nor eat in peace for the remembrance of his crimes against him." He made unbounded offers of his services; and finished by assuring him, "that he would bring the princess Anne back to her duty, if he received the least word of encouragement."[1] Marlborough was then one of the council of nine assisting in the government. The perils of the queen's position were therefore great. James II., however, did not give much encouragement to this treason; and drily answered to Marlborough, "that his good intentions must be proved by deeds rather than words."

Meantime, the queen's regency was agitated by plots, which were ramifications of that of lord Preston. She signed warrants for the arrest of the deprived bishop of Ely and lord Dartmouth; the latter soon after died in the prison of the Tower. She likewise molested the deprived primate by sending a commission to his cottage in Suffolk, to inquire into his proceedings. One of her messengers could scarcely refrain from tears when he found that the venerable archbishop himself came to the door, when he knocked, because his only attendant, an old woman who took care of his cottage, happened to be ill.

The queen's enmity was exceedingly great to William Penn, whose name was involved in these machinations; an entire stop was put to his philanthropic exertions in the colony of Pennsylvania — newly founded under the auspices of his "friend James" — and the good Quaker was forced to hide his head, and skulk about London, as he did in the persecution of his sect, before the

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. Dalrymple's Appendix. Memoirs of James II., vol. ii. Coxe, in his life of Marlborough, cannot deny this fact, but excuses it on the plea that he desired only to *deceive* king James!"

accession of James II. He wished to have an interview with the queen. "He could," he said, "convince her of his fidelity to the government, to which he wished well, because the predominance of her father's religion must be ultimate destruction to his own. The personal friendship was warm which he bore 'to James Stuart;' but he loved him as such, and not as king; he was his benefactor," he said; "he loved him in his prosperity, and he never could speak against him in his adversity."[1] But let him say what he would, William Penn was a persecuted man as long as queen Mary lived. Besides the dislike, for various causes, which she bore to this friend of her father, queen Mary was greatly incensed at the attachment of his wife to the exiled family.[2]

Queen Mary's government, in the summer of 1691, had been accompanied by a series of circumstances calamitous enough to daunt the courage of a more experienced ruler. Disastrous and bloody battles had been fought in Flanders, and great slaughter of the English troops ensued, without the satisfaction of victory. Corn was at a famine price;[3] the country, gentry and merchants, were sinking under a weight of taxation, such as never had been heard or thought of in the British islands. The fleet had returned covered with disgrace; English seamen were overcome, merely by the horrible provisions and worthless ammunition which the corrupt ministry had provided for their use. All these tremendous difficulties had the queen to surmount, but her correspondence is not available for the history of this summer. It is known that she sojourned in her palace without a friend—nay, without an object of affection. She had no affections except for her husband, and he was

[1] This expression is in his letters in the Pepys' Collections.

[2] Life of William Penn, published by T. Kennersley, 1749; from this pamphlet it appears that this great and good man died in deeply embarrassed circumstances, in 1710.

[3] See the price-tables in Toone's Chronology.

absent, exposed to a thousand dangers. She had no female friend among her numerous ladies; for in her voluminous correspondence which has been opened to the reader, where she has entered into the feelings of her own heart with minute and skilful anatomy, she has never mentioned *one* person as a friend. Indeed, her panegyrist, Burnet, in his curious manuscript narrative, observes, in the enumeration of her other "valuable qualities," that the queen never had a female friend. The reader of this biography knows that she had, in her youth, *one*, her early playfellow, Anne Trelawney, who was driven from the Hague by William, a circumstance which caused her extreme sorrow. Not long afterwards, the singular alteration took place in Mary's character that has been noted among the events of 1684-5.

Her majesty certainly was, in 1691, in the most utter loneliness of heart. She was on ill terms with queen Catharine; and the cold, distant communication of mere state audiences, which took place between herself and her sister, the princess Anne, was ready to break out from the quietude of aversion to the active warfare of hatred, which soon ensued. The only ray that enlightened this mass of gloom arose from the successes of the army in Ireland. Limerick had surrendered on honourable terms; they were shamelessly broken; whether the wrong belongs to queen Mary's regnal history, or to that of her husband, it would be too long to inquire.

Her majesty alludes to the successes in Ireland in the fragment of a letter to lady Russell,[1] in reply to one in which that lady asked for the disposal of the auditorship of Wales, worth 400*l.* per annum, for Mr. Vaughan, her son or nephew; on this head, queen Mary observed—"I am sure that the king will be as willing to please you as myself. You are very much in the right to believe I have cause enough to think this life not so fine a thing, as it may be others do, that I lead at present. Besides the pain I am

[1] Bibl. Birch, 4163. Plut. CVI. D. p. 42. Dated, 1691, July 30.

almost continually in for the king, it is so contrary to my own inclination, that it can be neither happy nor pleasant; but I see one is not ever to live for one's self. I have had many years of ease and content, and was not so sensible of my own happiness as I ought, but I must be content with what it pleases God, and this year I have had good reason to praise him hitherto for the successes in Ireland, the news of which came so quick upon one another, that made me fear we had some ill to expect from other places. But I trust in God that will not be, though it looks as if we must look for little good either from Flanders or sea. The king continues, God be praised, very well! — and though I tremble at the thoughts of it, yet I cannot but wish a battle well over—I wish it as heartily as Mr. Russell himself."

The result of the naval affairs alluded to by the queen in this letter, was as unsatisfactory as her majesty had anticipated. Admiral Russell and sir Cloudesley Shovel cruised off Brest during the summer, but without coming to the engagement expected by the queen. At last the fleet was shattered by a storm; on entering Plymouth harbour, the Warwick and the Coronation were lost while anchoring.[1] The nation was incensed, as bad seamanship alone was supposed to be the cause. Russell's conduct was examined by parliament, but when he produced his orders he was acquitted. The queen's government was singularly unfortunate in naval affairs; proof has been shown, from her own letters, that at the era of the Beachy Head battle, she interfered with rash and injudicious orders.

While the fleets of England and France were threatening each other; the Jacobites were active: on the other hand, those persons whose prosperity depended on the permanence of the revolution, indefatigably infused in the queen's mind suspicions of all who were not their friends. Thus instigated, the queen sent for Dr. Hooper one day to chide him for his undutiful conduct to Archbishop Tillotson.

[2] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 28.

"I have been told," she said, "that you never wait on him, neither does Mrs. Hooper visit Mrs. Tillotson as she ought to do."

Dr. Hooper proved to the queen "that he had paid all the respect, and so had his wife, at Lambeth-palace, that was proper, without proving intrusive."

The queen smiled, and said, "She did not believe the report was true when she heard it."

The mischief-maker who had approached the ear of majesty, then ventured somewhat further, and subsequently informed queen Mary, that of all places in the world, the apostolic Hooper had been figuring at a great cock-match at Bath, which it was supposed was a general muster for the Jacobite gentry of the West of England." Dr. Hooper, being questioned on this matter by queen Mary, replied very quietly, "that it was true he had been at Bath some months that year on account of the disastrous health of his wife, who was all the time in danger of her life." The queen graciously interrupted him to ask,

"How Mrs. Hooper was then?"

When dean Hooper had replied, he resumed the discussion, affirming, "That he had never heard a tittle of the cock-match at Bath, or of the meeting of the Jacobite gentlemen there."

The queen then informed him of some minor malicious reports — among others, an accusation, that he always travelled on the Sabbath. "It is true," replied Dr. Hooper, "that I am often on the road on the Sabbath, but it is in the pursuance of my clerical duty. I travel with my wife journeys of several days to Bath; I always rest the whole Sunday and attend both services—easily ascertained, as I usually preach for the minister where I tarry."

The queen then told him, in a very gracious manner, "that she had never believed what he was accused of, but she would always let him know his faults, or rather, what he was accused of."

Her majesty concluded by letting him know that her informer was Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury.[1]

Burnet was noted for his propensity to scandalous gossip, in the promulgation of which he little heeded the conventional decencies of time and place; as, for instance, lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers, told lord Dartmouth,[2] that he has heard bishop Burnet scandalize the duchess of York before her daughter, queen Mary, and a great deal of company, according to the well known passage of slander printed in his history, with this difference, that when speaking, he did not conceal the name of the person with whom he affirmed she was in love: this was Henry Sidney, created, by William III., earl of Romney, and given an enormous grant of 17,000*l.* per annum. If lord Jersey could hear Burnet hold forth on this subject, the queen could do the same, as that noble was one of her household, whose duties placed him near her chair.

King William arrived safely at Kensington, October the 13th; the queen was, for a time, relieved from the heavy weight of the regnal sceptre, but she had to endure the bitterest reproaches, because she had purposely misconstrued his intention by the promotion of Dr. Hooper to the deanery of Canterbury.

Not even in the most important crises which had occurred when the nation was under her guidance for the last two years, was queen Mary ever permitted to meet her peers and commoners assembled in parliament, for the purpose of convening them or dismissing them. Her husband had opened parliament since his return from Flanders, October 22, 1691, and, in his robes and crown, made a speech on

[1] Hooper MSS., in Trevor's William III., p. 473.

[2] Notes to Burnet, vol. i. p. 394. Note and text; in the latter, Burnet expressly declares that Anne Hyde, duchess of York, induced her husband to become a Roman catholic at the time when he received the sacrament according to the ritual of the church of England.

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the final reduction of Ireland, in the course of which he never once mentioned his wife. The king's neglect, whether proceeding from forgetfulness, ingratitude, or jealousy, was quickly repaired by parliament; for on the 27th of the same month, the lords and commons almost simultaneously moved "that addresses be presented to her majesty at Whitehall,[1] giving her thanks for her prudent care in the administration of the government in his majesty's absence."

The new archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tillotson, was requested, by the lords, to draw up their address, which was thus worded:

"We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal, in parliament assembled, from a true sense of the quiet and happiness the nation hath enjoyed in your majesty's administration of government in the king's absence, do hold ourselves obliged to present our most humble acknowledgments to your majesty for your prudent conduct therein, to the universal satisfaction as well as the security of the kingdom."

The house of lords also requested lord Villiers (newly raised to the peerage as viscount, and then lord-chamberlain to the queen) to attend her majesty presently, to know what time her majesty will appoint for this house to attend her with the address? After some delay, lord Villiers acquainted the house, "that he had attended her majesty as commanded, who hath appointed three o' the clock this Friday afternoon for the house to attend her with the address, in the drawing-room at Whitehall." This room must have been the withdrawing-room adjoining the banqueting-hall at Whitehall, which had been spared by the flames that had recently devastated nearly the whole of the palace.

The king had obtained some information on the subject of Marlborough's correspondence with James II.; he attributed to his treacherous betrayal the failure of an attack made on Brest by the English fleet in the preceding sum-

[1] MS. Journals of the House of Lords, from the library of E. C. Davey, Esq.

mer.[1] "Upon my honour," replied Marlborough, "I never mentioned it, but in confidence to my wife."

"I never mention anything in confidence to mine," was the reply of king William. The cynical spirit of this answer bears some analogy to the temper of king William; but the evident want of truth in the assertion makes it doubtful that the king ever made use of any such words. The anecdote is widely known, but it is founded on nothing but hearsay and tradition. It seems to have been invented by Marlborough, to account, in an off-hand way, to the world that this serious treachery had accidentally slipped out in a gossip-letter from lady Marlborough to her sister, lady Tyrconnel, who was with the royal exiles at the court of St. Germain's. For how could king William say to one of the council of nine, that he never told anything confidentially to the queen, when her letters give full proof that the most important matters were expedited by her? William could make repartees, which were not only rude, but brutal, to the queen; neither was his truth unsullied; but he possessed considerable shrewdness, and was a man of few words. Such characters seldom make remarks which are at once absurd and self-contradictory.[2]

Whatsoever might have been the real version of this angry dialogue, it led to the result that Marlborough took the step he had hinted to James II., and under his influence, and that of his wife, the princess Anne was induced to pen a penitential epistle to her father. It was in these terms:—

"Dec. $\frac{1}{11}$, 1691.

"I have been very desirous of some safe opportunity to make you a sincere and humble offer of my duty and submission to you; and to beg you will be

[1] There were two attacks on Brest in this reign, both abortive; the one here mentioned, in which there was a great slaughter of the English, and another in 1694, when general Tollemache was killed. There is documentary evidence that Marlborough betrayed the last. Dalrymple's History.

[2] James II.'s Memoirs, edited by J. S. Clarke, 1691. Likewise Macpherson's History, vol. ii. p. 609, for the letter.

assured that I am both truly concerned for the misfortune of your condition, and sensible, as I ought to be, of my own unhappiness. As to what you may think I have contributed to it, if wishes could recal what is past, I had long since redeemed my fault. I am sensible it would have been a great relief to me if I could have found means to have acquainted you earlier with my repentant thoughts, but I hope they may find the advantage of coming late—of being less suspected of insincerity, than perhaps they would have been at any time before.

"It will be a great addition to the ease I propose to my own mind by this plain confession, if I am so happy as to find that it brings any real satisfaction to yours, and that you are as indulgent and easy to receive my humble submissions as I am to make them, in a free, disinterested acknowledgment of my fault, for no other end but to deserve and receive your pardon.

"I have had a great mind to beg you to make *one compliment for me*, but fearing the expressions which would be properest for me to make use of might be, perhaps, the least convenient for a letter, I must content myself, at present, with hoping the bearer will make a *compliment* for me to the queen."

Now the bearer, in whose hands this letter was deposited for conveyance (as some say, by the princess Anne herself), was the last person likely to fetch and carry with suitable grace the affected verbal trash called *compliments* by the fine ladies of that day. He was a bluff and stout Welchman, captain Davy Lloyd, one of James II.'s veteran sea-commanders. Davy held the daughters of his old master in the utmost contempt, which he did not scruple to express, at times, without any very refined choice of epithets.

Both queen Mary and king William were soon apprised that some such epistle was compounded, long before it reached the hands of James II. Lady Fitzharding, it has been noted, was the spy[1] of her sister Elizabeth Villiers, in the family of the princess Anne; and by her agency, king William knew accurately within a very few hours all that passed at the Cockpit. The princess Anne rather encouraged than suppressed the daring imprudence of her favourite lady Marlborough, and they would vituperate the reigning monarch with the most virulent terms of abuse.[2]

Thus all the elements of discord were ready for violent

[1] This fact is pointed out by Coxe, in his Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 48.

[2] Ibid.

explosion, which accordingly took place on the evening of January 9, 1691-92, when a personal altercation ensued between the queen and the princess Anne.[1] There is no doubt but that Anne's partiality for the Marlboroughs, was the subject of dispute. No particulars, however, transpired, excepting what may be gleaned from subsequent letters of the princess Anne to lady Marlborough. From these it appears, that the queen threatened to deprive her sister of half her income. The princess Anne well knew that parliament having secured to her the whole, such threats were vain, since, if the will of her sister and her spouse had been consulted, she would have been in possession of neither half of the 50,000*l.* per annum, allowed her by her country. The princess Anne had just received her payment of this allowance, and had settled on the Marlboroughs an annuity from it of 1000*l.*,[2] circumstances which had probably added to the exasperation of the queen, who considered, with her spouse, that the whole of that sum was torn from their ways and means.

The next morning, it was the turn of Lord Marlborough to fulfil his duties as one of the lords of the bedchamber to king William. The manner of Marlborough's expulsion from his place was very disagreeable to him: he commenced his waiting week without the least remark being made to him; but after he had put on the king's shirt, and done his duty for the morning, lord Nottingham was sent to him, who told him "that the king had no further wish for his services, and that he was commanded to *sell* or *dispose* of all his employments, and that he was forbidden the court." Every one was immediately busied in guessing his crime; it was, however, generally supposed to be making mischief between the princess and the king and queen. The king and queen further desired "that he, lord Marl-

[1] The date of Coxe is here followed.

[2] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.

borough, would absent himself from their presence for the future."[1]

The anguish that the princess Anne manifested at this disgrace of her favourite's husband was excessive; she greatly exasperated the king and queen by her tearful eyes and sad countenance when she visited them. The princess's anticipations of still harsher measures probably led to her depression of spirits, since she received an anonymous letter before the end of January, which warned her that the next step taken by the government would be the imprisonment of lord Marlborough; the letter likewise gave her a really salutary warning respecting the treachery of lady Fitzharding, and that "all the tears she had shed, and the words she had spoken on the subject of lord Marlborough's disgrace, had been betrayed to the king" by that household spy.

It must excite great surprise in those to whom the under currents of events are unknown, to think what could impel king William to utterly cashier a person who had been so useful to him in the revolution, as lord Marlborough; Evelyn, however, a contemporary, discusses the point plainly enough, in these words:[2] "Lord Marlborough, lieutenant-general, gentleman of the bedchamber, dismissed from all his employments, military and other, for his faults in excessive taking of bribes, covetousness, and extortion, on all occasions, from his inferior officers."

These charges were disgraceful enough to induce confusion of countenance in any near connexion of the delinquent; but the practice of robbing the public had become so common, that it was seldom charged against any one who had not been concerned in practices generally considered more dangerously inimical to the government.

Neither king William nor his consort dared openly accuse the Marlboroughs of having abetted the princess Anne in

[1] Letter of lord Basil Hamilton to his father, duke of Hamilton.

[2] Evelyn's Diary, January 24, 1691-2.

a reconciliation with the exiled king; they well knew that such an avowal would have led a third of their subjects to follow their example. The silence of the king and queen (at least in regard to the public) on the real delinquencies at the Cockpit, emboldened lady Marlborough sufficiently to accompany her mistress to court on the next reception day at Kensington, about three weeks after the disgrace of her husband. Next day queen Mary forbade the repetition of lady Marlborough's intrusion, in the following letter to the princess Anne:—

"QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE.[1]

"Kensington, Friday, 5th of Feb.

"Having something to say to you which, I know, will not be very pleasing, I choose rather to write it first, being unwilling to surprise you, though I think what I am going to tell you should not, if you give yourself time to think that never anybody was suffered to live at court in lord Marlborough's circumstances. *I need not repeat the cause he has given the king to do what he has done, nor his unwillingness at all times to come to extremities, though people do deserve it.*"

In this dark hint is embodied all the information the queen chose to give her sister regarding the cause of the disgrace of her sister's favourites and guides. The passage, written with extreme caution, was prepared thus, to guard against the political mischief which might be done by the princess Anne and her audacious ruler, from making the queen's letter of remonstrance public among their party. At the same time, it is manifest, that previous remonstrance and explanation on the offences of the princess and the Marlboroughs, had been resorted to by her majesty. What these offences and injuries were, the preceding pages of this biography fully explain. This section of the queen's letter is an instance of the sagacity for which she was famed. The whole is written with moderation, when the provocation is considered, and the fearful dangers with which the

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 44. We have vainly searched for the originals of these letters, being unwilling to take lady Marlborough's version.

throne of Mary and her beloved husband was surrounded in 1692, dangers which the correspondence of Anne and her coadjutors, with her exiled father, greatly aggravated. Queen Mary continues,—

"I hope you do me the justice to believe it as much against my will that I now tell you that, after this, it is very unfit that lady Marlborough should stay with you, since that gives her husband so just a pretence of being where he should not. I think I might have expected you should have spoke to me of *it;* and the king and I, both believing *it*, made us stay thus long. But, seeing you was so far from *it*, that you brought lady Marlborough hither last night, makes us resolve to put *it* off no longer, but tell you *she must not stay*, and that I have all the reason imaginable to look upon your bringing her as the strangest thing that ever was done. Nor could all my kindness for you (which is always ready to turn all you do the best way), at any other time have hindered me from showing you so that moment, *but I considered your condition*, and that made me master myself so far as not to take notice of it then."

Contrary to her usual style in this letter, the sentences of the queen are not constructed logically in all their bearings; her reiterated "*it*" seems to mean that she and king William expected the princess Anne to propose to them the dismissal of lady Marlborough, on account of the disgrace of that person's husband, instead of bringing her into their evening drawing-room, as coolly as if nothing had happened.

Notwithstanding her folly in thus conducting herself, the situation of the princess Anne required consideration and forbearance, for she was, in February 1691-92, within a few weeks of her confinement; and her health, at such times, was always precarious. The queen's excessive self-praises of her own kindness to her sister, are perhaps somewhat overcharged; they are founded on the fact, that she did not reprove the princess publicly, and expel the intruder

she brought with her, as her majesty thought they deserved.

"But now I must tell you," resumes queen Mary, "it was very unkind in a sister—would have been very uncivil in an equal; and I need not say I have more to claim, which, though my kindness would never make me exact, yet, when I see the use you would make of it, I must tell you I know what is due to me, and expect to have it from you.' Tis upon that account, I tell you plainly lady Marlborough must not continue with you in the circumstances her lord is.

"I know this will be uneasy to you, and I am sorry for it, for I have all the real kindness imaginable for you; and, as I ever have, so will always do my part, to live with you as sisters ought; that is, not only like so near relations, but like friends, and as such I did think to write to you. For I would have made myself believe your kindness for *her* [*lady Marlborough*] made you at first forget what you should have for the king and me, and resolved to put you in mind of it myself, neither of us being willing to come to harsher ways; but the sight of lady Marlborough having changed my thoughts, does naturally alter my style. And since, by that, I see how little you seem to consider what, even in common civility, you owe us, I have told it you plainly, but withal assure you that, let me have never so much reason to take anything ill of you, my kindness is so great that I can pass over most things, and live with you as becomes (us). And I desire to do so merely from that motive; for I do love you as my sister, and nothing but yourself can make me do otherwise; and that is the reason I choose to write this rather than tell it to you, that you may overcome your first thoughts. And when you have well considered, you will find that, though the thing be hard (which I again assure you I am sorry for), yet it is not unreasonable, but what has ever been practised, and what yourself would do were you (queen) in my place.

"I will end this with once more desiring you to consider the matter impartially, and take time for it. I do not desire an answer presently, because I would not have you give a rash one. I shall come to your drawing-room to-morrow, *before you play*, because you know why I cannot make one."

This was because the queen did not choose to sit down to the bassett-table with lady Marlborough.

"At some other time," concludes the queen, "we shall reason the business calmly, which I will willingly do, or anything else that may show it shall never be my fault if we do not live kindly together. Nor will I ever be other, by choice, than your truly loving and affectionate sister,

"M. R."

It is useless to quote the comments of lady Marlborough regarding this letter, and the mandate it contained for her dismissal from the household and councils of her adoring mistress. Lady Marlborough published the royal letter, but sedulously hid the provocation, which elicited both that and the command contained therein. In her narrative of the events of this era, she carefully conceals the spring that caused them, which was, the treacherous correspondence of her husband with the court of St. Germains, and the letter he had prompted the princess Anne to write to her father.

Historical truth can only be found in contemporary documents and narratives; but not in one alone; many must be compared and collated, before the mists in which selfish interests seek to envelop facts, can be dispelled. Lady Marlborough devotes several pages to the most enthusiastic praises of herself; her disinterestedness and devotion to the princess Anne are lauded to the skies. When in the list of her virtues, she discusses her honesty, she thus expresses herself:—"As to the present power the princess Anne had to enrich me, her revenue was no such vast thing as that I could propose to draw any mighty matters from thence:

and besides, sir Benjamin Bathurst had the management of it. I had no share in that service."[1] Yet 50,000*l.* per annum is a large revenue even in these times, and in the early days of the national debt it bore a much higher comparative value.

The princess Anne, after she had read her sister's letter, summoned her uncle Rochester to her assistance. That nobleman, from a thorough appreciation of the turbulence and treachery which were united in the character of lady Marlborough, had, in her outset of life, strongly advised James II. to exclude her from the household of his daughter Anne.[2] But the indulgence of the father yielded to the supplications of his child. When lord Rochester came to the Cockpit, at the entreaty of the princess Anne, she put in his hand the following letter. It was evidently the production of a consultation with the favourite, since it is by no means in the style of the princess herself.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.[3]

"Your majesty was in the right to think that your letter would be very surprising to me. For you must needs be sensible enough of the kindness I have for my lady Marlborough, to know that a command from you to part from her must be the greatest mortification in the world to me, and, indeed, of such a nature as I might well have hoped your kindness to me would have always prevented.

"I am satisfied she cannot have been guilty of any fault to you, and it would be extremely to her advantage if I could here repeat every word that ever she had said to me of you in her whole life. I confess it is no small addition to my trouble to find the want of your majesty's kindness to me on this occasion, since I am sure I have always endeavoured to deserve it by all the actions of my life.

"Your care of my present condition is extremely obliging, and if you could be pleased to add to it so far as, upon my account, to recal your severe command (as I must beg leave to call it, in a matter so tender to me, and so little reasonable, as I think, to be imposed on me, that you would *scarce* require it from the meanest of your subjects), I should ever acknowledge it as a very agreeable mark of your kindness to me. And as I must freely own

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 54.
[2] Ralph's History.
[3] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 55—57.

that, as I think this proceeding can be for no other intent than to give me a very sensible mortification, so there is no misery that I cannot readily resolve to suffer, rather than the thoughts of parting with her (lady Marlborough).

"If, after all this that I have said, I must still find myself so unhappy as to be pressed on this matter, yet your majesty may be assured that, as my past actions have given the greatest testimony of my respect both for the king and you, so it shall always be my endeavour, wherever I am, to preserve it carefully, for the time to come, as becomes

"Your majesty's very affectionate sister and servant,

"ANNE.

"From the Cockpit, Feb. 6th, 1692."

It may be worthy of observation that the date of this epistle is on the birthday of Anne.

When lord Rochester had perused this letter, the princess Anne requested that he would be the bearer of it from her to her majesty, to which the uncle put a positive negative. He had hoped that the end of the controversy between his royal nieces would have been the removal of such a fosterer of strife as lady Marlborough had proved herself to be, since she had arrived at woman's estate; and he would not carry a letter which forbade that hope. He then withdrew from the conference, declaring his intention of mediating in all measures which led to reconciliation, which was by strenuously advising the queen to send lady Marlborough at once from the Cockpit to her house at St. Albans. Meantime, after the princess or her favourite had concocted the letter quoted above, it was copied and sent to her majesty that day, by the hands of one of the servants of the princess. Queen Mary returned no answer, excepting that of an official message, carried to the Cockpit by her lord-chamberlain, Nottingham, warning lord and lady Marlborough to abide no longer at the palace of Whitehall,[1] a measure which was the first step her majesty took on the advice of lord Rochester.

The princess Anne considered that her sister had no more right to dictate what servants she should retain in

[1] Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 48, and Ralph's "Other Side of the Question."

her residence of the Cockpit, than in any other private house, since it had been purchased for her by their uncle Charles II., after it had been alienated from the rest of the palace of Whitehall, in common with many other buildings appertaining to that part of the vast edifice which abutted on St. James's-park. But the Cockpit, the Holbein-gate-way, and the adjoining Banqueting-house, were, at that period, all that were left of the once extensive palace.

When the queen's message of expulsion from the Cockpit was delivered to lady Marlborough, the princess Anne took the resolution of withdrawing from it at the same time; and announced her intention to her sister in the following epistle:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.[1]

"I am very sorry to find that all I have said myself, and my lord Rochester for me, has not had effect enough to keep your majesty from persisting in a resolution which you are satisfied must be so great a mortification to me, as, to avoid it, I shall be obliged to retire, and deprive myself of the satisfaction of living where I might have frequent opportunities of assuring you of that duty and respect which I always have been, and shall be desirous to pay you, upon all occasions.

"My only consolation in this extremity is, that not having done anything in all my life to deserve your unkindness, I hope I shall not be long under the necessity of absenting myself from you, the thought of which is so uneasy to me, that I find myself too much indisposed to give your majesty any further trouble at this time.

"February 8, 1692."

The approaching accouchement of the princess rendered all harshness to her odious in the eyes of every one. One of the royal palaces had usually been appointed for her retirement at such times; but as the queen had thought proper to expel her favourite friend from her own private residence, the princess affected to consider that she should be too much at the royal mercy, if her accouchement took place either at St. James's-palace, or Hampton-Court.

It was the policy of the party of the princess Anne to

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 58.

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give her, as much as possible, the semblance of injured distress, and the appearance of being hunted out of house and home, at a period dangerous to her health, and even to her life. There can be no doubt that the mistress of 50,000*l.* per annum need not have been obliged to sue for the charitable grant of a home to abide in during the period of her accouchement; yet, a few hours before leaving the Cockpit, the princess Anne sent a request to the duchess of Somerset, to lend her Sion House for her residence during the ensuing summer. This lady was the wife of a kinsman of the princess, commonly called the proud duke of Somerset;[1] she was the heiress of the great Percy inheritance, and as such, the possessor of the ancient historical palace of Sion.

William III., whose activity in petty instances of annoyance is singularly at variance with his received character for magnanimity, immediately sent to the duke of Somerset, and, in a conference with him, endeavoured to induce him to put a negative on the request of the princess Anne.[2] But such mighty English nobles as Somerset, and his consort, the Percy-heiress, soon proved to the foreign monarch how independent they were of any such influence. The duchess of Somerset forthwith sent an affectionate message to the princess Anne, declaring "that Sion House was entirely at her service."

Before the princess left her residence of the Cockpit for Sion House, she thought proper to attend the drawing-room of their majesties at Kensington-palace. In this interview, according to the phraseology of the Marlborough, the princess Anne made her majesty "all the professions imaginable, to which the queen remained as insensible as a statue."

The massacre of Glencoe[3] occurred Feb. 14, 1692. It

[1] He was the representative of Catherine Gray, and of course a prince of the English blood royal from the younger sister of Henry VIII.

[2] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 59.

[3] It may be a point of curiosity to learn what James II. thought of this sacrifice of his faithful subjects. After observing that he had been careful to

is but justice to queen Mary to observe that this atrocity did not disgrace the period when she swayed the regnal sceptre; neither is her signature appended to the detestable warrant perpetrated by her husband, which authorized the slaughter, in cold blood, of upwards of a hundred men, women, and little children, of her subjects. The circumstances have been, of late years, too often narrated to need relating here; but, as the wickedness was committed in a reign in which a woman's name is partly responsible, it is desirable, by the production of the documents, to show that the iniquity was wholly devised, as well as executed, by men.[1]

An historian[2] especially partial to the character of William III., considers, as a great grievance, the inquiry into the massacre of Glencoe, and, with much *naïveté*, observes that the said inquiry was "remarkably troublesome to many *respectable* people." The Scotch parliament pronounced it

preserve the lives of his Scottish friends, by candidly acknowledging to them that he had no funds to aid them, and earnestly advising their submission as early as August, 1691, he continues, "They accordingly made their submission. But contrary to all faith, by an order, that Nero himself would have had a horror of, the prince of Orange ordered the soldiers to massacre the Glencoe people in cold blood. It was hard to imagine that the prince of Orange could apprehend danger from such a handful of men. But he either thought that severity necessary to make an example of, or he had a particular pique against that clan. Either of these reasons, according to his morality, was sufficient to do an inhuman thing. Yet this was the pretended assertor of the lives and liberties of the British nation, to whom all oaths were to be made a sacrifice of, rather than he should not reign over it." Autograph Memoirs of king James. Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 239.

[1] A document nearly similar, signed by William III., is carefully preserved by the present lord Lovat, authorizing the extermination of the clan Fraser: the conduct of Simon Fraser had, it is true, been intolerably wicked, but that was no fault of the women and children of his district, which likewise comprised the feudal sovereignty of 1000 men capable of bearing arms, of whom many must have been perfectly innocent of wrong. These attempts at extermination had for precedents the wars in Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, and the conduct of the Spaniards to the Caribs. See Mrs. Thomson's Lives of the Jacobites.

[2] Cunningham.

"a barbarously murderous transaction." After this opinion, the "respectable people" concerned in it put a stop to the further trouble this decision might have given them, by producing the following warrant:—

"WILLIAM R.[1]

"As for the M'Donalds of Glencoe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for the vindication of public justice to *extirpate* that set of thieves.

W. R."

This extermination, which was extended in intention to the Frasers, and other clans in the Highlands, must have originated in the mind of William himself, as is evident by the wording of the warrant. A Scotchman would have spoken with more certainty of the localities of his country: at the same time, it is improbable that any English minister suggested an extirpation, because even the execution of military law in England was always regarded with horror.[2]

Perhaps the open quarrels which then agitated the royal family prevented public attention from dwelling on the

[1] Lord Stair proved that when William III.'s signature was doubly affixed, as in this warrant, the execution was to be prompt and urgent.

[2] Sir John Dalrymple's History and Appendix. Campbell of Glenlyon was the mere executioner. The following letter will show that the Dutch monarch's agent directed, from his master, that the children of Macdonald of Glencoe were to be murdered:

"For their majesties service.

"To Capt. Campbell.

"Sir, "Ballacholis, Feb. 12, 1692.

"You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have especial care that the old fox *and his cubs* do not escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put into execution at five in the morning precisely, and by that hour I'll strive and be at you with a stronger party. This is by the king's *especial commission*, for the good of the country, that these miscreants may be cut off root and branch. See these be put in execution without fear, *else you may be expected to be treated as not true to the king's government;* nor as a man fit to carry a commission in king William's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand,

"ROBERT DUNCANSON."

atrocities perpetrated by the king's warrant in the north. The princess Anne withdrew to Sion about the beginning of March, taking with her lady Marlborough, on whom she lavished more affection than ever. As an instance of ill-will, king William gave orders that his sister-in-law should be deprived of the guards by whom she had been attended since her father had given her an independent establishment. The princess lost her guards just as she had the most need of them, for the roads all round the metropolis swarmed with highwaymen; her carriage was stopped, and she was robbed, between Brentford and Sion, soon after her establishment there. This adventure was made the subject of many lampoons, and great odium was thrown on the king and queen, on account of the danger to which the heiress-presumptive was exposed, through their harshness. The act of depriving the princess Anne of the usual adjuncts of her rank, was a parting blow, before her persecutor left England for his usual Flemish campaign. The king resigned the sole government, for a third time, into the hands of his queen, and bade her farewell on the 5th of March; he sailed with a wind so favourable that he reached the Hague on the succeeding day, and from thence went to Loo.[1]

To illustrate the narrative of these royal quarrels, the reader must be given an insight of Burnet's genuine opinion on this subject, written in his own hand.[2] It will be allowed to be a great historical curiosity; his opinions must raise a smile, when it is remembered how closely and approvingly intimate he and the duchess of Marlborough were in after life.

[1] M. de Dangeau writes in his Journal, March 15, 1692, that his news from England announced "that when the princess of Denmark quitted the court, that her husband followed her, that William took all the guards from them, and forbade them the honours of the court they had been accustomed to receive, and that William, after this exploit, went to Holland on the 24th of March."

[2] Harleian MS. The hand is precisely the same with the Autograph Papers relative to Burnet's ministry at the death of William lord Russell, in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

"About the end of the session in parliament, the king called for Marlborough's commissions, and dismissed him out of his service. The king [William] said to myself upon it, 'He had very good reason to believe that Marlborough had made his peace with king James, and was engaged in a correspondence with France. It was certain, he was doing all he could to set on a faction in the army and nation against the Dutch, and to lessen the king, as well as his wife, who was so absolute a favourite with the princesse [Anne], that she seemed to be the mistresse of her heart and thoughts, which were alienated both from the king and queen.'

"The queen had taken all possible methods to gain her sister, and had left no means unessayed, except purchasing her favourite, which her majesty thought it below her to do. That being the strongest passion in the princess's breast, all other ways proved ineffectual, so a visible coldness grew between the sisters. Many rude things were daily said at that court, [*the establishment of the princess Anne,*] and they struggled to render themselves very popular, though with very ill success; for the queen grew to be so universally beloved, that nothing would stand against her in the affections of the nation."

"Upon Marlborough's disgrace, his wife was ordered to leave court. This the princess Anne resented so highly, that she left the court likewise; for she said she would not have her servants taken from her. All persons that have credit with her have tried to make her submit to the queen, but to no purpose. She has since that time lived in a private house, and the distance between the sisters has now risen so high, that the visiting of the princess is looked upon as a neglect of the queen's displeasure. So that the princess is now as much alone as can be imagined. The enemies of the government began to make great court to her; but they fell off from her very soon, and she sunk into such neglect, that if she did not please herself in an

inflexible stiffness of humour, it would be very uneasy to her."

Burnet, in his manuscript notations, (where he always used the *present* tense,)[1] speaks likewise with much acridity on the impropriety which he asserts was committed by admiral Russell in expostulating, with great rudeness, to king William on Marlborough's disgrace. He demanded to see the proofs of his faults, and reminded him, in a tone "not very agreeable," that it was he who carried the letters between his majesty and Marlborough before the revolution.[2] This was just before he undertook the command of the fleet off La Hogue. Notwithstanding all Burnet's revilings of Russell, for his rough and brutal temper, and his Jacobitism, every true-hearted person must venerate him for upholding the honour of his country and her naval flag, (which had been wofully humbled since the revolution,) above every political consideration. It appears by the well-known exclamation of his old master, king James, when he beheld the bravery of his English sailors at La Hogue, that he was entirely of the same opinion.

[1] Harleian MSS., 6584.

[2] Harleian Collection, No. 6585. It is a curious study for those who go to the well springs of history to compare the condemnatory passages which occur against the Marlboroughs, husband and wife, throughout Burnet's manuscripts, with the entire suppression of the same in his printed work, and with the close intimacy which existed afterwards between these congenial souls.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IX.

Vigour of the queen's government—Accouchement of princess Anne at Sion House—Death of her infant—Her danger—Queen visits her—Queen's harsh manner—Long illness of the princess—Her letters (as Mrs. Morley) on queen's sending Marlborough to the Tower—Negotiation between the queen and princess—Their letters—Victory of La Hogue—Queen's conduct—Queen's portrait, by Vandervaart—[*Description of frontispiece*]—Severity of her reign—Princess Anne's letter brought to James II.—Remarks on the royal sisters by the messenger—Queen's letter to lady Russell—Princess Anne settled at Berkeley House—Series of letters on petty annoyances, as Mrs. Morley—To lady Marlborough, as Mrs. Freeman—Queen stands sponsor with archbishop Tillotson—His curious letter on it, &c.—Return of the king—Anecdotes of the queen—Verses on her knitting, &c.—Continued enmity to princess Anne—Queen accompanies the king to Margate—Obliged to return to Canterbury—King's departure—Anecdotes of the queen's stay at Canterbury—Queen relates particulars to Dr. Hooper—Her presents to the cathedral altar—Queen and the theatre—Her persecution of Dryden—Anecdotes of the queen and her infant nephew—Return of the king, &c. &c.

Queen Mary was again left, surrounded by unexampled difficulties. There were few persons in the country but anticipated the restoration of her father. A great naval force was collecting and arming for the invasion of the country; the French had remained masters of the seas ever since the revolution, despite of the junction of the fleets of England with the rival forces of Holland. The queen had reason to believe that the only competent naval commander,

from whose skill she could hope for success, was desirous of her father's restoration. The queen knew that the princess Anne had written to her father, "that she would fly to him the very instant he could make good his landing in any part of Great Britain." Indeed, a letter to James II., containing these words, it is said, was intercepted by the king and queen, and that it was the cause of the disgrace of the Marlboroughs, since they were mentioned as active agents in the projected treason. Thus, the dangers surrounding the career of queen Mary were truly appalling, and, to a spirit less firm, would have been insurmountable. The queen was not, in 1692, altogether a novice in the art of government; she had weathered two regencies, each presenting tremendous difficulties; it was strongly in her favour that Marlborough, instead of sharing her most intimate councils as a disguised friend, was now an unmasked enemy.

One of queen Mary's earliest occupations was to review the trained bands of London and Westminster mustered in Hyde-park, to the number of 10,000 men; they were destined to the defence of the capital in case of an invasion from France. She likewise ordered the suspected admiral Russell to proceed to sea, while her royal partner in Holland, caused the Dutch fleet to hasten out to form a junction with the naval force of England under the command of Russell. How singular it is, that history, which is so lavish in commendations on the excellence of queen Mary's private virtues, should leave her abilities as a ruler unnoticed! Time has unveiled the separate treacheries of her coadjutors in government; the queen was the only person at the head of affairs on whom the least reliance could have been reposed in time of urgency. It is well known now that Nottingham, Godolphin, Russell, and many others, both high and low in her ministry, were watching every event to turn with the tide, if it tended to the restoration of her father. But while giving queen Mary every

credit as a wise and courageous ruler, in the successive dangers which menaced her government in the spring of 1692, what can be said of her humanity when called to the bedside of her suffering sister in the April of that year?

The princess Anne sent sir Benjamin Bathurst from Sion House with her humble duty, to inform her majesty "that the hour of her accouchement was at hand, and that she felt very ill indeed, much worse than was usual to her." Queen Mary did not think fit to see sir Benjamin Bathurst, and took no notice of this piteous message.[1]

After many hours of great suffering and danger, the princess Anne brought into the world, April 17th, 1692, a living son, which was named George, after her husband, but the miserable mother had the sorrow to see it expire soon after its hasty baptism. Lady Charlotte Bevervaart, one of the princess Anne's maids of honour, being a Dutchwoman, and on that account considered as the more acceptable messenger, was despatched from Sion House to announce to queen Mary the death of her new-born nephew. Lady Charlotte waited some time before the queen saw her. At last, after her majesty had held a consultation with her uncle lord Rochester, the messenger of the princess was admitted into the royal presence. The queen herself informed lady Charlotte Bevervaart, that she should visit the princess that afternoon. Indeed, her majesty arrived at Sion almost as soon as the messenger. Queen Mary entered the chamber of her sick and sorrowful sister, attended by her two principal ladies, the countesses of Derby and Scarborough. The princess Anne was in bed, pale and sad, but the queen never asked her how she did, never took her hand, or expressed the least sympathy for her sufferings and her loss. Her majesty was pleased to plunge at once into the dispute which had estranged her from her sister, to whom she exclaimed in an imperious tone, as soon as she was seated by the bedside, "I have

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 69.

made the first step by coming to you, and I now expect that you should make the next, by dismissing lady Marlborough."

The princess Anne became pale with agitation at this unseasonable attack; her lips trembled, as she replied, "I have never in my life disobeyed your majesty but in this one particular, and I hope at some time or other it will appear as unreasonable to your majesty as it does now to me." The queen immediately rose from her seat, and prepared, without another word, to depart. Prince George of Denmark, who was present at this extraordinary scene, led her majesty to her coach; while so doing, the queen repeated to him precisely the same words which she had addressed to the unfortunate invalid in bed.

The two ladies who had accompanied their royal mistress, comported themselves according to their individual dispositions on the occasion. Lady Derby, who had been recommended to the queen by the princess Anne as groom of the stole, in those halcyon days when these royal sisters were rejoicing together on the success of the revolution, now showed her ingratitude by turning away from the sick bed without making the slightest inquiry after the poor invalid. But lady Scarborough behaved in a manner better becoming a feeling and womanly character.

Queen Mary retained sufficient conscientiousness to be shocked, on reflection, at her own conduct. She was heard to say, on her return to Kensington, "I am sorry I spoke as I did to the princess, who had so much concern on her at the renewal of the affair, that she trembled and looked as white as her sheets."[1] Yet the queen's uneasy remembrance of this cruel interview arose from remorse, not repentance; for the unfeeling words she regretted were the last she ever uttered to her sister.

Thus the three persons of the protestant branch of the royal family in England, were irreconcilably divided

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 69 to 71.

during life, two against one. Lonely as they were in the world, they were at mortal enmity with every other relative who shared their blood. It will be allowed that the causes of war and division with the exiled Roman-catholic head of their family were of a lofty nature; there is an historic grandeur in a contention for the establishment of differing creeds, and even for the possession of thrones; great and even good princes have struggled unto the death, when such mighty interests have been at stake. But when enmities that last to death between sisters, may be traced in their origin to such trash as disputes concerning convenient lodgings, or amount of pocket money, what can be the opinion of the dignity of such minds?

Queen Mary had received a letter in the same April, directed by the hand of her exiled father, and written throughout by him; it was a circular addressed to her, and to those members of her privy-council who had been most active in raising the calumny that disinherited his unfortunate son. This communication announced that his queen expected her confinement in May, and invited them to come to St. Germains to be present at the expected birth of his child, promising from Louis XIV. freedom to come and go in safety.[1] Such announcement must have been sent in severe satire, rather than in any expectation of the invitation being accepted.

As may be supposed, the princess Anne did not undergo all the harassing agitation the queen's harshness inflicted on her, in the hour of her weakness and suffering, with impunity. A dangerous fever followed her sister's visit, and she hung for several days on the very verge of the grave. From this dispute, some information regarding the royal etiquette of that period may be ascertained; for it appears that her majesty, queen Mary II., honoured all her female nobility not below the rank of a countess, with a state lying-in visit; but if she knew not better how to

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 32, and Memoirs of James II.

comport herself in a sick room than she did in that of her sister, these royal visitations must have thinned the ranks of her female nobility. Long before the princess Anne was convalescent, she underwent fresh agony of alarm; by her majesty's orders, lord Marlborough was arrested, and was forthwith hurried to the Tower. Then the invalid princess harassed herself by writing all day long notes and letters to his wife, who was obliged to leave Sion, in order to visit and assist her husband.

The earliest letter written by the princess Anne to lady Marlborough, after this event, seems to have been the following. It is dateless, but probably occurs the day after Marlborough's incarceration in the Tower. Although the princess had not then left her lying-in chamber, it seems she had been agitated by reports that her own arrest was pending. She addresses lady Marlborough as Mrs. Freeman, the assumed name they had previously agreed upon; she terms herself, as usual, Mrs. Morley:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

[May 16, 1692.]

"I hear lord Marlborough is sent to the Tower, and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told it; for methinks 'tis a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place. I have a thousand melancholy thoughts, and cannot help fearing they should hinder you from coming to me; though how they can do that without making you a prisoner, I cannot guess."

"I am just told," continues the princess Anne, "by pretty good hands, that as soon as the wind turns westerly, there will be a guard set upon the prince and me. If you hear there is any such thing designed, and that 'tis easy to you,[1] pray let me see you before the wind changes, for afterwards, one does not know whether they will let one have opportunities of speaking to one another; but let them do what they please, nothing shall ever vex me so I can

[1] So written; meaning, "if it is easy for you to come to me." Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 51. Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.

have the opportunity of seeing dear Mrs. Freeman; and I swear I would live on bread and water, between two walls, without repining; for as long as you continue kind, nothing can ever be mortification to your faithful Mrs. Morley, who wishes she may never enjoy a moment's happiness in this world or the next, if ever she proves false to you."

The correspondence of lord Marlborough with the court of St. Germains was the cause of his arrest; it would be waste of time, after the specimens produced regarding it, to discuss it as a mystery. Many circumstances prove that queen Mary had accurate intelligence of his treacherous intrigues. It is as evident, that the intention of her government was not to prove his guilt home to him, lest the princess Anne's share in it should be revealed. Not that the queen screened her sister, out of tenderness, but from a sagacious anticipation, that if her conduct were discovered, most of her party would not scruple in following her example. Invasion was threatened daily, and the queen acted with proper precaution, by securing so slippery a person as lord Marlborough, until the expected naval battle was decided.

Meantime, the princess Anne resolved to write to her sister, queen Mary, and determined to send the letter by the hands of one of the prelates, Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. Anne's policy in writing to the queen is explained in one of her confidential billets to lady Marlborough. She anticipated that the queen would debar her approach; but she wished it to be spread far and wide, and to become universally known, that she had desired to visit her sister, and had been forbidden. As the best plan for promoting this end, she sent for the bishop of Worcester. He returned her royal highness a polite answer that he would come to her, but said not when; therefore the princess observed, in one of her notes, that she dared not go to London as she had intended to do, to meet lady Marl-

borough, lest the prelate should arrive at Sion during her absence.[1]

The next morning, the bishop of Worcester actually came to Sion before the princess Anne was dressed. On her interview with him, he willingly undertook the commission of delivering the letter of the princess to the queen; but praised her majesty so very warmly, as to induce some disgust in her sister, on account of his partiality. The princess, who gives this narrative in her letters to her dear lady Marlborough, adds this extraordinary conclusion to her narrative: "I told the bishop of Worcester that you had several times desired you might go from me; but I beg again, for Christ Jesus' sake, that you would never more name it to me. For, be assured, if you should ever do so cruel a thing as to leave me—and should you do it without my consent (which if I ever give you, may I never see the face of Heaven)—I will shut myself up, and never see the world more, but live where I may be forgotten by human kind." It is difficult to credit that this rant was written by a royal matron, who was considered under the guidance of religious principles, and was married to a prince, to whom she was much attached, and was deemed a model of the conjugal virtues.

The princess Anne finally prevailed on bishop Stillingfleet to deliver the letter she had prepared to the queen:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.

"Sion, the 20th of May, (1692.)

"I have now, God be thanked, recovered my strength well enough to go abroad. And though my duty and inclination would both lead me to wait upon your majesty as soon as I am able to do it, yet I have, of late, had the misfortune of being so much under your majesty's displeasure, as to apprehend there may be hard constructions made upon anything I either do, or not do, with the most respectful intentions.

"And I am in doubt whether the same arguments that have prevailed with your majesty to forbid people from showing their usual respects to me, may not be carried so much farther, as not to permit me to pay my duty to you.

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 74—76.

That I acknowledge would be a great increase of affliction to me, and nothing but your majesty's own command shall ever willingly make me submit to it. For, whatever reason I may think in my own mind I have to complain of being hardly used, *yet I will strive to hide it as much as possible.*"[1]

This last sentence is disgusting in its falsehood, because the princess had, according to her voluntary avowal, deliberately devised the whole plan of writing and sending the letter by the bishop, with the intention of making her wrongs as publicly notorious as possible.

The bishop of Worcester, if we may trust the account of the princess Anne, returned to her not a little scandalized at the reception which the queen had given to her sister's letter. The princess seems to have had no other end than to elicit some harsh answer, and to let her sister be aware that she had been apprised of her command, to forbid any of the nobility to pay her their usual visits at Sion. The princess had added, at the conclusion of her letter, "That she would not pretend to reside at the Cockpit, unless her majesty would make it *easy* to her." This was meant as a leading question, to ascertain whether, if she returned to that isolated fragment of Whitehall, the queen would wink at the presence there of lady Marlborough? The reply which her majesty sent to the princess Anne, by the bishop of Worcester, was couched in these words:—

QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE.

"I have received yours by the bishop of Worcester, and have little to say to it, since you cannot but know that as I never use compliments, so now they cannot serve. 'Tis none of my fault that we live at this distance, and I have endeavoured to show my willingness to do otherwise. And I will do no more.

"Don't give yourself any unnecessary trouble,[2] for be assured 'tis not words can make us live together as we ought—you know what I required of you. And now I tell you, if you doubted it before, that I cannot change my mind, but expect to be complied with,[3] or you must not wonder that I doubt of your

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[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 76; the letter ends with a formula of great devotion to the queen.

[2] By coming to court, where the queen did not mean to receive her.

[3] By the dismissal of lady Marlborough.

kindness. You can give me no other marks that will satisfy me; nor can I put any other construction upon your actions than what all the world must do that sees them. These things do not hinder me from being very glad to hear that you are well, and wishing that you may continue so, and that you may yet, while it is in your power, oblige me to be your affectionate sister,

"MARIE R."

The princess Anne gathered from this answer, that her sister was inflexible regarding the expulsion of the Marlboroughs from the precincts of Whitehall—a circumstance which decided the question of her future residence. She was at that time in treaty for a lease of the princely mansion, built by John, lord Berkeley; and after the reception of the royal epistle, she hastened to conclude the business, and settle her household there.[1] The princess did not wholly forsake the Cockpit; she retained her possession of that establishment, and used it as cantonments for those of her servants who were not offensive to the government.

The plans and politics of Anne are unveiled, by her own hand, in the letter she wrote to her confidante, when the answer of the queen settled these arrangements. It is a letter which thoroughly displays her disposition, written about two days after that to the queen, dated May 20th:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE LADY MARLBOROUGH (UNDER THE DESIGNATION OF MRS. FREEMAN.)

"May 22, [1692,] Sion House.

"I am very sensibly touched with the misfortune that my dear Mrs. Freeman has in losing her son, knowing very well what it is to lose a child,[2] but she knowing my heart so well, and how great a share I bear in all her concerns, I will not say any more on this subject, for fear of renewing her passion too much.

"Being now at liberty to go where I please, by the queen's refusing to see me, I am mightily inclined to go to-morrow, after dinner, to the Cockpit, and from thence, privately, in a chair to see you. Sometime next week I believe

[1] The princess Anne's residence at Berkeley House is usually stated to have taken place in 1690 to 1691; but her letter herewith marks the precise time of her concluding the agreement.

[2] Alluding to the death of lady Marlborough's first-born son, an infant.

it will be time for me to go to London, to make an end of that business of Berkeley House." [1]

In shameless contradiction of her voluntary assertion to the queen, that although she thought herself ill used, she would hide it as much as possible, occur the following passages:—

"The bishop (of Worcester) brought me the queen's letter early this morning, and by that letter he said, he did not seem so well satisfied with her as he was yesterday. *He has promised to bear me witness that I have made all the advances that were reasonable.* And I confess I think *the more it is told about* that I would have waited on the queen, but that she refused seeing me, *it is the better, and therefore I will not scruple saying it to anybody when it comes in my way.*"

"There were some in the family, [*the household of the princess,*] as soon as the news came this morning of our fleet beating the French, that advised the prince (George of Denmark) to go in the afternoon to compliment the queen. And another [*of her household*] asked me 'if I would not send her one?' but we neither of us thought there was any necessity of it then, and much less since I received this arbitrary letter. *I don't send you the original,* for fear an accident may happen to the bearer, for I love to keep such letters by me for my justification. Sure never any body was so used by a sister! but I thank God I have nothing to reproach myself withal in this business; but the more I think of all that has passed, the better I am satisfied. And if I had done otherwise, I should have deserved to have been

[1] This marks the time, exactly, of the commencement of Anne's residence at Berkeley House. She went direct, in February, to Sion, and from thence to Bath, and passed the winter of 1692-3 at Berkeley House, which was her town-house till the death of her sister. It was (as is evident from the MS. letters in the possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire) situated on the site of the present Devonshire House. The noble old trees which are plentiful in that neighbourhood, are relics of the grounds of the princess Anne.

the scorn of the world, and to be trampled upon as much as my enemies would have me."

"Dear Mrs. Freeman," concludes this remarkable missive, "farewell; I hope in Christ you will never think more of leaving me, for I would be sacrificed to do you the least service, and nothing but death can ever make me part with you. For, if it be possible, I am, every day, more and more yours.

"P.S.—I hope your lord is well. It was Mr. Maul and lady Fitzharding that advised the prince and me to make our compliments to the queen."

It is evident that this letter contained a copy of the queen's letter to the princess Anne; and the spirit of the whole communication prompted lady Marlborough, nothing loth, to make it as public as possible, in which the princess justified herself by producing the original. Such intrigues added greatly to the dangers by which queen Mary was beset at this difficult period of her government—dangers which can only be appreciated by a knowledge of the falseness of too many who were, perforce, trusted by her with important offices. The naval victory, alluded to by the princess Anne in her letter to lady Marlborough, on which the faction in her household advised her to send the queen "a compliment," was the celebrated one of La Hogue, where the English navy regained some of the credit they had lost since the Revolution.

It was a victory gained almost against the will of the commanders, Russell and Carter, by the tenacious valour of the seamen they commanded. The correspondence of admiral Russell with James II. has been matter of history for nearly a century. Queen Mary knew it well; but she, moreover, was aware that most of the superior officers in the fleet were positively resolved not to strike a blow against her father, their old master, who was then at La Hogue, waiting the result of the mighty preparations that France had made in his behalf.

Queen Mary met the danger with the high spirit arising from her indomitable courage and great abilities. She sent to the officers of the fleet, "that much had been told her of their disaffection, and she had been strenuously advised to take their commissions from them; but, for her part, she was resolved to rely on their honour; she felt convinced that they would not at once betray her, a helpless woman, and the glory of their country, at the same time. She trusted the interests of both implicitly in their hands." If king William had been governing England at the time, the protestant cause had been lost; but the reins of sovereignty being held by a queen, whose manners were soft and popular, created a strong sympathy among all classes. What the queen felt, meantime, may be guessed by those who have read her correspondence of the year 1690, where she analyzes pathetically her system of enclosing hermetically the agonies of her suspense in the recesses of her own heart.

Admiral Russell had promised James II. to avoid fighting, if he could do so without loss of the honour of the British navy. If Tourville, he said, would be content to slip out of port in a dark night, and pass him, he would not keep too sedulous a look out for him, especially if he had king James on board; but if he came out of port in open day, and defied him, then an action must take place, and with the eyes of Europe on them, the fight would be in earnest. King James was far from thinking this arrangement unreasonable, and the same was signified to Tourville, the French admiral, who thought more of his own personal glory than the interest of James II. He refused to pass in the manner Russell indicated, although he might have done so without the least imputation on his valour, since the united English and Dutch fleets were so much superior to him in force, that his hope of victory must have been mere desperation. He came out of port in bravado, on the 16th of May, in his flagship, and a battle ensued. When once engaged, admiral Russell and his coadjutor, Carter, (who was a Jacobite,

without concealment,) did their duty to their country. Carter was killed by some French bullet, not aware of his affection to his old master.

There is a noble historical ballad, one of the naval songs of England, which illustrates the battle of La Hogue in fewer and more impressive words than any other pen can do:—

THE VICTORY OF LA HOGUE.

" Thursday, in the morn, the ides of May,
(Recorded for ever be the famous ninety-two)
Brave Russell did discern by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing slow;
" All hands above—aloft!"—let English valour shine;
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line!
Let every hand attend his gun,
Follow me, you soon will see,
A battle soon begun.

" Tourville on the main triumphant rolled,
To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself's on fire.
Mighty Fate stood looking on,
While a flood,
All of blood,
Filled the scuppers of the Royal Sun.[1]

" Sulphur, smoke and fire filled the air,
And with their thunders scared the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lily banners streaming now no more.
At six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow,
The final overthrow!
British colours ride the vanquished main.

" See! they fly amazed through rocks and sands,
On danger they rush to shun direr fate;
Vainly they seek for aid their native land,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.

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[1] Tourville's flag-ship was La Soleil Royale.

For evermore, adieu, thou royal dazzling Sun!
From thy untimely end, thy master's fate begun.
Now we sing,
Live the king,
And drink success to every British tar."

This victory was decisive against the Jacobite cause. No formidable effort, from that time, was made for James II. Many of his most ardent friends, (among others, the celebrated dean Sherlock,) out of a sense of duty to their country, took the oaths to William and Mary.

When the English fleet arrived at Spithead, without the loss of a single ship, queen Mary promptly sent 30,000*l.* in gold, to be distributed among the common sailors, and sent gold medals to be given to the officers. There is a tradition, that, after the victory of La Hogue, the unfinished shell of the new palace of Greenwich was ordered by queen Mary to be prepared for the reception of the wounded seamen; and that, from this circumstance, the idea first originated in her mind of the conversion of this neglected building into an hospital, similar in plan to her uncle's foundation at Chelsea for veteran soldiers.

The vigour and ability of queen Mary's government, at the period of difficulty preceding the battle of La Hogue, became themes of commendation of all the poets of her party. Among the verses to her honour, those of Pomfret are really the best:—

"When her great lord to foreign wars is gone,
And left his Mary here to reign alone;
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
When storms arose did she the vessel steer;
And when the raging of the waves did cease,
How gentle was her sway in times of peace;
How good she was, how generous, how wise,
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes."

Vandervaart's pencil[1] proves the great difference a few

[1] Several fine engravings in the mezzotinto style, from the original portrait of Mary, at this period, may be seen in the British Museum, in the collection

years, accompanied by increase of *embonpoint*, can make in the person of a female. Mary II. appeared in 1692, according to the engraving, as represented in the portrait which forms our frontispiece; all angles are filled up in this delineation of the royal matron; her cheeks, which present anything but roundness of contour in her elegant portrait painted by Wissing for her father, when she was princess of Orange,[1] are now comely, and she appears on the verge of that decided obesity which is presented in her portraits and medals about the period of her demise.

The architecture to the right of the queen marks both the date of the present portrait, and the place where her majesty is represented to be seated. The round windows are the entresols of the interior of the Fountain-Court, Hampton-palace, and thus they are seen from the Chapel-Royal there. The queen is represented at morning service in the royal gallery, probably listening to some favourite preacher. She is sitting half enveloped in the velvet curtain of the royal closet; part of the curtain, with the heavy gold fringe, is flung over the front of the gallery on which her elbow leans. Her hand is supported by the large Spanish fan, closed, which ladies used when walking, instead of a parasol, until the end of the eighteenth century.

The queen's singular habiliments give a correct idea of the morning dress which ladies in England wore from 1687 to 1707, and certainly is not inaptly described in the Spectator as head-clothes; it superseded the use of bonnet or hat, and seems a Dutch modification of the ever-elegant Spanish mantilla-veils. It is a coronet head-dress of three tiers made of guipure point, piled on the top of the hair, which is combed up from the roots, and set on end, excepting some curls ranked as top-locks, serving as basement to the lace structure.

of English portraits, vol. xi. p. 127. *Maria D. G. Anglicæ Scoticæ et Hiberniæ regina*, &c. *Vandervaar pinxit, J. Smith, fecit. Sold by E. Cooper. Three Pigeons, in Bedford-street.* Another, same plate, in Crowles' London, vol. xi.

[1] See frontispiece, vol. x.

Broad and full lappets border the cheeks on each side, and fall as low as the elbows, and are ornamented with bows of striped ribbon. Probably these lappets, or side veils, drew over the face to shade off the sun. The brocade robe is stiff-bodied, and very hard and high; the sleeves are narrow at the shoulders, where they fasten with bows of ribbon; they widen as they descend, and turn up with cuffs from the elbows, to show the sleeves of the chemise, which sustain rich ruffles of guipure-point, meeting stiff long gloves of leather, which mount too high to permit any portion of the arm to be visible. The bosom is shaded by the chemise, the tucker heavily trimmed with guipure. A large magnificent cluster of diamonds on the chest, and a throat-necklace of enormous pearls, are the only jewels worn with this costume.

The queen must have been constant to this style of dress, since one of her Dutch portraits, on which is marked the year 1688, presents her precisely in the same attire; it is a fine work of art, of the Flemish school, in the possession of lord Braybroke, and was exhibited a year or two since at the British institution. The queen is represented sitting in a doleful-looking parlour, by a table with a green cloth, calling strongly to mind the small and dark parlour she was forced to dine in, after she had resigned her dining-room at the Hague, to serve for her chapel.

At the awful crisis of the battle of the Hogue, Mary II. was but thirty years of age; her height, her fully-formed and magnificent figure, and, as her poet sings, "the brightness of her eyes," were singularly becoming to her royal costume. In the absence of her cynical partner, she took care to derive all possible advantages from frequently appearing in the grandeur of majesty, and kept the enthusiasm of the London citizens at its height, by receiving their congratulatory addresses in her royal robes, and on her throne in the fatal Banqueting-room, and by often reviewing their trained-bands and artillery-companies in person, which

civic militia was considered, in that century, formidable as a military body. Nevertheless, there were dark traits mixed with her government; the fate of Anderton, the supposed printer of some tracts in favour of the queen's father, is cited as an instance of open tyranny, unexampled since the times of Henry VIII.[1] The printer was brought to trial during the queen's regency of 1693. He made a vigorous defence, in spite of being brow-beat by the insults of judge Treby from the bench. There was no real evidence against him, nothing but deductions, and the jury refused to bring in a verdict of high treason. They were, however, reviled and reprimanded by judge Treby, till they brought in Anderton guilty, most reluctantly. The mercy of queen Mary was invoked in this case; but she was perfectly inexorable, and he suffered death at Tyburn, under her warrant, the man protesting solemnly against the proceedings of the court. "The judge," he declared, "was appointed by the queen, not to try, but to convict him;" he likewise forgave his jury, who expressed themselves penitent for his death. If these circumstances be as the historian has represented,[2] England, after the revolution, had small cause to congratulate herself on her restored liberties, and juries were composed of more pliant materials than in the case of sir Nicholas Throckmorton. William and Mary, who had reversed the sentence of Algernon Sidney, and signed the Bill of Rights, were not remarkably consistent. Perhaps they meant to limit liberty merely to the members of the house of commons, and the responsible representatives of large masses of money and land.

John Dunton, a fanatic bookseller, who wrote a journal, thus comments on his publication of the History of the Edict of Nantes. "It was a wonderful pleasure to queen Mary," observes Dunton,[3] "to see this history made Eng-

[1] Smollett's History of England, vol. ix. p. 209. [2] Smollett.

[3] Dunton's Autobiography, p. 153. John Dunton opened his shop at the sign of the Raven in the Poultry, the day of the proclamation of William

lish; it was the only book to which she granted her royal licence, in 1693." Whether John Dunton means leave of dedication, or whether the liberty of the press was under such stringent restrictions as his words imply, is not entirely certain; but the doleful fate of Anderton gives authenticity to the latter opinion.

The historical medals of the reign of William III. and Mary are a most extraordinary series, many of them, quaint, absurd, and boastful, seem as if meant to out-do the vain-glorious inscriptions of Louis XIV. A medal, which was struck in Holland, in commemoration of the events of this year, is unique in artistical productions; for no other potentate, either Christian or pagan, ever thus commemorated a scene of torture. "It is," says the obsequious historian,[1] "the more remarkable, as the ancients never represented such subjects on their medals." It represents the horrible death of Grandval, who was accused and convicted of conspiring to kill William III., and executed in Flanders, at the English camp, according to the English law of treason.[2] This tender testimonial was plentifully distributed in Great Britain, under Mary's government, and is to be seen in bronze still, in old family cabinets. It presents William in wig and laurel on one side of the medal; the reverse is ornamented with the executioner standing over the half-animated corpse of Grandval, knife in hand—fires burn at the head and feet of the victim, in one of which his heart is to be consumed; the front of the scaffold is adorned with the inscription of the crime; on the right side are three stakes —on one is the head, on the two others the fore-quarters of the miserable wretch; the other side is adorned with the

and Mary. He soon after published the Secret History of Whitehall, the blackest libel on the family of his royal patroness that had yet appeared; it was concocted by one Wooley, a hack-writer, and John Dunton himself.

[1] Medallic History of the four last reigns—William, Mary, Anne, and George—with prints of the medals, p. 23, plate 14.

[2] Toone's Chronology.

gallows and the other quarters. August 13, 1692—the day of the butchery—is beneath. Detestable as these executions might be, they were legal; the monarchs reigning in England were justified in permitting them; but to celebrate them in such commemorations is unexampled, and infinitely disgraced the epoch. Medals in those days must have taken the place of political caricatures; in these of William and Mary, every kind of grotesque absurdity is represented as befalling their adversaries. Several medals were struck on the escape of William from the fog off Goree: he is seen in the boat, in his wig and armour, pointing to two Gothic towers which seem to command the port of Goree.

Towards the end of Mary's life, she is represented in these medals as enormously fat, with two or three ponderous chins; in general, the reverses represent her in the character of a lioness, crushing serpents, or valiantly aiding her husband, king William, who, in the semblance of a lion, is catching and mauling, not only the Gallic cock, but several hens, making their feathers fly about very absurdly. A droller series of caricatures on themselves were never perpetrated than this series of medals illustrative of the regnal history of William and Mary.

Meantime, we must return to the penitential letter, written by Anne to her father, which, although dated in the preceding December, had been travelling by circuitous routes several months before the bearer reached James II. in Normandy. At the town of La Hogue, not far from the ancient port of Barfleur, James II. had encamped with the army, which the ships of Tourville had been intended to convey to England. The king had expressed, in his journal, great distrust of the affected repentance of his daughter Anne, and her advisers. He observed, "Former treachery made such intentions liable to suspicion; yet Marlborough put so plausible a face upon his reasons, that if they were not accompanied by sincerity, they had, at least, a specious

appearance. They had this reason, above all others, to be credited; they were out of favour with the prince of Orange, [William III.] and reaped no other benefit from their past infidelities than the infamy of having committed them. The most interested person's repentance may be credited, when they can hope to mend their future, by repairing their fault, and better their condition by returning to their duty."[1] Such were the very natural reflections of the outraged father when he received the intimation of the repentance of his daughter Anne, and of her favourites, the Marlboroughs. Captain Davy Lloyd, the old sea-comrade of James II., who had been entrusted with the penitential letter of Anne, brought it to him the day after the battle of the Hogue. Notwithstanding the cool shrewdness of the above remarks, the old king's parental tenderness yearned when he read the letter of his favourite child. As Captain Lloyd left the presence, king James observed to some friend who stood by him, "That his daughter Anne was surely better than her sister Mary." Captain Lloyd, over-hearing this remark, re-opened the door he had closed, put in his head, and, with a rough seaman's oath and rude canine comparison, let his master know his opinion, that both were alike in principle.[2]

Captain Davy Lloyd was an intimate friend of admiral Russell. He had had several secret interviews with that admiral—and some say with princess Anne herself—on Jacobite affairs before he brought the letter to her father. A few words which the princess let fall, regarding her own selfish interests, probably occasioned his well-known burst of indignation when he heard her father mention her with fondness. When impartially considered, the conduct of Anne was far less excusable than that of her sister, queen Mary; nor is her guilt against her country to be palliated.

If the princess had had any real conviction of the religious principles she professed, she would have endured

[1] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clarke.
[2] Bibl. Birch, 4163, folio 44.

far severer mortifications than any William and Mary had the power to inflict on her, before she would have disturbed the settlement whereby a reformed church was secured the predominance in England. Supposing James II. had been restored in 1692, there would have been far more danger from the encroachments of Rome than before the Revolution took place. Anne therefore remains convicted of betraying not only her king and father, but the monarch of the Revolution, whom she had helped to raise. As her father was still more devoted to the church of Rome in 1691 and 1692 than in 1688, base self-interest or revengeful pique must have been the ruling motives of her communication with him.

From some unknown caprice, admiral Russell refused a title with which queen Mary was desirous of investing him. Her majesty had recourse to the intercession of his venerated relative, Rachel, lady Russell; the following fragment of the royal correspondence on this subject has been preserved:

"I confess myself lazy enough in writing, yet that has not hindered me from answering lady Russell's letter, but staying for Mr. Russell's own answer to which you referred me. I have seen him this day, and find he is resolved to be Mr. Russell still. I could not press him further on a thing he seemed so little to care for, so there is an end of that matter. Whether the king will think I have done enough on that matter or no, I cannot tell, but is not in my nature to compliment, which always makes me take people at their words."[1]

When queen Mary had surmounted the most formidable of the difficulties which beset her regnal sway in the eventful summer of 1692, she had once more leisure to descend from the greatness of the firm and courageous monarch to the pettiness of the spiteful partisan, and to devise new annoyances for the mortification of her sister.

According to the narrative of lady Marlborough, it was

[1] Bibl. Birch, 4163, folio 44.

the earnest endeavour of queen Mary to prevent the nobility from paying the princess Anne the accustomed visit of ceremonial on her convalescence when she left her lying-in chamber. For this purpose, the queen intimated to all her courtiers, both lords and ladies, that those who went to Sion House would not be received at court. The queen (if the Marlboroughs may be believed) herself condescended to intimate this resolution to lady Grace Pierrepoint,[1] who replied, "That she considered that she owed a certain degree of respect to the princess, and if her majesty declined receiving her for paying it, she must submit to her pleasure and stay away from court." Lady Thanet was not so high spirited, but she sent her excuse in writing to the princess, lamenting the prohibition of her majesty. To this letter the following answer was returned:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE DOWAGER LADY THANET.[2]

"It is no small addition to my unhappiness in the queen's displeasure, that I am deprived by it of the satisfaction of seeing my friends, especially such as seem desirous to see me, and to find by those late commands, which her majesty has given you, that her unkindness is to have no end. The only comfort I have in these great hardships is to think how little I have deserved them from the queen. And that thought I hope will help me to support them with less impatience.

"I am the less surprised at the strictness of the queen's command to you upon this occasion, since I have found she can be so very unkind to, &c.,

"ANNE."

The princess, when her health permitted the journey, left Sion House, and went, for the restoration of her shattered constitution, to try the waters of Bath. Thither the indefatigable ill-nature of the queen pursued her. The mortifications were but trifling which her majesty had the power to inflict, yet she did her worst, and condescended to order such letters as the following to be written to the mayor of Bath, a tallow-chandler by trade, to prevent the respect that his corporation thought due to the heiress-presumptive of the crown:—

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 96. [2] Ibid. p. 96.

LORD NOTTINGHAM, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, TO THE MAYOR OF BATH.[1]

"Sir,

"The queen has been informed that yourself and your brethren have attended the princess with the same respect and ceremony, as have been usually paid to the royal family. Perhaps you may not have heard what occasion her majesty has had to be displeased with the princess. And, therefore I am commanded to acquaint you, that you are not for the future to pay her highness any respect or ceremony without leave from her majesty, who does not doubt of receiving from you and your brethren this public mark of your duty.

"Your most humble servant,

"NOTTINGHAM."

This undignified mandate was duly obeyed by the mayor of Bath, and his brethren the aldermen. The effect of the loss of such honours as a corporation could bestow is told in an affectionate note which the princess wrote to her favourite, after they came out of the abbey-church. From it may be learned, that lady Marlborough was more startled and disturbed at the loss of the corporation-homage than her mistress.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH[2] [UNDER THE NAMES OF MORLEY AND FREEMAN.]

"Dear Mrs. Freeman must give me leave to ask her, if anything has happened to make her uneasy? I thought she looked, to-night, as if she had the spleen, and I can't help being in pain whenever I see her so. I fancied, yesterday, when the mayor failed in the ceremony of going to church with me, that he was commanded not to do it. I think 'tis a thing to be laughed at. And if *they* imagine either to vex me or gain upon me by such sort of usage, *they* will be mightily disappointed. And I hope these foolish things *they* do will every day show more and more what *they* are, and that *they* truly deserve the *name* your faithful Morley has given them."

The pronoun *they*, perhaps, pertains to the sovereigns William and Mary; as for the name the princess had given them, there is no further information afforded. The names of "Caliban" and "monster" were appellations the princess very liberally bestowed on her brother-in-law, king William, at this juncture, but in neither of these, nor in others not quite so refined, could his royal partner claim her share. The princess Anne was an adept in the odious custom of giving

[1] Conduct, by the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 98. [2] Ibid. p. 99.

nick-names—a proceeding to which only the vulgarest minds condescend. Before the Marlborough published her letters, she expunged the abusive epithets found in them, which were meant to designate king William. The blanks, however, remain in the printed copies; these serve as guides for the insertion of the terms of abuse she bestowed on her brother-in-law.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH[1] [UNDER THE NAMES OF MORLEY AND FREEMAN.]

"I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman got home, and now I have this opportunity of writing, she must give me leave to tell her, that if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley, she will rob her of all the joy and quiet of her life, for if that day should come, I could never enjoy a happy minute, and I swear to you I would shut myself up and never see a creature. You may see all this would have come upon me if you had not been, [*i. e. never existed.*] If you do but remember what the queen said to me the night before your lord was turned out of all, when she began to pick quarrels.

"And if they [*i. e., king William and queen Mary,*] should take off twenty or thirty thousand pounds (per annum) have I not lived on as little before? When I was first married we had but twenty (it is true *the king*[2] was so kind as to pay my debts,) and if it should come to that again, what retrenchment is there in my family I would not willingly make, and be glad of that pretence to do it?

"Never fancy, dear Mrs. Freeman, if what you fear should happen, that you are the occasion; no, I am very well satisfied, and so is the prince too, it would have been so, however, for *Caliban* is capable of doing nothing but injustice, therefore, rest satisfied you are no ways the cause; and let me beg once more, for God's sake, that you would never mention parting more. No, nor so much as think of it; and if you should ever leave me, be assured it would break your faithful Mrs. Morley's heart.

"P.S.—I hope my dear Mrs. Freeman will come as soon as she can this afternoon, that we may have as much time together as we can. I doubt you will think me very unreasonable, but I really long to see you again, as if I had not been so happy this month."

This letter, and the succeeding one of the same series, are totally without dates; they were, perhaps, written just after the princess returned from Bath, and settled herself in

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 99. The square brackets contain the explanations by the author, the round ones are the parentheses of the princess.

[2] This was her father, James II.; it is confirmatory of some preceding anecdotes.

Berkeley House. At which time the imprisonment of lord Marlborough in the Tower, and subsequently his release on bail, caused considerable absences of his lady from the side of her adoring princess, because, to use the phrase so often occurring in Burnet's historical narratives, "'twas scarce *decent*" that a person under bail for treason should reside in the family of the heiress-presumptive of the British crown.

The queen kept lord Marlborough as long as possible, either incarcerated in the Tower, or under the restraint of bail. It was Michaelmas term before his bail were exonerated; afterwards, he took up his abode in the household of the princess Anne. A new struggle then commenced, regarding the residence of this obnoxious pair in the household of the heiress. In this, a party against them in the princess's establishment at Berkeley House took ardent interest. Lord Rochester, the uncle of the royal sisters, again went and came from the queen, with proposals respecting their dismissal; Mr. Maule, the bed-chamber gentleman of prince George, undertook to sway his master, and sir Benjamin Bathurst and lady Fitz-harding the princess. Lord Rochester hinted to his niece, that if she would dismiss lady Marlborough, in order to show a semblance of obedience to the queen, her majesty would permit her to receive her again into her service. The princess seems to have caught at this compromise, for she sent lady Fitzharding to her sister, to know if she had rightly understood their uncle's words; for, if there was no mistake, she would give her majesty "satisfaction of that sort." This compliance was so far from giving queen Mary satisfaction of any kind, that she fell into a great passion, and declared to lady Fitzharding, "that she would never see the princess again upon other terms than parting with lady Marlborough—not for a time, but for ever." And Mary added, with imperious voice and gesture—"She was a queen, and would be obeyed;" this

sentence, according to lady Fitzharding's testimony, her majesty repeated several times with increasing harshness.[1]

Lady Marlborough again proposed retiring of her own accord, which proposition, as she well knew, would draw from her fond mistress an agonizing appeal by letter not to forsake her, in which entreaty the compliant prince George joined.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH [BY THE NAMES OF MORLEY AND FREEMAN.][2]

"In *obedience* to dear Mrs. Freeman, I have told the prince all she desired me, and he is so far from being of another opinion, that if there had been occasion, he would have strengthened me in my resolutions, and we both beg you will never mention so cruel a thing any more."

"Can you think," continues the princess, "either of us so wretched, that for the sake of 20,000*l.*, and to be tormented from morning to night with knaves and fools, we should forsake those we have such obligations to, and that we are so certain we are the occasion of all their misfortunes? Besides, can you believe we will truckle to *Caliban*, who, from the first moment of his coming, has used us at that rate as we are sensible he has done.

"But suppose that I did submit, and that the king could change his nature so much as to use me with humanity, how would all reasonable people despise me? How would that *Dutch monster* laugh at me, and please himself with having got the better? And, which is much more, how would my conscience reproach me for having sacrificed it, my honour, reputation, and all the substantial comforts of this life, for transitory interest, which, even to those who make it their interest, can never afford any real satisfaction to a virtuous mind."[3]

It is sickening to find Anne and her accomplices talking of virtue to one another, each knowing that they were

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 100. [2] Ibid., 84.

[3] Blanks are left in the printed copy for the epithets of Caliban and Dutch monster, which are restored from the Coxe MSS., Brit. Mus.

betraying their country from private pique and self-interest, just as they had previously betrayed a father and benefactor. She proceeds, after this burst of undeserved self-praise—

"No, my dear Mrs. Freeman; never believe your faithful Mrs. Morley will ever submit. She can wait with patience for a sun-shine day, and if she does not live to see it, yet she hopes England will flourish again."

Namely, when her young son, the duke of Gloucester, had arrived at man's estate—"a sunshine-day" neither he nor his mother were ever to behold. Meantime, the young duke lived at his nursery palace of Campden House, from whence he was frequently taken to wait upon her majesty, who made a marked difference between her treatment of this child and of his parents.

If our readers wish to form any idea of the features of the metropolis, and its manners and customs under the sway of Mary II., in like manner as they have been shown under our Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor sovereigns, vain would be the search among the folios which it has pleased the policy of modern writers to call *history*: in truth, filled up, as they are, with dry details of foreign battles, and the mere outward movements of cabinet diplomacy, such narrative is the history of any country rather than our own. There were, however, writers who traced with horrible exactitude popular manners at the close of the seventeenth century, even as the gentler pen of Addison drew the statistics of society in the latter years of queen Anne. From one of these works are gathered a few memorials of localities in London and Westminster at the close of the seventeenth century.

The author has chosen to sketch a tour through London, beginning with May-fair — not the well-known locale of fashionable celebrity, but an ancient fair held on the site of those streets, which, departing wholly from the useful purposes which caused its foundation, had become as coarsely vicious as the notorious Bartlemy-fair, in Smithfield. The tourist and his friend, to convey them to "the May-fair," took

a hackney coach, a vehicle resembling the modern hired carriages of the kind in nothing but in name. "For want of glasses to our coach," he says,[1] "we drew up tin sashes, pinked with holes like a cullender, to defend us from stifling with the dust."

Among the less reprehensible amusements of the May-fair, the describer of its humours mentions "that a countryman, walking at the outskirts of the fair near the Hayhill-farm (now Farm-street), had picked up a toad in one of the ditches, and seeing a coach full of ladies of quality proceeding to look at the fair, he became much incensed at the sight of the *loup* masks by which they hid their faces, and preserved at once their complexions and their incognito. 'In those black vizards you look as ugly as my toad here,' said the man to them; and so saying, he tossed the creature into the low-hung carriage, a manœuvre which caused the whole party to alight in great consternation for the purpose of expelling their unwelcome inmate, to the infinite delight of the mob of May-fair.

Such parties of the queen's ladies, escorted by her lord-chamberlain and lady Derby, often made excursions from her palace; and it was the custom to bring home very rich fairings, either from the May-fair, or from the July fair, likewise called that of "St. James;" which circumstance is mentioned in a lively letter of lady Cavendish[2] to her lord,[3] descriptive of some such excursion; but it is to the St. James' fair, and seems to have been performed on foot, one of the guards of the fair bevy being a certain sir James, of whose identity no traces appear, (without he is sir James Lowther;) there is some reason to suppose that the queen was of the party.

"I have been but once to the fair; sir James gallanted us thither, and in so generous a humour, that he presented us all with fairings; the queen's fairing cost him twenty

[1] Ward's London. [2] Daughter of Rachel, lady Russell.

[3] Devonshire Papers, copied by permission of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

guineas. None of us but Mrs. Allington, had the grace to give him a fairing. On our return, we met my lord-chamberlain, lord Nottingham, in the cloisters of St. James' palace; he addressed himself extremely to the afore-named lady [Jane Allington], and never left her all the time we staid there; which, indeed, was not long, for our two *governantes*, lady Derby and sir James, were impatient to be gone, so I had not time to chuse a fairing."[1]

St. James's Palace is described by the author quoted above,[2] as being entered "through a lofty porch into the first court, where a parcel of country-boobies were gazing at the whale's ribs with great amazement." Thus it appears that the naval kings of England had ornamented the gates of their home palace with this maritime trophy. Then, after describing the beauties of the palace, and promenading in the Bird-cage walk, he went to take a turn on the parade, "which is," he says, "in a morning quite covered with the bones of red herrings! From thence we walked to the canal, where ducks were frisking in the water and standing on their heads, showing as many tricks as a Bartholomew tumbler. I said to my friend, 'Her majesty's ducks are wondrous merry.'" Queen Mary was thus considered as the heiress of the pet ducks of her uncle, Charles II., as well as of his crown.

"We then took a view of the famed figure of the gladiator, which is indeed well worthy of the place it stands in. Behind this figure, at the foot of the pedestal, we sat down to see the aqueduct and watch its inhabitants, the ducks, who delighted us with their pastimes. Thence we walked by the decoy, where meandering waters glided smoothly beneath their osier-canopies. We turned from

[1] This letter has no date of year or day, but it is in answer to one from her lord, directed to her at Arlington House, (since Buckingham House,) dated July, 1692, in which he begs her to buy him a fairing. July 25th is St. James's day, when the fair commenced.

[2] Ward's London.

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thence into a long lime-walk; at the termination of this delectable alley was a knot of lofty elms by a pond side, round which were commodious seats. Here a parcel of old cavaliers were conning over the history of the civil wars, and perhaps comparing the two revolutions."

In the course of their walk, they pass Westminster Abbey; the remarks prove that it was in a state of the most dreadful desolation, and that it was crowded with "the poor of St. Margaret's parish, begging, in the time of divine service." That is, the pauper population of the fearful haunts of misery and vice in the purlieus of the streets round the abbey, came to hold out their hands for the offertory given by the abbey-congregation, a proof that all organization of proper distribution was even then broken up.

"We crossed the palace-yard, on the east end of which lay the reliques of Westminster clock-house,[1] in a confused heap; from thence we moved on to the tennis-court of Whitehall Palace, fenced round with network." This the author affected to consider "as a net set up to catch Jacobites;" therefore it may be presumed it was one of their haunts. "We passed the tennis-court and went forwards to Whitehall, whose ruins we viewed with no little concern, as consumed by flames near so much water; and all that artists, at the cost of our greatest kings, had improved to delight and stateliness, remains dissolved in rubbish; those spacious rooms where majesty has sat so oft, attended with the glories of the court—the just, the wise, the beautiful—now huddled in confusion, as if the misfortunes of princes were visited on their palaces as well as persons. Through several out-courts we came to Scotland-yard, covered with recumbent soldiers, who were basking in the sun." They went by water from Whitehall-stairs to the city. "When we came upon Tower-hill, the first object that more particularly affected us was that emblem of

[1] The Clock House had been demolished by the Roundhead mob forty years before, as popish, at the time they demolished Charing Cross.

destruction, the scaffold; next to this *memento mori*, we were struck with the Traitors' Gate, where the fall of the moat-waters, in cataracts on each side, made so terrible a noise, that it is enough to fright a prisoner out of the world before his time of execution. The passage to it is fortified with rusty iron guns." They saw the regalia, "with the crown made for the coronation of her *late* majesty (Mary Beatrice of Modena), and three crowns worn by her present majesty, Mary II., with distinct robes for several occasions."

No comments are made upon the state of the arts by this writer; in times of war, even if monarchs have taste to reward them, they are usually destitute of funds. The frightful costume of periwigs, in which the masculine portion of the human race were at this period enveloped, from the age of three years to their graves, greatly injured the pictorial representation of the human form; portrait and historical painting then commenced the dull decline which subsisted from Kneller to Hogarth. Some few artists obtained reputation as painters of animals and flowers; these were all Flemings or Dutchmen. Queen Mary patronised the celebrated flower-artist, John Baptist Monnoyer,[1] who was brought to England by the duke of Montague, to decorate the walls and ceilings of Montague House with the beautiful wreaths of flowers that have been the admiration of succeeding generations.[2] His most curious work is said to be a looking-glass at Kensington Palace, which queen Mary employed him to decorate for her. She watched the progress of this beautiful representation of still-life with the greatest interest. Tradition says it was wholly painted in her presence. In all probability, the exquisite flower-pieces at Hampton Court were painted by Monnoyer for his royal patroness.

Some of queen Mary's subjects were desirous that she should turn her attention to the reformation of female dress.

[1] Biography of Monnoyer. Grainger.
[2] The British Museum.

In her zeal for moral improvement, she had talked of a sumptuary-law she designed for the purpose of suppressing the height of cornette caps, the growth of top-knots, and above all, the undue exaltation of the Fontange, a streaming ribbon, floating from the summit of the high head-dresses first introduced by the young duchess de Fontange, the lovely mistress of Louis XIV. These were the favourite fashions of the times; and queen Mary's contemporary affirms, that her majesty was infinitely scandalized "that the proud minxes of the city" and the lower ranks should wear such modes. Nevertheless, two pictures of her majesty, as well as her wax effigy in Westminster Abbey, are decorated with the obnoxious Fontange. The costume she projected for her female subjects, (if the periodicals of her day be correct,)[1] was the high-crowned hat in which the Dutch *frows* and *boorines* are seen in the pictures of Teniers and Ostade. This was really an old English costume; it had become a general fashion in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and was adopted by the fanatics of the Cromwellian era, it lingered among the old people at the end of the seventeenth century. The day was gone by when queens could, with impunity, impose sumptuary laws and fulminate penalties against exaggerated ruffs and unreasonable furbelows, regulate the length of rapiers and shoe-toes, the amplitude of trains, and prescribe the rank of the wearers of cloth, satin, velvet, and gold tissue. It was a laughable mistake, moreover, to impute moral virtue to a queer-shaped hat; and had the queen known anything of the history of the past, she would have been aware that the original introducers of the sanctified steeple-crowns were considered by their contemporaries[2] presumptuous vessels of wrath, and were vituperated as much as the "city minxes," who flaunted in cornettes and top-knots after her gracious example.

[1] London Spy, 1699.

[2] See Bulwer's Artificial Changeling.

From some fragments of correspondence between her majesty and Rachel, lady Russell, it appears that lady was a frequent applicant for places and pensions, but that the queen perpetually referred her to the king, not daring to dispose of anything, even in her own household, without his sanction. The king, there is every reason to believe, followed the bad fashion brought in from France at the restoration, of selling court places.[1] This mode lady Rachel either could not, or would not, understand; queen Mary was too diplomatic to enter into full explanation, and lady Rachel sought other means of making more powerful interest. For this purpose she applied to archbishop Tillotson, whose answer gives some view of the queen at the time of her reign.

"On Sunday morning, August 1, 1692," wrote the archbishop to lady Russell, "I gave yours to the queen, telling her that I was afraid it came too late. She said, '*Perhaps not.*' Yesterday, meeting the queen at a christening, she gave me the inclosed to send to your ladyship, and if I could but obtain of your severe judgment to wink at my vanity, I would tell you how this happened. My lady-marchioness of Winchester being lately delivered of a son, spake to the queen to stand godmother, and the queen asking 'Whom she thought of for godfathers?' she said, 'Only the earl of Bath, and whatever others her majesty might please to name.' They agreed on *me*, which was a great surprise to me, but I doubt not a gracious contrivance of her majesty, to let the world know that I have her countenance and support. If it please God to preserve my good master (William III.) and grant him success, I have nothing to wish in this world but that God would grant children to this excellent prince, and that I *who am said not to be baptized myself*, may have the honour to baptize a

[1] According to Evelyn, king William ordered Marlborough, on his dismissal, to sell his court places directly. It is pretty certain he had never bought them.

prince of Wales. With God, to whose wisdom and goodness we must submit everything, this is not impossible. To his protection and blessing I commend your ladyship and hopeful children. Reading over what I have written, puts me in mind of one who when he was in drink always went and showed himself to his best friends, but your ladyship knows how to forgive a little folly to one so entirely devoted to your service as is, honoured madam,

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"Jo. Cant." [1]

The elation of the archbishop was not with drink, according to his somewhat unclerical jest above quoted, but he had just felt himself in secure possession of the see of Canterbury, and had not yet experienced all the thorns that lined his archiepiscopal mitre. It is a curious circumstance, that, in connexion with this incident, he should name one of the great objections urged against his primacy by the nonjuring church,—that he had never been baptized, at least according to the ritual of the church of England. The fact, remains dubious—for he does not clear the point —since irony is not assertion. The report that Tillotson had never been baptized, gave rise to a bitter Latin epigram,[2] which has thus been paraphrased by some Jacobite:

"Epitaphium Ecclesia Anglicanæ.

"*Hic jacet Ecclesia Anglicana,*
Semi mortua, semi sepulta," &c., &c.

"Here lies the widowed Anglican church
Half buried, half dead, and left in the lurch;
Oh, sick and sorrowful English church!
You weep and wail and sadly search,
To hide from the mocking enemy,
The utter shame of your misery;
Let not Rome know,
The depths of your woe.

[1] Birch's Life of Tillotson, cxxi. Works, vol. i.
[2] Cole's MSS. British Museum.

By fanatics bit, from the land of fogs,
Defiled and choked by a plague of frogs.
Oh, sorrowing, wretched Anglican church!
Speak not of your Head or archbishop;
For that schismatic primate and Hollander king,
Are still in want of christening!"

The truth of this epigram aggravates its sting. The religion of William III.—that of the Dutch dissenters—is utterly bare of all rites. He was never baptized in Holland, and he certainly was not in England. His first compliance with the rites of the church of England, was by communicating at the altar of the chapel at St. James's Palace, in the winter of 1688, while the convention was debating his election to the throne. His hatred to the English church, and his irreverence during divine service, have been recorded by Dr. Hooper, and even by his admirer, Tindal.[1]

The extraordinary burglary which had been committed about eighteen months previously, in that division of the royal dwelling-rooms called the queen's side, at the palace of Whitehall, had probably some connexion with the order of council issued by the queen during her regnal government, in the autumn of 1692. The robbers of royalty were never discovered, neither were the perpetrators of the following sacrilege, which had preceded the daring escalade of the queen's dressing-room.

"Whereas there was a robbery committed in the collegiate church of Westminster, the 30th of December, 1689, two large silver candlesticks, three suits of rich velvets fringed with gold, for the communion table and altar, three damask table-cloths, the covers of the great bible and prayer-book." There is no reward offered for the discovery by the government, but pardon is offered, if within forty days any accomplice declared his instigators.[2]

Queen Mary, on the 13th of September, 1692, issued

[1] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin.

[2] The dean and chapter offered 100*l.* reward. Gazette, 1689, Jan.

that remarkable edict by proclamation, offering "40*l.* per head for the apprehension and conviction of any burglar or highwayman."[1] The queen was singularly unfortunate in all her legislation by proclamation. The above reward, which speedily obtained the portentous appellation of "blood-money," acting in woeful conjunction with her husband's enthusiastic recommendations, "for the better encouragement of distilling spirits from malt,"[2] completed the demoralization of her most miserable people. If a premium be offered for the production of any article, be sure an abundant supply will forthwith ensue, and to the consternation of humanity, this "blood-money" speedily occasioned a terrific number of convictions and executions, while at the same time the evil the queen meant it to suppress, increased at the rate of a hundred per cent.

The most dreadful effects of her mistake in legislation[3] unfortunately continued in active operation for half a century after her death, and how long it would have scourged and deteriorated the English, is unknown, if the powerful pens of Gay, Swift, and Fielding, had not drawn some attention, in the course of years, to the horrid traffic carried on by the thief-takers, their informers, and the gaolers, all acting under the fatal stimulus of blood-money. Thus the evil received some check; yet no one seems to have reasoned

[1] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 93, vol. i.

[2] The MS. Journals of the House of Lords (Library of D. C. Davey, Esq., Grove, Yoxford) repeatedly mention, in the years 1692 and 1693, the visits of William III. to the house for this unwise purpose, which, judging by facts, we firmly believe the worst of our native sovereigns would have died rather than enforce. The king's personal tastes and his desire to induce the consumption of a taxable article were the causes of this conduct.

[3] Lord Mohun's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, enters into the statistics of crime in this woeful century with rectitude of purpose and power of ability. The date of his era did not enable him to trace the cause of the evil of blood-money to its origin, but those who wish to see its results in the course of a quarter of a century, will do well to read his account of the Fleet and other prisons in the reign of George I., who is not in the least accountable for abuses which existed before his reign.

on its enormities until the end of the last century,[1] for it was scarcely subdued until the establishment of the present police.

A long retrospect of human calamity is thus opened up to one terrific error in legislation, emanating from an order in council, authorized by Mary II. in her capacity of queen regent and queen-regnant. It must have been carried against her own private conviction of its folly and mischievous tendency. The same vigorous reasoning power which led her to plead earnestly with her cruel husband to bestow the Irish confiscations for the purpose of erecting and endowing schools over that miserable country, must have brought her to the conclusion, that blood-money, treacherous gaolers, and thief-takers, acting in unison, with a prison discipline formed after the nearest idea of the dread place of future perdition, were not likely to cure her people of crime. Mary ought to have made firm resistance against the edict, and if she found her cabinet council contumacious, she ought to have referred it to parliament, where its consequences might have met with the free discussion of many minds.

Most of the crime and sorrow of the present day, and, indeed, the greatest national misfortune that ever befel this country, originated from the example given by William III. and his Dutch courtiers, as imbibers of ardent spirits. In fact, the laws of England, from an early period, sternly prohibited the conversion of malt into alcohol, excepting a small portion for medical purposes. Queen Elizabeth (and the act, it is said, originated from her own virtue of temperance) strictly enforced this statute, and treated the infringement of it as a moral dereliction. And those were the times when breaking laws made for the health and happiness of the people were not visited by fines, which were easily spared from fraudulent Mammon profits, but by personal infliction on the delinquents. The most sedulous watch

[1] Colquhoun on Crime.

was kept on tradespeople who sold provision to the poor; if bakers or butter-dealers cheated the poor of weight, they, after the second conviction, had to stand in the pillory, with all the cruelties with which the pillory in those days was accompanied, exposed withal to the vengeance of their injured customers.[1] If bad fish was sold to the poor, the fishmonger was perched up in the market adorned with a necklace of the unsavoury commodity.

Neither the cruel nor the quaint punishment presented the best mode of prevention; yet in the days when the lower class of the people were not worshippers at the gin temple, such restraints had some effect on the fearful crime of robbing the poor, which is little heeded at the present day, although fraught with the worst elements of evil. But the consummation of all injury to the people, was the encouragement that king William III. was pleased to give to the newly-born manufactories of spirituous liquors. Strange it is, after noting such stringent laws against converting food into "fire-water," that a sovereign of Great Britain could come repeatedly to his senate, to earnestly recommend to legislators its encouragement! Yet this respectable request of royalty stares the reader in the face in every manuscript journal of parliament.[2] What would have been said of James I., if, in addition to his worst fault, that of intemperance, he had pursued a similar course of proceeding?

The alteration of the wise restrictive law of Elizabeth was not done in ignorance; more than one luminary of the church and law remonstrated. These are the words of Whiston:—"An act of parliament has abrogated a very good law for discouraging the poor from drinking gin; nay, they have in reality encouraged them to drunkenness and

[1] Stow's London. Statutes at Large, British Museum. The law is in the drollest Saxon English, appearing among the Norman French law dialect.

[2] MS. Journals of the House of Lords, when William opened parliament with speeches from the throne.

to the murder of themselves by such drinking. Judge Hale, who earnestly supported the amended law, and opposed its abrogation, declaring that millions of persons would kill themselves by these fatal liquors." The prediction of the legal sage has indeed been fearfully verified, owing to the acts of this unpaternal reign.[1]

It is perhaps the most urgent duty of a regal biographer to trace the effects of laws emanating from the sovereign in person. Orders of council, for instance, where a monarch hears and even partakes in the discussion, and perforce must be instrumental towards the accomplishment of any enactment. Had Mary made so little progress in the high science of statistical wisdom as not to trace the cause she instituted to its future tremendous effects?[2] This has been already judged dubious, for her letters prove that her intellect was brilliant.

Such were the fruits of the enactment of an unpaternal government, where men were looked upon as likely to afford "food for powder," as probable recruits, rather than

[1] Whiston's Autobiography.

[2] The reward called blood-money gave rise to an organized crew of human fiends called thief-takers: the plan followed by these villains was for one of them, under the semblance of a professional robber, to entice two persons to join him in robbing one of his confederates, which confederate, taking care that the instigator should escape, apprehended the two dupes, and having his evidence supported by another of the gang who had managed to purchase some of the property of which the party in the plot had been robbed, found all in train for successful conviction of the two tempted wretches, whose death secured the payment of the queen's reward. When they received this horrid donation, the confederates divided the spoil at an entertainment which went among the association by the significant name of "the blood-feast." Fearful it is to relate that, emboldened by the prosperous working of this trade, the thief-takers often dispensed with the dangerous machinery of drawing in dupes, and boldly swore away the lives of totally innocent people, who were the victims of this dreadful confederacy, without the slightest participation in any robbery. A captain of one of these gangs, called Jonathan Wild, when the measure of his iniquity was full, put in a paper at his trial, stating his good services, as he had been rewarded for the hanging of *sixty-seven* highwaymen and *returned convicts!!* Knight's London, Maitland's London, and Colquhoun on Crime.

good members of society. What with the temptations of the newly permitted gin-shops; the temptations of the thief-takers (themselves stimulated by rewards for blood); what with the mental bewilderment produced by the wrangling of polemic-preachers on the "sinful nature of good works," and the angry jealousy regarding the influence of the church of England on the minds of the poor; the populace of England, wheresoever they were congregated in towns, were steeped to the very lips in guilt and misery. Executions under the reward-conviction system, which soon was supported by parliament, often amounted to forty victims per month for London only! And when the most dreadful revelations took place of gangs of miscreants congregated for the purposes of obtaining the blood-rewards by the denouncement of innocent persons, liberal as the law was in dispensation of death, no commensurate punishment whatsoever was found on the statute-book for those who had been murderers by wholesale by false witness. As if to make the matter worse, the cruel legislature put the traffickers in human life in the pillory, where they were atrociously immolated by the mob. Proper reprobation cannot be given to wicked laws that make crime profitable to a vast number of persons, without pointing out the frightful duration of such laws, notwithstanding many appalling public exposures of the murderous traffic of false witnesses from the time that Mary II. instituted the blood rewards; her grievous system lasted till the recent days of 1816.[1] Many dissertations have been written on these woeful proceedings, all replete with fearful interest, yet the task of tracing up the source of sorrow to unpaternal enactments has never entered the idea of statistic writers. But to mark the awful point of the year, the hour, and the

[1] The whole system was swept away in 1816, according to Knight's London, p. 233, vol. iv. The evidence of the good policeman, Townshend, is worth reading on this head. Some traces of the direful system still work woe in our distant convict colonies. See the works of captain Maconochie.

day, when the woe first arose, is an act of historical justice. Much of the sorrow and crime of our present era may be traced to the calamitous acts of legislation by which William III. encouraged gin distilling, and his queen instituted blood-money.[1]

King William returned to England, September the 29th, having, as usual, lost a bloody and hardly contested battle, and two or three towns in Flanders, the earth of which country was in his reign literally saturated with British blood. The last battle this year was that of Steinkirk, only now remembered on account of an obsolete fashion which prevailed as much in the capital of the English as in that of the victorious French. One of the young princes of the blood in the French army tied his Mechlen lace cravat in a hurry carelessly round his neck, with long ends. This mode became universal, and king William, although vanquished, wore it till his dying day. It mattered little who lost or who won in Flanders; a cer-

[1] Captain Maconochie,—whose late government of Norfolk Island has drawn so much public attention,—thus expresses himself in his first work on "Penal Science," as he aptly calls that knowledge which is best worthy of the attention of a paternal legislature. When speaking of one of his measures which he found most effectual in the cure of crime, he says—"It will give each man a direct concern in the good conduct of his fellows, a highly advantageous circumstance, associating all with the government in the maintenance of discipline instead of—*as now too frequently occurs—an interest in encouraging and subsequently revealing the crimes of others—a most detestable feature in the present system.*" Thus it seems that the mistakes or perversities of the edict emanating from the government of Mary II. and her cabinet, Sept. 13, 1692, are still bringing forth bad fruit. It would seem that the following observations, quoted by the same work, had been written in illustration of this fatal act of council. "To set a price on the head of a criminal, or otherwise on a great scale to reward the information of accomplices, is the strongest proof of a weak or unwise government. Such an edict confounds the ideas of virtue and morality, at all times too wavering in the mind of man. It encourages treachery, and to prevent one crime gives birth to a thousand. Such are the expedients of weak and ignorant nations whose laws are like temporary repairs to a tottering fabric."—Australiana, p. 73, by Captain Maconochie, R.N., K.H.

tain quantity of human blood was shed very formally on that fighting ground every campaign by the regimental sovereigns, William and Louis, until the wealth of both their states were exhausted. The great body of the people in each country were woefully and miserably taxed to sustain the warlike game, realizing the clever observation of Louis, when discussing the termination of the war, "Ah," said he, "the last guinea will carry the victory!" The fleets of England would have been quite sufficient for defence of this country, but they were miserably neglected, although it seemed more natural for a Dutchman to understand marine warfare.

Directly the king returned, his brother-in-law, prince George of Denmark, sent him, in the phraseology of the day, *a compliment*, which was, in truth, little otherwise than a complaint of the queen's behaviour, saying, "that his wife and himself, having had the misfortune to receive many public marks of her majesty's displeasure, therefore he did not know whether it were proper for him to wait on his majesty as usual."[1] Neither the king nor the queen took other notice of this message than sending an order to Dr. Birch, the clergyman of the newly-built church of St. James's, which was attended by the princess Anne, forbidding him from having the text placed in her pew on her cushion. The doctor was a particular partisan of the princess Anne, and refused to deprive her of such a trifling mark of distinction, without he had a written order for that purpose. Their majesties declined sending such a document, and the princess, thanks to the affection of Dr. Birch, remained every Sunday in triumphant possession of her text at St James's church. Dr. Hooper had set the example of resisting all attempts to deprive the princess of the distinctions of her rank, when she attended divine service in the west of England.

Not a vestige at present remains of the once magnificent

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 103.

mansion, where the princess Anne retired from the wrath of her sister, and her sister's spouse, and kept her little court apart, when banished by them from the court of England. Berkeley House was in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, to which it gave its name. It has long been destroyed by fire. In ancient times, there was a farm on this place, abutting on Hyde Park, known by the pretty pastoral name of Hay-hill Farm, noted in history as the spot where the severest struggle took place in the insurrection led by Wyatt, and where his head was set up on a pole after his execution. This farm fell into the possession of lord John Berkeley, who built on it a stately mansion, and laid out the Hay-hill Farm in ornamental grounds pertaining to it. Berkeley House is said to have been, in the days of queen Mary, the last house in Piccadilly.[1]

The return of king William in safety was celebrated by a thanksgiving, on the 10th of November, and by a grand

[1] Evelyn says, in August, 1672—"I dined with lord John Berkeley in his new house, or rather palace, for I am assured it cost him 30,000*l.* It is very well built, and has many noble rooms, but they are not convenient, consisting but of one *corps de logis* without *closets*, (dressing or retiring room.) The staircase is of cedar, the furniture is princely, the kitchen and stables ill placed, and the corridor even worse, having no report to the wings they join to. For the rest, the fore-court is noble, so are the stables, and above all the gardens, which are incomparable, by reason of the inequality of the ground, and the pretty piscina." This in plain English is a fishpond, which has probably been long filled up, but the inequality of the ground still makes Berkeley Square and its neighbourhood the most picturesque spot in the unpicturesque beau-monde of our metropolis. A terrace extended along the ridge of the hill. "The holly hedges on that terrace," continues Evelyn, "I advised the planting of; the porticoes are in imitation of a house described by Palladio, the very worst in the book, though my good friend, Mr. Hugh May, was the architect." Such were the now departed glories of Berkeley House. The site of its grounds and dependencies extended from Devonshire House to Curzon-street, and the Hay-hill Farm is to be traced in the present appellations of the adjacent streets, as Hill-street, Farm-street, besides the historical street of Hay-hill, which were all appertaining to the old farm, and were the grounds of the mansion which gave name to the present Berkeley Square.

civic dinner at Guildhall, which their majesties attended in person. The enormous taxes necessary to be raised to meet the expenses of the next Flanders campaign, after all the disastrous losses king William had sustained, made attention to the citizens very needful. The queen, likewise, dined in state with the king at the new armory at the Tower, since destroyed by fire. It had been commenced by her father. The royal banquet was laid out in the great room, then considered the largest in Europe. The royal pair were waited upon by the master architects and their workmen, in masonic costume, with white aprons and gloves.[1]

The Jacobite war was virtually concluded; an efficient navy, appointed and supplied by honest ministers, would have been alone sufficient to guard the coasts of Great Britain from insult, and to protect commerce. Very far was the intention of king William from pursuing a line of policy consistent with the vital interests of England. His object was to obtain funds to maintain a great army in Flanders where, every year, he lost a sharply contested battle; where the enormous sums raised by unheard of taxation in England were expended, and never circulated back again —a calamity which is, perhaps, a just punishment on insular kingdoms maintaining foreign armies; the feudal laws, with their forty days' military service, had provided, not without some statistic wisdom, against such injurious effects on national prosperity.

The queen's attention to business during her regencies, and her natural feelings as an Englishwoman, might have led her to protect the interests of her country; she was, notwithstanding, zealous in her exertions to appropriate all she could raise by taxation to the maintenance of the foreign warfare, which was the sole passion of her husband's life. When William was in England, she seemed wholly occupied in needle-work and knotting. Her panegyrists mention

[1] Toone's Chronological History.

that she was oftener seen with a skein of thread about her neck, than attending to affairs of state. Sorry praise is this for a queen-regnant, yet it had the good effect of inducing harmless employment among the ladies of her court, and, of course, conduced to the encouragement of industry among her female subjects of the imitative middle classes.

"Her majesty," says a contemporary,[1] "did not disdain to busy her royal hands with making of fringes, or knotting, as it was then called. She was soon imitated, not only by her maids of honour, but by all ladies of distinction throughout the kingdom, and so fashionable was labour, of a sudden, grown, that not only assembly rooms and visiting (drawing) rooms, but the streets, the roads, nay, the very playhouses were witnesses of their pretty industry; it was considered a wonder that the churches escaped." The wonder was the greater because the Dutch and German ladies of the era always took their knitting to sermons. It were pity that queen Mary, when she made this handicraft the rage, had not introduced the construction of something useful or beautiful. Some of the knotted fringe, made after the royal examples, survives to the present day, in a vast old Japan chest well known to the author. It is made of white flax thread, and is as ugly, heavy, and tasteless an article as can be imagined. The contemporary who relates the circumstance, breaks into enthusiastic encomiums on this "pretty industry," and likewise informs us that her majesty, "resolving as much as in her lay to strike at the very root of vice and idleness, encouraged the setting up of a linen manufacture, in which many thousands of poor people were employed."[2] It would have been only just to the memory of Mary II. if the place and particulars of this right royal work had been pointed out, in order that she might receive equal credit with her great ancestress, queen Philippa. But Mary II.

[1] Tindal.

[2] Tindal's Continuation, p. 66.

must have lavished her kindness "on many thousands of most ungrateful linen weavers," who have forgotten it in a very short time.

Those who have read queen Mary's letters, and noticed her almost agonizing struggle to obtain command of her countenance, will have a clue to her devotion to the useless industry of knotting fringe; the eyes that were fixed on the shuttle could not betray the inward emotions of the soul to watchful bystanders. The sedulous attention of the queen to the production of "thread fringe" is gently satirized in the verses of sir Charles Sedley, who combines in the little poem a much severer sarcasm on the expensive and disastrous Flemish campaigns of her husband.

"Oh, happy people, ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive,
Both to advance your glory;
While he by his valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread fringes for ye.

"Blest we who from such queens are freed,[1]
Who by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads;
But here's a queen, now, thanks to God,
Who when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.

"Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,
And when thy summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound.
The fringe that this campaign has wrought,
Though it cost the nation but a groat,
Thy conquests will surround."

It is easy to gather from these lines, and from some others on the wars of William III., that the witty sir Charles Sedley was no friend to the Dutch hero. He celebrated his return to England, in 1692, with another epigram:—

[1] Catherine of Braganza and Mary Beatrice of Modena. These lines were, it is probable, written just after queen Catherine returned to Portugal.

"The author sure must take great pains,
Who fairly writes the story,
In which of these two last campaigns,
Was gained the greatest glory.

"For while he marched on to fight,
Like hero nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his sight,
And Mons within his hearing."

Sir Charles Sedley was at this period one of the courtiers at Berkeley House; he was no Jacobite, for he was full of indignation at the insult offered to his honour by James II.'s seduction of his daughter. James II. had, in the opinion of the outraged gentleman, made his wrong still more notorious, by creating Catherine Sedley countess of Dorchester. Sir Charles Sedley became one of the most earnest promoters of the Revolution; and after queen Mary was on the throne, said he, "I have, now returned the obligation I owed to king James; he made my daughter a countess—I have helped to make his daughter a queen."

Queen Mary seemed destined to be the object of the repartees of the Sedley family. This countess of Dorchester had the audacity to come to court, and present herself before the queen at her drawing-room. Her majesty turned away her head, as if offended at her intrusion, on which the bold woman exclaimed—"Why so haughty, madam? I have not sinned more notoriously in breaking the seventh commandment with your father, than you have done in breaking the fifth against him." Lady Dorchester had just been concerned in the Jacobite plot of Preston and Ashton, on account of which the queen had shed some blood, and had kept her elder uncle in prison. Lady Dorchester contrived to escape all bad consequences, and even dared defy her majesty, whose displeasure was merely occasioned by the political sins of the bold woman, for king William obliged her not only to receive, but to live with a woman as notoriously evil.

At the same Christmas occurs the only notice in exist-

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ence of Anne's residence at Berkeley House, in a witty address to the bellman of St. James, written by some Jacobite, and a series of squibs, casting ridicule on the frequent arrests of her subjects which were ordered by Mary II. during the years of Anne's retirement at Berkeley House.

THE BELLMAN OF PICCADILLY'S VERSES TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.[1]

"Welcome, great princess, to this lowly place,
Where injured loyalty must hide its face;
Your praise, each day, by every man is sung,
And in the night by me shall here be rung.
God bless our queen, and yet I may, moreover,
Own you our queen, in Berkeley-street and Dover;
May your great prince and you live numerous years,
This is the subject of our loyal prayers."

Appended to these verses, is the following droll parody on queen Mary's orders in council, during her long suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act:

"The earl of Nottingham's orders to Mr. Dives, late clerk of the council, were as follows:—Ye are to take a messenger and to find out the dwelling-house of the Bellman of Piccadilly, and when you meet with him, search his fur-cap, his night-cap, and above all his bell, and whatever verses you find upon him you are to bring to me. You are privately to acquaint him, if he never heard of it, with the reasons of her majesty's displeasure with the princess, of which I herewith give you an account in writing. Ye are to charge him, on pain of forfeiture of his employment, that he do not proceed to sing such verses about those streets without our licence. Ye are to charge him not to pay the ceremony to the princess in his night-walk, as he usually does to the rest of their majesties' subjects, that are not under their majesties' displeasure. Ye are to charge him to take care of thieves and robbers, but to waive that part of his duty to the princess, for since her guards are taken off, she is neither to be regarded by day, or

[1] Collection of popular Songs, for the earl of Oxford. Lansdowne Papers.

guarded by night. Any one is to rob her who may choose to be at the trouble. Ye are to acquaint him that his majesty's displeasure is so great against the princess, that his government designs to stop her revenues, and starve her, as well as many other Jacobites, into humble submission. Ye are to go from him to Dr. Birch, and charge him to introduce no ceremonies of bowing, as he will answer to his grace of Lambeth, (it being contrary to his [*archbishop Tillotson's*] education.) Lastly, you are to acquaint both the bellman and the parson, that her majesty expects exact compliance, as a mark of their duty, but as for waits, fiddlers, and others, her orders are sent to Killigrew about them."[1]

There are one or two points in this jeu-d'esprit, that have reference to circumstances on which this biography has previously dwelt. "That the princess is neither to be *regarded* by day, or *guarded* by night," and "that any one may rob her," alludes to the highway robbery, either real or pretended, she had suffered the preceding spring, when travelling from London to Sion, after the malice of her brother-in-law had deprived her of her guards. And as for the evil report at Lambeth, to be made of Dr. Birch for his bowings at St. James's, he is threatened with the anger of Dr. Tillotson, because that archbishop, when a presbyterian, had not been used to any church ceremonial.

A settled, but more quiet hostility, was now established, between the royal sisters, during the remainder of queen Mary's life. The princess Anne, divested of every mark of her royal rank, continued to live at Berkeley House, where she and her favourite amused themselves with superintending their nurseries, playing at cards, and talking treason against queen Mary and her Dutch Caliban, as they called

[1] Harley's Collections, Lansdowne Papers, p. 73, No. 852. The date given here is 1690, but this must be an error of the transcriber, since Anne herself distinctly points out the day in 1692, when she first treated for that residence, nor were the differences between the royal sisters public in 1690.

the hero of Nassau. Lady Marlborough wrote all the news she could glean to the court of St. Germains, where her sister, lady Tyrconnel, the once-beautiful Frances Jennings, was resident. Lady Tyrconnel gossipped back all the intelligence she could gather at the exiled court. The letters of Marlborough himself were more actively and deliberately mischievous. He sent word to the exiled king all the professional information he could betray. But, in most instances, James II., in utter distrust of his falsehood, refused to act on his intelligence. He well knew that the exaltation of his grandson, the young duke of Gloucester, and not the restoration of the prince of Wales, was the object of the party at Berkeley House.

England was once more placed under the regnal sway of the queen, in March, 1693. As the king meant to embark for Holland from Margate, he requested her majesty to bear him company to the coast. When they arrived at Margate, the wind turned contrary, on which the king chose to wait at Canterbury till it was fair. The queen, who meant to have returned that night to London, resolved to go there with him: "for," adds the Hooper manuscript, "the king's request was too high a favour to be refused. Though her majesty had no other attendance than lady Derby and Mrs. Compton, who were in the coach with her and the king, the royal party drove to the largest house in the city."

"The mansion was owned," says our authority,[1] "by a lady of great birth and equal merit, but by no means an admirer of the king. She had received notice of the approach of the king and queen, and she not only fled from her house, but locked up, or carried off, every possible convenience there. All was wanting that could make the house habitable. Queen Mary said to her vice-chamber-

[1] Hooper MS., printed in Trevor's William III., vol. ii. p. 474. There is no date, but as other authors maintain, the king was baffled by the wind, and returned from Margate this spring, it was probably 1693.

lain, who was one of the representatives of Canterbury in parliament, 'Look about anywhere for a house, for I must remove from this to pass the night.' Mr. Sayer told her majesty, that he believed 'the deanery was the next largest house in Canterbury.' 'Oh,' said the queen, 'that is Dr. Hooper's. Why did not I think of it before? I will go there.'" Her majesty actually arrived at the deanery before fires could be lighted, or the least preparation made for her; but there she stayed some days, and passed the Sunday at Canterbury, after the king had sailed from Margate. Dean Hooper was then at his living of Lambeth, and did not hear that her majesty had been at his house until it was too late to go down.

The queen returned to London, and directly she arrived, dean Hooper waited on her, to excuse himself for not being at the deanery to entertain her majesty, who thus gave him an account of her sojourn under his roof: "It was impossible," she said, "that you should know I was there; yours is the cleanest house I ever was in, and there is a good old woman there, with whom I had a great deal of discourse. The people were very solicitous to see me; but there grew a great walnut tree before the windows, which were, besides, so high, that I could not gratify them." This little trait casts some light on Mary's inclinations. Her majesty continued the description of her sojourn at the deanery: "I went to Canterbury cathedral in the morning, and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Battely (once chaplain to archbishop Sancroft); in the afternoon, I went to a parish church, where I heard a very good sermon by Dr. Cook; but," added the queen, "I thought myself in a Dutch church, for the people stood upon the communion-table to look at me."[1]

Dean Hooper told the queen, "that she had condemned the walnut tree and the windows at the deanery;" for her majesty intimated, "that she should come again to Canter-

[1] Hooper MS., vol. ii. p. 476.

bury on the like occasion," she never did so; yet dean Hooper gave orders to sash the antique windows, and cut down the walnut tree. "Some little time after the visit of queen Mary to the deanery at Canterbury, the queen sent for dean Hooper again, and led him to her dressing-room, where she showed him some pieces of silver stuffs, and purple-flowered velvets. These, her majesty told him, "if he approved," she would give to Canterbury cathedral, as she observed the furniture to be dirty; but as there was not enough of the figured velvet, she had sent to Holland to match it." The queen, when all was ready, despatched to the cathedral a page of her back stairs, who always arranged matters regarding her gifts, with the rich velvets. The altar at the cathedral was furnished with the figured velvet, and a breadth of the gold stuff, flowered with silver, let in. The archbishop's throne was covered with plain velvet; the fringe for the whole was a *rufted* one of gold, silver, and purple; it alone cost the queen 500*l*."[1]

The queen was considered as the protectress of public morals, which were, indeed, at the lowest ebb; in that capacity she exerted herself to suppress an offensive exhibition, at Southwark Fair, representing the great earthquake, which subverted Port Royal, in Jamaica;[2] a convulsion of nature which was alarmingly felt all over the continent of Europe, and even in London. It had, withal, nearly cost king William his life,[3] he being then in his camp at Flanders, at dinner, in an old deserted house, which shook fearfully before his majesty could be induced to rise and quit it, and fell directly he issued from under its roof.

Yet queen Mary, in her attempted reforms among the lower classes, was far from successful. The reason was, as Dr. Johnson observes, "she was not consistent, because she was a

[1] Hooper MS., vol. ii. p. 476.

[2] An earthquake sank the town of Port Royal, in Jamaica, and destroyed 3000 persons, Sep. 8, 1602. Evelyn, Toone, &c. The shock was felt in England.

[3] Life of Ed. Calamy.

frequenter of the theatre of that day, and a witness of its horrible profaneness."[1] Certain it is, that "the idle and vicious mock-show of the earthquake," as it is called by a contemporary,[2] was not replete with a thousandth part of the vice coolly exhibited in the atrocious comedies of her era, of which she was the constant and delighted spectatress. She never willingly omitted being present at the representation of the "Old Bachelor," of Congreve, a preference which obtained for her the honour of an elegy from the pen of that dramatist, at her death." But the author whom her majesty honoured with her especial patronage, was an ill-living and loathsome person, named Thomas Shadwell, a suborner, deep in the iniquities of Oates's plot. The writings of this man were at once foul and talentless; his memory only exists by the fact, that queen Mary deprived Dryden of the laureateship, and bestowed it on Thomas Shadwell. She did worse; she went to see the plays of this odious author, and in most of them there was a passage of adulation prepared for her. Thus, in the "Volunteers or the Stockjobbers," one of the female characters observes, "Would you have me set my heart on one who may be lost in every rencontre?" She is answered by her lover, who offers the example of queen Mary, in these words, "Does not our royal mistress do the same, and bears it with a princely magnanimity. She and our country have the greatest stake in Europe. She is to be reverenced and admired; but hard it is to imitate so glorious an example, and methinks a private lady may be happier?"

These are, perhaps, the only lines which can be quoted out of the last production of Mary's laureate; it is useless to aver that the taste of her era was gross, for was it not her duty to lead that taste, and to reform what was so deeply objectionable in it? Why could she not have "put down" the vicious plays of Shadwell, as well as the poor puppet show at Southwark Fair, instead of encouraging them by her royal presence? All the writers of her age did not agree with her in this detestable predilection. Collier, a non-

[1] Johnson's Lives of the Poets. [2] Evelyn.

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juring divine, who had been deprived of his benefice at the same time that the queen ejected archbishop Sancroft, represented to his country, in a well known essay, the infamy into which the drama had fallen, and its bad effect on the happiness of the community. In time, his moral lessons were heeded, but not by queen Mary, for Collier was "not among *her* friends."

The same year, the queen ordered for her dramatic regale the "Double Dealer," one of Congreve's plays. The actor Kynaston, who had figured on the theatre in her majesty's youthful days, was now to perform before her as "lord Touchwood;" he was taken ill, and the notorious Colley Cibber, then a stage-struck youth who had only distinguished himself by his awkwardness, was permitted to perform the part in the presence of royalty. Her majesty was received with a new prologue, written by Congreve, and spoken by Mrs. Barry; two lines of it are preserved—

> "But never were in Rome or Athens seen
> So fair a circle and so bright a queen." [1]

William III. usually bears the blame of persecuting Dryden, and encouraging Shadwell; but the deed was done in his absence, and he cannot be accountable for the tasteless preference, since it would be very difficult to prove that he ever read an English book. The fact, that Shadwell had been a tool of Oates in his plot, was probably the cause of his favour in the eyes of the Dutch monarch, since the only literary persons he ever patronised were those implicated with that perjurer; and the pensions and gifts bestowed on them were apparently more from necessity than choice. William and Mary were, like all monarchs whose resources are consumed by foreign warfare,

[1] Colley Cibber, who relates this anecdote in his Apology, says expressly "the queen came and was received." He does not mention that the "choir dramatique" were transferred to Whitehall or St. James's—therefore, it must be concluded that she went to the public playhouse. (Apology of Colley Cibber, Bellchambers' edition, pp. 195, 196.)

poor and parsimonious; difficult would it be to discover any disbursement to a literary person, with the exception of Shadwell, their most loathsome laureate. This person likewise received the appointment of their historiographer—on what he founded his claims to be considered an historian we have not discovered; but he wrote, besides his unseemly comedies, a long panegyric in rhyme, on the perfections of queen Mary, and another on the success of king William, in establishing the revolution in 1688.

Dryden felt himself more aggrieved at the transfer of his laurel to so dishonourable a brow as that of Shadwell, than at the loss of his pension; he attributed both misfortunes to the queen's hostility. He was old, sick, and poor, and dependent on his pen for bread; yet the queen condescended to act as his personal enemy, by suborning writers to attack his dramatic works. "About a fortnight ago," so wrote the unfortunate author to his publisher, Jacob Tonson,[1] "I had an intimation from a friendly letter, that one of the secretaries, (I suppose Trenchard,) had informed the queen that I had abused her government; these were the words in the epistle to lord Radcliffe; and that thereupon she had commanded her historiographer, Rymer, to fall upon my plays, which he assures me he is now doing."

A more serious visitation of her majesty's displeasure awaited poor Dryden, when, in the time of sickness and destitution, his play of Cleomenes, the Spartan hero, was interdicted, on account of its alleged Jacobite tendency; had he written on the subject of Agis, we may imagine that the daughter of James II. might have dreaded the effects of an English audience being led to form comparisons between her conduct and that of the divine Chelidonis; but Cleomenes bears little reference to the relative situations of the parties, save that Cleomenes, with his faithful consort, are in exile, and suppliants to a foreign power for aid in their reverse of fortunes, and to deliver Sparta from a foreign

[1] Sir Walter Scott's Life of Dryden.

yoke. Queen Mary, however, who then exercised the whole functions of the crown in the absence of William, commanded the lord-chamberlain to prohibit the representation of the play. Dryden addressed an agonizing appeal to the queen's maternal uncle, the earl of Rochester. The daughters of this literary nobleman, who were the first cousins of her majesty, and great admirers of Dryden's genius, likewise pleaded for him very earnestly. The queen had taken these young ladies into favour since their father had been induced to acknowledge her title, and thus urged, her majesty took off her interdict. "Cleomenes" was performed, but a very strong party was raised against it by her majesty's court; and, though the purest of all Dryden's productions, it scarcely lived out the nine nights which were then requisite to make a play profitable to a dramatic poet. On queen Mary's side, it has been urged that Dryden had previously provoked her by his prologue to his former play of the Prophetess, in which he had ventured to introduce some sarcastic allusions to the female regency, the war in Ireland, and to reflect on the revolution itself; all this had given great offence to Mary, and she had forbidden its repetition.

As the young duke of Gloucester lived at Campden House, he was, when his royal aunt kept court at Kensington, taken daily there; her majesty usually gave him audience whilst superintending the progress of her workmen, who were fitting up and finishing the interior of the palace. The infant duke likewise took much interest in watching these proceedings, and usually made up his mind to become a carpenter, a smith, or a painter, according to the prevalence of the operations he beheld. The queen seemed fond of him, and took pleasure in hearing him prate.[1] She presented him with a box of ivory tools, on account of the predilection he showed to handicrafts. The gift cost her twenty pounds, which was rather pompously announced in

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Life of the duke of Gloucester.

the gazette. The child had thriven pretty well at Campden House, but his speech and intellect were far more advanced than his physical strength, for he was scarcely able to walk, at four years old, without support.

The queen's regency lasted until the 27th of October, when king William arrived at Harwich. The results of the naval war under her majesty's guidance at home, and of the regimental war conducted by king William in Flanders, had been dreadfully disastrous. The naval defeat at Saint Vincent—that cape whose name has since been so glorious in the annals of British marine warfare—had taken place in Mary's regency; twelve English and Dutch men-of-war were destroyed by Tourville, who thus revenged himself for the loss he had sustained the preceding year at La Hogue, likewise by the plunder of the rich Turkey fleet. King William had lost another hard-fought and bloody battle in Flanders, that of Landen. The defeat of admiral Benbow, when bombarding the Breton town of St. Malo, was the last disaster in queen Mary's regency; the naval captains who were to have supported Benbow, probably out of dislike to the government, refused to fight, and a darker shade was cast on the British name than that of defeat, for executions ensued for cowardice. Such were the troubles of a divided nation.

These disasters were very freely commented upon in the speech from the throne, wherewith the king opened parliament, November 7th. The loss of his battle he acknowledged, but he attributed it to insufficiency of money-supplies. The naval defeats he likewise admitted, and said they should be inquired into." The people of England were aghast at the enormity of taxation; they groaned under their burdens, and manifested such a tendency to mutinous faction, that after long contests in parliament, the king declared in privy council, "that as they seemed better satisfied with the government of the queen, he would leave her to rule them, and retire wholly to his native country."[1]

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.

This threat was of course a very alarming one to a devoted wife like Mary; but his majesty was induced to think better of his resolution, and in place of abdication, to try the effects of a change of administration, composed of personages belonging to the old nobility, to whom appertained such vast hereditary estates, that they would be inaccessible to the corruption practised by the dishonest prime minister who had, at various times, during the last twenty years, governed England, under the oft-changing epithets of Sir Thomas Osborne, lord Danby, marquis of Carmarthen, and duke of Leeds. It was this man who had exalted Mammon into the supremacy of which the king and church had been deprived at the revolution. He had systematically devoted a large share of the unexampled taxation, raised since the revolution, to purchasing a majority in the House of Commons. The queen always looked up to this wily veteran with considerable deference, while he was president of her council. From her letters to her husband, her reasons have been quoted, because, when lord Danby, he had negotiated her marriage.

The venerable primate of England, William Sancroft, died November 23, 1693, in his humble paternal cottage at Fressingfield, in Suffolk, where he led a holy, but not altogether peaceful life. Ever and anon, on the rumours of Jacobite insurrections, the queen's messengers were sent to harass the old man with inquisitions regarding his politics.[1] The queen gained little more from her inquiries than information of his devotions, his ascetic abstemiousness, and his walks in a bowery orchard, where he spent his days in study or meditation. Death laid a welcome and gentle hand on the deprived archbishop, at the age of seventy-seven years. Far from the pomps of Lambeth, he rests beneath the humble green sod of a Suffolk church-yard. There is a tablet raised to his memory, on the outside of the

[1] D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft.

porch of Fressingfield church, which is still shown with pride and affection by the inhabitants of his native village.

A poet of his native county has nobly illustrated the retreat of Sancroft; his words, however beautiful and touching, do not exaggerate the truth:

> "He left high Lambeth's venerable towers,
> For his small heritage and humble bowers.
> * * * * *
> Now with his staff in his paternal ground,
> Amid his orchard trees he may be found,
> An old man late returned, where he was seen,
> Sporting a child upon the village green.
> How many a changeful year had passed between?
> Blanching his scattered hair, but leaving there,
> A heart kept young by piety and prayer;
> That to the inquiring friend could meekly tell,
> 'Be not for me afflicted, it is well,
> 'For 'twas in my integrity I fell.'" [1]

"Sancroft had died a year before in the same poor and despicable manner in which he had lived for some years." This sentence is in Burnet's own hand, in his manuscripts; it is likewise in his printed history. But just opposite, on the next page of the latter, appears the self-contradiction of these words, when lauding Tillotson for dying poor. "So generous and charitable was he in a *post*, out of which Sancroft had raised a great estate." Thus Sancroft is despised for his poverty in one page, and taunted with his riches in the next.

The fate of archbishop Sancroft had a remarkable effect on the mind of the most original genius of his times, who was then rising into the first consciousness of great and varied powers. When Sancroft died, all hope and trust in the possibility of the prosperity of goodness left the mind of Swift. Every vision of virtue, purity, and divine ideality, which haunts the intellect of a young poet, was

[1] These lines are by the Rev. John Mitford; the last words embody an answer, which the venerable Sancroft made to his chaplain when on his death bed.

violently repudiated by him in an access of misanthropic despair. Ambitious, and replete with mighty energy, and sorely goaded by want and impatience of dependence, Swift, nevertheless, resolved to swim with the current of events, and float uppermost on the stream of politics, howsoever corrupt the surface might be. He took his farewell, in his "Ode to Sancroft," of all that was beautiful and glorious in the animus of his art, to devote himself to the foulest and fiercest phase of satire.

How can a documentary historian read without emotion that magnificent invocation with which Swift, the young kinsman of John Dryden, commences his elegy[1] on the fall of Sancroft?—

"Truth, the eternal child of holiest heaven!
Brightest effluence of the immortal ray!
Chief cherub and chief lamp of that high seven
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day!
First of God's mighty attributes,
Thou daily seest him face to face,
Nor does thy essence fixed depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place.
How shall we find thee, then, in dark disputes?
How shall we search thee in a battle gained?
Or a weak argument by force maintained?

"For where is e'en thy image on our earth,
Since heaven will claim thy residence and birth?
And God himself has said, "Ye shall not find it here!"
Since this inferior world is but heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made.

"Is not good Sancroft in his holy rest,
In the divinity of his retreat
The brightest pattern earth can show?
But fools, for being strong and numerous grown,
Suppose the truth, like the whole world, their own;
And holy Sancroft's course irregular appears,
Because entirely opposed to theirs.

[1] These extracts are from a copy in Cole's Miscellaneous MSS., in which the poem is far superior in perspicuity and polish to the copies printed in the editions of Swift's works, where, however, it is very rare.

"Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins—
Say, hapless isle, although—
It is a bloody list we know—
Has given thee up a dwelling place for fiends?
Sin and the plague ever abound,
In easy governments and fruitful ground;
Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flourishing a spring,
And too warm summers bring.

"Our Britain's soil is over rank, and breeds
Among the noblest flowers a thousand pois'nous weeds;
And every noxious weed so lofty grows,
As if it meant to o'ershade the royal rose;
The royal rose, the glory of our morn,
But ah! too much without a thorn.
Forgive (original mildness) this ungoverned zeal,
'Tis all the angry muse can do.
In the pollution of these days
No province now is left her but to rail,
For poetry has lost the art to praise,
Alas! the occasions are so very few."

Swift fulfilled the determination here expressed so completely, that the quotation of this historical poem will excite no little surprise: for it is forgotten or stifled among the profusion of his productions of a contrary tendency. Nevertheless, Swift, as a contemporary memorialist, throws true light on the events of his era, when his historical notations were not garbled for premature publication.

Having lamented the undeserved adversity of the disinterested primate of the English church, Swift buckled his fortunes on those of that primate's mortal enemy, William III. The king, on becoming acquainted with Swift at the house of sir William Temple, offered him a troop of horse; and after wondering wherefore a man of his unclerical mind refused an occupation more fitting to it than that of Christian tuition, he left him with no other benefit than teaching him the Dutch way of cutting asparagus from the beds at Moor Park, when his majesty visited sir William Temple. King William likewise inculcated the propriety of his mode

of eating this vegetable, which was to devour the whole of the stalks. Swift insisted on all his guests practising the same refined royal method, when, in after-life, he became dean of St. Patrick's; but more out of satire on the "glorious memory," and to vex its Irish adorers, than for any sincere admiration of this Dutch custom.[1]

[1] Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Gossip of the court—Anecdotes of Mary II.—Her attention to her nephew—Princess Anne's arrangements for him—His vicinity to the queen at Campden House—Often visits her majesty—Their conversations, &c. &c.—Departure of the king—Queen founds Greenwich Hospital—Anecdotes of the queen and her nephew—Disasters in the queen's government—Return of the king—Archbishop Tillotson struck with death in the queen's presence—Queen's observations regarding Dr. Hooper—Queen appoints Dr. Tennison archbishop—Lord Jersey's remonstrance—Her reply—Queen taken ill at Kensington—Sits up to destroy papers—Fluctuations in her disorder—Proceedings of her sister—Queen's illness proves small-pox—Her danger—Anguish of the king—Princess Anne sends lady Fitzharding with message to the queen—Queen's sufferings from erysipelas—Her life despaired of—Preparations for death—Delirious fancies—Dangerous state of the king—Death of Mary II.—Great seal broken—News of her death carried to St. Germains, by a priest—Conduct of her father, and his remarks on her death—Letter she left for her husband—Duke of Devonshire's verses on her death—Burnet's eulogy—Lord Cutts' elegy, &c.—Jacobite epigrams on the queen—Sermons, funeral, and wax statue in Westminster Abbey—Anecdotes in her praise—Burnet's panegyrical epitaph.

The new prime minister, destined to be president of the queen's council when she again reigned alone, was Charles Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, who had been permitted to take his seat as premier earl of England, on a very doubtful renunciation of the Roman-catholic religion, in which he had been educated. Scandal feigned that he was the object of queen Mary's passionate affection. This gossip arose from the reports of "one Jack Howe," her dismissed vice-chamberlain, who was, in 1693-94, purveyor of scandal to

the princess Anne's inimical little court. Lord-chamberlains and vice-chamberlains have always been very formidable personages, as connected with slander in regard to queens, either as the subjects of gossip tales, or the inventors of them. There is a story afloat concerning the successor of this Jack Howe. Queen Mary did not often indulge in badinage or playfulness; once, however, she forgot her caution, and gave rise to an anecdote, the tradition of which was handed down to Horace Walpole. One day the queen asked her ladies, "What was meant by a squeeze of the hand?" They answered, "Love." "Then," said the queen, laughing, "vice-chamberlain Smith must be in love with me, for he squeezes my hand very hard."

Among many other circumstances, which contradict the report that queen Mary bestowed any undue partiality on lord Shrewsbury, is the undoubted fact, that the vacillations of that nobleman regarding his acceptation of office, were settled by the negotiations of her husband's female favourite, and Mrs. Lundee, a woman dishonourably connected with Shrewsbury.[1] Thus was the appointment of a prime minister of England arranged in a manner equally disgraceful to king William and to himself. Shrewsbury's political intrigues with a woman deservedly abhorred by the queen, were not likely to recommend him to her majesty. Neither is the description of lord Shrewsbury as "a charming man wanting one eye," very attractive.

The young heir of England, at this period, began to occupy the attention of his aunt the queen, in a greater degree than heretofore. The princess Anne continued to reside at Berkeley House, as her town residence, while her boy usually inhabited Campden House, close to Kensington Palace. The princess had suites of apartments at Campden House for her own use, therefore it is evident that she

[1] Coxe's Correspondence of the duke of Shrewsbury. See the Letters to and from Mrs. Villiers and Mrs. Lundee, p. 18 to 30.

occasionally resided with her son,[1] although the entrée at Kensington Palace, open to him, was for ever barred to her. All the provisions for his table were sent daily from Berkeley House; these consisted of plain joints of meat, to which an apple-pie was added as dessert, but he was never permitted to eat confectionary. The predilection all young children take for the glitter and clatter of military movements, was eagerly fostered by his attendants, as an early indication of love of war, and to cultivate this virtuous propensity to the height, he was indulged with warlike toys in profusion, miniature cannon, swords, and trumpets, and, more than all, with a little regiment of urchins about his own age.

The princess Anne, finding her son afflicted with the ague in 1694, sent for Mr. Sentiman, an apothecary, and required him "to give her a prescription approved of by her uncle Charles II.," for her royal highness said, "it cured every kind of ague." Mr. Sentiman had the recipe for the nostrum, which was a mixture of brandy and saffron; it made the poor child excessively ill, but did not cure him. Her royal highness had a great ambition to have her young son elected a knight of the garter, and soon afterwards sent him to visit the queen and king William with a blue band passed over his shoulder, to put them in mind that there was a blue ribbon vacant by the death of the duke of Hamilton. Queen Mary received her young visitor, but did not take the hint respecting the coveted garter, which she gave the duke of Shrewsbury as a reward for having, after much political coquetry, agreed to become her secretary of state. The queen bestowed on her little

[1] This is gathered from the tract full of puerilities written by Lewis Jenkins, a Welsh usher to the little duke's chamber. The usher's memoir has, however, thrown light on the residence and daily life of queen Mary and her sister, for which it is vain to search biography or history. The localities of this narrative of small facts are often quoted, as in the bed-chamber, cabinet, or sitting-room of the princess Anne, at Campden House; likewise, that she resided at Berkeley House, until she took possession of St. James's Palace.

nephew a gift much more consonant to his years; this was a beautiful bird, but it appears that the child had been rendered, either by his mother or his governess, expectant and ambitious of the blue ribbon; he therefore rejected the bird, and very calmly said, "that he would not rob her majesty of it."

The poor little prince was evidently afflicted with hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, a complaint that often carries to the grave whole families of promising infants. Such was, no doubt, the disease that desolated the nursery of the princess Anne; very little was known regarding it by the faculty at that period. The symptoms are clearly traced, by the duke's attendant, Lewis Jenkins, who says, "The duke of Gloucester's head was very long and large, insomuch that his hat was big enough for most men, which made it difficult to fit his head with a peruke;" a peruke for an infant born in July, 1689!—it was then only Easter, 1694! The unfortunate child with this enormous head, is nevertheless described in glowing terms by his flattering attendant. After lamenting the difficulties of fitting the poor babe with a periwig, because the doctors kept a blister in the nape of his neck, he continues,[1] "The face of the young duke of Gloucester was oval, and usually glowed with a fresh colour, his body easy, his arms finely hung, his chest full, his legs proportionable to his body, made him appear very charming; turning out his toes as if he had really been taught to do so. I measured him, and found his height was three feet four inches. Although he was active and lively, yet he could not go up and down stairs without help, nor raise himself when down." How any child could be active and lively, in such a pitiable state, passes the comprehension of every one but Lewis Jenkins? "People concluded it was occasioned by the over care of the ladies. The prince of Denmark, who was a very good-natured pleasant man, would often rally them

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester, p. 12.

about it; and Dr. Ratcliffe, in his accustomed manner, spoke very bluntly to Mrs. Lewin, his sub-governess, about it."

The young prince was chiefly managed by his governess, lady Fitzharding, lord Fitzharding, master of the horse to the princess his mother, and Mrs. Lewen. The Kingston quakeress, his wet-nurse, had likewise great authority in his household. Mr. Pratt, one of the chaplains of the princess, was his preceptor. "After due consultation with the prince, her husband, the princess Anne considered that it was time that their heir should assume his masculine attire, seeing how active he was, and that his *stiff-bodied coats* were very troublesome to him in his military amusements (for nothing but battles, sieges, drums, and warlike tales afforded him recreation); the princess and prince of Denmark therefore ordered my lady Fitzharding, his governess, to put him into male habiliments, which was accordingly done on Easter-day." Does the reader wish to know the costume of the heir of Great Britain, on Easter-day, 1694? His suit was white camlet, with loops and buttons of silver thread. He wore stiff stays under his waistcoat, which hurt him—no wonder! Whereupon Mr. Hughes, the little duke's tailor, was sent for, and the duke of Gloucester ordered a band of urchins from the boys' regiment, which he termed his horse-guards, to punish the tailor for making the stiff stays that hurt him. The punishment was to be put on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence-chamber at Campden House,[1] this horse being placed there for the torment of military offenders. Now, tailor Hughes had never been at Campden House, and knew none of its customs; and when he found himself surrounded by a mob of small imps in mimic soldiers' gear, all trying, as far as they could reach, to pull and push him towards the instrument of punishment, the poor Welchman was not a little scared, deeming them freakish fairies, very malignly disposed towards him. At last, Lewis Jenkins, the usher, came to the rescue of his countryman. An explana-

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester, p. 11.

LENNOX LIBRARIES

tion was then entered into, and the Welch tailor was set at liberty, after he had promised to amend all that was amiss in the stiff stays of his little highness.

The young duke had a mighty fancy to be prince of Wales, and often asked Jenkins, "Why he was not so?" The question was perplexing, since the princess Anne had solemnly charged lady Fitzharding, and all her son's attendants, never to make any allusion to his grandfather, king James II., or to the unfortunate prince of Wales, her brother; her child was not to know that they existed. Lewis Jenkins told him, "It was not impossible but that, one day, he might be prince of Wales; and if he ever were, he hoped he would make him his Welch interpreter."[1] It seems always to have been a custom in the royal family of England, since the era of Edward I., to propitiate the principality, by appointing some Welsh persons as servants of the princes of Wales, and by employing Welsh tradesmen for their households. These little observances conciliate and please, when national differences of language sometimes occasion mutiny and discontent.

One day, just before his uncle's departure for the campaign in 1694, the little duke had a grand field-day in Kensington Gardens, king William condescending to look on. The infant Gloucester very affectionately promised him the assistance of himself and his whole troop of urchins for his Flemish war; then turning to queen Mary eagerly, he said, "My mamma once had guards as well as you; why has she not them now?" The queen's surprise was evident and painful. King William presented the young duke's drummer, on the spot, with two guineas as a reward for the loudness of his music, which proved a seasonable diversion to the awkward question of his young commander. The child must have heard the matter discussed in his household, or between his parents, since he was but a few months old when his mother was deprived of her guards. Queen Mary received a visit from her nephew on her birth-

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester, p. 10.

day, April 30, 1694. After he had wished her joy, he began, as usual, to prate. There were carpenters at work in the queen's gallery at Kensington, the room in which her majesty stood with the king. The young duke asked the queen, "what they were about?" "Mending the gallery," said queen Mary, "or it will fall." "Let it fall, let it fall," said the young duke, "and then you must be off to London." A true indication that he had not been taught to consider their royal vicinity as any great advantage to Campden House.

William III. went to visit his infant nephew at Campden House, the following Sunday. It was in vain that lady Fitzharding lectured her charge, and advised him to make the military salute to his royal uncle; not a word would the boy say on that subject until he had demanded leave of his majesty to fire off his train of miniature artillery. The king was rather charmed with this military mania, so well according with his own. Three cannons were fired off, and a deep lamentation made by the little duke that the fourth was broken. King William promised to send him a new one, but forgot it. The child then, of his own accord, thanked him for coming to see him, and added, "My dear king, you shall have both my companies, with myself, to serve you in Flanders"—meaning the urchins who formed what he called his regiments; these boy-soldiers were no slight annoyance to Kensington, for on their return homewards from drill, presuming on being the duke of Gloucester's *men*, they used to enter the houses on the road to London, and help themselves to whatever they liked;[1] a proceeding in complete coincidence with the times, since it appears that this was only an imitation of the practices of soldiers quartered in the environs of London at the same era.

Whether queen Mary approved of the new administration, it would be extremely difficult to discover. Her consort, who best knew her mind, once warned her minister "not to take it for granted that the queen was of his opinion

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester, p. 15.

every time she did not contradict him." A hint illustrative of the diplomatic reserve of her character. Her letters prove that command of countenance was her systematic study, and that she likewise anticipated the political deductions that those around her drew from the fluctuations of her spirits. Few women ever lived in such an atmosphere of bodily and mental restraint, or so sedulously calculated the effect of her words, looks, or manners, as Mary of England. Her ancestor, James I., made a remarkable clatter about an art that he fancied he had invented, called by him *king-craft*, which his extreme loquacity and sociability prevented him from practising; but queen Mary, if we may judge by her own written admissions, had silently reduced queen-craft to a system, and acted thereon to the last moment of her existence. The abstinence from contradiction into which she had been schooled, from girlhood, by the waspishness of her partner, caused her to be given credit for a host of virtues to which she had small claims. Among others, she had led her chamberlain, lord Nottingham, to imagine that, in case of widowhood, it was her intention to restore her father to his throne.[1] It is startling indeed, that so dutiful a spouse should have suffered her thoughts to stray towards the independent state of widowhood, to which, however, though much younger than William, she never attained. Whether the queen wished some filial affection to be attributed to her by lord Shrewsbury and lord Nottingham, whom she had reason to believe were in secret attached to her father, or whether her taste was justly offended by the indelicacy of the conduct of lord Halifax, it is difficult to decide. Nevertheless, king William thought proper to warn his ministry not to offend the queen as lord Halifax had done, who had infinitely disgusted her by breaking his rude jests on her father in her presence. "And on this account," added king William, "the queen at last could not endure the sight of lord Halifax."[2] This singular waru-

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes. [2] Ibid.

ing appears to have been given by the king just before his departure to Flanders, which took place May 6, that year, by way of Margate.[1]

A report has arisen that queen Mary was accustomed to supply her father with money in his exile; this has solely sprung from a false statement of Voltaire. We have found that the unfortunate king sent a fruitless request to Whitehall even for his clothes;[2] we have found that his indignant subjects recognised trifling property that had belonged to him, or to his queen, in the possession of his daughter; we have found the greedy inquisition that daughter made about the beds and toilets at Whitehall, assuredly to see whether the basons and ewers, and other furniture of solid silver, had been removed;[3] but we cannot find a single trace, or even an offer of any restitution from his private estates.[4]

[1] King William was passing through Canterbury to go to Holland, when his approach excited the loyalty of a ne'er-do-well lad called Matthew Bishop, a resident there, but on the point of running away, and seeking his fortune by sea, in the manner of Robinson Crusoe. This worthy seems never to have wholly digested the dry manner in which his Dutch majesty received his zealous homage. "I gathered," he said, in his autobiography, "all the flowers out of our own garden and several more, to adorn the High-street, as he came along, and then, with some others [*boys*], ran by the side of his coach from College-yard, almost two miles buzzaing and crying at the top of our voices, 'God bless king William!' till his majesty put his hand upon the glass and looking upon us, said, with the most disgusting dryness, 'It is enough.'" King William could not well say less, yet contrived to offend his admirer so implacably, that he declares the news of the king's death when it occurred gave him sensible satisfaction. Thus were the people of England weaned from their close and familiar approximation with royalty, in which they had heretofore both delighted, and given delight. The monarchs of England had formerly lived in the presence of their commonalty—the chivalric Plantagenet, the powerful Tudor, the graceful Stuart, enjoyed no high festival, no gorgeous triumph, without their people for audience.

[2] Evelyn.

[3] They were afterwards coined into half-crowns by king William.

[4] The pretence on which Voltaire has hung his falsehood, was the chicanery (to use the very term of secretary Williamson who practised it) regarding the 50,000*l.*, which had been granted by the English parliament in payment of the dower of the queen of James II., at the peace of Ryswick, and was

The summer of 1694 brought its usual anxieties to the heart of the queen, in the shape of lost naval battles and fruitless expeditions. Time has unveiled the mystery of these failures. The defeat of the expedition against Brest took place in June; general Tollemache and sixteen hundred men were left dead on the French coast they had been sent to invade. There is some excuse to be offered for the utter abhorrence in which queen Mary held lord Marlborough, when it is found, from the most incontestable documentary evidence,[1] that this person betrayed his countrymen to their slaughter, by sending information to France of the projected attack, with many base protestations of the truth of his intelligence, and some reproaches that his former master, king James, had never on any other occasion, availed himself of his information. The present intelligence cost Tollemache his life, for to that general Marlborough had peculiar malice; it likewise caused the destruction of many hundreds of unfortunate soldiers, who had given him no offence. Thus the earnest desire of queen Mary to separate the Marlboroughs from her sister, was a mere act of self-defence. Yet the course she pursued towards her sister

supposed, both by the people of France and Great Britain, to have been paid to the unfortunate queen; but when the parliamentary inquiry took place, in 1699, into the peculations of Somers' ministry, it was proved that the queen's dowry never found its way further than into king William's pocket. From that moment, the supply was stopped, amidst vituperations of the House of Commons that nearly amounted to execrations. So shallow an historian as Voltaire, took it for granted that the dower *had* been paid, and that James II. subsisted on it, because the charge was in the budget of supply, but he dived not into the whole of the incidents, and was mistaken in the chronology, or he would never have attributed such payments to "Mary the daughter." There does not appear a circumstance besides this grant of the Commons (which was *never* paid), on which Voltaire, and the English historians who have echoed him, can found the assertion they have made.

[1] Stuart Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. Coxe, the apologist for Marlborough, is obliged to own his hero guilty of this infamous act. His excuses for him seem to add to the guilt. Likewise Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, where the reader may consult overpowering evidence of these treasons, and read Marlborough's letter. Vol. ii. pp. 44, 45.

excites contempt, on account of the series of low-minded petty attacks upon her, in which the spitefulness in regard to trifles strongly brings to mind the line:

"Willing to wound, but yet to strike afraid."

One of queen Anne's historians affirms that the queen caused the name of her sister to be omitted in the Common Prayer-book; but against this assertion we beg to offer our own particular evidence, since we well remember, at six years old, in the innocence of our hearts, and without any papistical intentions, praying at church for king William, queen Mary, princess Anne, and the duke of Gloucester, out of old family prayer-books printed in that reign.

When the news arrived in the household of the princess Anne, of the disastrous defeat of Tollemache, the word went that he and his troops had been betrayed to death. "I was in waiting at Campden House," says Lewis Jenkins, "when told the news, that there had been an attempt to land men in Camaret Bay, which was ill-advised; for the French had had notice of our design, and general Tollemache and a great number of brave soldiers were killed or wounded; for the enemy were strongly entrenched near the bay, the king of France having posted his *arrière ban*[1] everywhere near Brest. We, who were in waiting, were talking of it to one another before the little duke of Gloucester. We thought he was busy at play, and did not attend to what passed; but when my lady-governess Fitzharding came in the afternoon, and began to tell the young duke the sad news, he stopped her, by repeating the story as exactly as if he had been taught it." From the same source, it is found, that at the period of this disaster, the princess Anne was on a visit with the guilty persons, the earl of Marlborough and his wife, at Sundridge, near St. Albans, to which seat, belonging to lady Marlborough, she often retired for some days.

It has been mentioned, that the gossips of the circle at

[1] Feudal militia.

Berkeley House, by the assistance of their ally, "Jack Howe," had thought proper to promulgate the fiction, that the one-eyed prime-minister, Shrewsbury, was the object of queen Mary's secret preference. They actually went so far as to affirm, that if king William died, the queen would have given her hand to Shrewsbury. Such tales certainly invest the despatches that premier wrote to king William in his absence with an interest they would not otherwise possess. The sole foundation for this report is, that whenever lord Shrewsbury entered the presence of queen Mary, she was observed to tremble and turn pale—no very certain criterion of the nature of the passion that agitated the queen, which might be fear or hope concerning the tidings, of weal or woe, he was likely to bring her on matters of high import.

Assuredly, lord Shrewsbury himself had heard of these scandals; for he expresses himself with a certain degree of prudish stiffness, when he mentions the queen in his despatches to her absent consort, dated August, 1694. The question was, whether the fleet, commanded by Russell, should winter at Cadiz, or return to England. The privy-council were not united in their opinions, and the vacillation of Shrewsbury was almost proverbial.

"When they," he writes to king William,[1] "were so diffident, you may be sure I was much more so of *my own single*, and therefore I had not presumed to say any more to your majesty upon this subject, but that the queen did me the honour to send for me, and *chid me*, saying, 'that in so important and nice a point, I ought not only to give your majesty an account of my own thoughts, but as near as I could collect, the thoughts of the whole committee.' It is, therefore, in obedience to *her* commands, and no presumption of my own, that I venture to report to your majesty, that everybody agreed the decision should be left to admiral Russell."

[1] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 66.

These words give no very brilliant idea of the abilities of Mary's assistant in government; but they illustrate some of her difficulties, in eliciting the opinions of her council, and bringing them to a unanimous decision. Could queen Mary have examined their private escritoires, and opened the autograph letters, which we have opened, her spirit must have failed in utter despair, at witnessing their complicated treachery! And whether the intent of these double-dealing men was to betray her or her father, the disgust excited by their conduct is equal. A majority among the great body of the people, backed by the system of formidable standing armies, supported her, and the queen again steered the vessel of the state safely through all dangers; but the more the separate treasons are considered, the higher ought her abilities in government to be rated.

The queen expedited the legal completion of her best good work, the foundation of Greenwich Hospital, a few days before the return of her husband. The letters patent for this foundation are dated October 25th, 1694. It was destined for the use of those seamen of her royal navy who, by age, wounds, or other accidents, should be disabled from further service at sea. There was afterwards established a liberal naval school for their children. The legal instrument sets forth, "that the king and queen granted to sir John Somers, lord keeper, and other great officers of state, eight acres of their manor of Greenwich, and that capital messuage, lately built by their royal uncle, king Charles II., and still remaining unfinished, commonly called the Palace of Greenwich, and several other edifices and buildings standing upon part of the aforesaid ground bounded by the Thames, and by admeasurement along that river 673 feet, to the east end of an edifice, called 'the Vestry,' southward on the 'old Tiltyard' and the 'Queen's-garden,'[1] and westward on the

[1] One of the landing-places at Greenwich is still called Garden Stairs. These names are almost the only vestiges that remain of the ancient palace and convent there.

'Friar's-road,' and bounded by other lands belonging to the crown."[1]

In the subsequent confirmation of this grant by William III. in 1695, the king mentions the foundation "as a particular wish of the queen;" thus the conversion of this unfinished palace (which remained a national reproach) into an institution which is one of its glories, originated with Mary II., who, nevertheless, contributed nothing towards the endowment or support of the charity from her own purse. Something, perhaps, she meant to give; yet that part called by her name remained unfinished as late as 1752, for want of funds. And when king William endowed the hospital with the sum of 8000*l.*, in 1695, that sum was taken out of the civil list, and thus was entirely the charity of the English nation.[2] No doubt, the queen would have been better pleased if she had been suffered to endow her hospital with her family spoils, than to have had the grief and shame of seeing them dispensed where they were.[3]

This explanation is needful to show wherefore queen Mary, with every good will to become a most munificent foundress, was forced to limit her benefactions to the grant of a deserted palace, and the simple permission of existence to this great charity. Nevertheless, there was no little in-

[1] Halsted's History of Kent, vol. i. p. 22.

[2] An equal sum was collected from the munificence of private individuals in London. A scheme was afterwards arranged for the support of the hospital, by the deduction of sixpence a month from the wages of the seamen, a plan probably not intended by queen Mary.

[3] It is a fact, scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that her husband seized upon the ancient inheritance in Ireland, her father's private property, possessions derived from Elizabeth de Burgh, by her descendants, through his ancestors the Mortimers, and endowed with them the infamous Elizabeth Villiers. To this woman he had granted 95,649 acres of land, the private estate of king James, valued at 25,995*l.* per annum. It is a satisfaction to find that the House of Commons, some years afterwards, in the lifetime of king William, enraged at this appropriation, forced this woman to give up her spoils, and likewise tore enormous estates from the Dutch favourites, Bentinck, Ginkle, and Keppel, and ordained their restitution, with all the income pertaining to them since the 13th of February, 1687. (Toone's Chronology.)

tellect in the act of projecting and instituting such an establishment as Greenwich Hospital, and appropriating a palace, in which her husband delighted not to dwell, to so noble and beneficent a purpose.

England, perhaps, owed the firm establishment of her naval power to the delight which her sovereigns in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries took in their residence at Greenwich Palace, where they loved to dwell, with all their mighty navy anchored around them. The Tudors, and especially the Stuarts, then felt themselves monarchs of the ocean, and exulted in every gallant ship added to their navy, as the cavalier rejoices in a new battle-steed. These vessels being thus completely under the eyes of their sovereign, he and all his race took pleasure in, and became judges of those marine and colonial statistics, with which the true interests of this empire are vitally connected. The navy of England, likewise the mighty colonies founded in the intervals of peace in the seventeenth century, declined miserably for upwards of fifty years after the reigning sovereign had given up the naval palace of Greenwich.

The queen, in 1694, was required by *some* persons (who were, it is supposed, king William and his Dutch favourites) to demolish all the royal structures appertaining to Greenwich palace, before she commenced the Naval Hospital; but her majesty had enough regard for the place to resist this proposal. "I mean," she said, "to retain the wing, builded by my uncle, Charles II., as a royal reception-palace, on the landing of foreign princes or ambassadors; likewise the water-stairs, and approach to the same." The beautiful structure in the lower park, (to this day called "the Queen's House,") which was built by Charles I. for his queen, Henrietta Maria, it was the intention of queen Mary still to retain, as a royal villa, for her own occasional retirement, telling sir Christopher Wren, "that she meant him to add the four pavilions at the corners, as originally designed by

Inigo;[1] with this resolution, her majesty ordered to be left a 'head-road' from the landing-place leading to the small palace." Thus Mary had planned to dwell occasionally at Greenwich, perhaps for the purpose of watching, in the true spirit of a foundress, over the noble hospital she had designed to raise around. Such was "her majesty's absolute determination," to quote the words of her surveyor,[2]—such were her plans when looking forward to a long vista of years, not knowing how few weeks were really to be her own.

For several months, the queen had been in imminent danger from the machinations of a knot of dark conspirators among her guards, of whom the chief plotter, sir George Barclay, was lieutenant-general. He had been a violent revolutionist, and on some affront connected himself with the Jacobite interest. By means of his coadjutor, captain Williamson, of the same corps, he had, under feigned names, sounded king James regarding an assassination of William III. This scheme the exiled king forbade with detestation. Sir George Barclay then affected to adopt in his own name another plan. He wrote, "that he and sir John Friend hoped, by a stratagem, to seize 'the prince and princess of Orange,' and *bring them* to his majesty, their father, at St. Germains."[3] As this plot was formed by noted revolutionists, employed in guarding her person, there actually existed a possibility that the daughter might have

[1] Life of sir Christopher Wren. Hawksmoor's Account of Greenwich Hospital, 1728. He was deputy-surveyor. [2] Ibid.

[3] State Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. p. 467, and Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, p. 74: this very clause must acquit James II. of all desire of assassinating his nephew. Two years afterwards, this strange scheme was matured by these men into an assassination plot against William III., then a widower, who was to have been murdered when returning from hunting, at Richmond. No less than ten gentlemen were put to death for this plot, called in history, "Sir John Friend's Conspiracy." It is worthy of remark, that the leaders or executors of all the assassination plots, in this reign and the next, had been revolutionists, or officers from William's own band of French refugees, as Granval and Guiscard; the latter, however, is supposed not to have joined the refugee corps till after the king's death.

been dragged across the seas into the presence of her father. Nothing, after the success of two revolutions in one century, seemed, in fact, too wild or perilous to be undertaken by English political adventurers.

Queen Mary condescended to encourage a spy and tale-bearer in the family of the princess, her sister, who was one of the most influential persons in it, being the quaker-nurse of her nephew. When the duke was weaned, the wet-nurse was given the offices of breakfast-woman and dry-nurse. Nothing, however, could please her; she would be mistress over everybody, and would complain of every individual to the lady-governess (Fitzharding), who was heard to say, "that if the quakeress Pack was a year longer at court, she would be too much for all there." Lady Fitzharding had found out that this woman had insinuated herself into favour with the queen, and particularly with the ladies who were not on friendly terms with the princess Anne, and busied herself with carrying tales out of the establishment at Campden and Berkeley Houses to her majesty—an inconvenience to lady Fitzharding, who had the same office to perform, but thought it safest to play a double game. The queen, at last, gave Mrs. Pack's husband a place in the Custom House. The quakeress-nurse, finding that her practices were suspected, requested to retire, under plea of ill-health. The princess consented, and gave her an annuity of 40*l.* per annum. Scarcely had the nurse retired from the healthy air of Kensington to Deptford, when she caught the small-pox. Whilst she remained very ill, the duke of Gloucester sent every day to hear how she was. No one among her fellow-servants at Campden House had the least idea of her danger. One morning, the duke of Gloucester was asked, "Whether he should send, as usual, to know how his nurse was?" "No," he said, "for she is dead." "How do you know, sir," asked his attendant. "That is no matter," replied the young duke; "but I am sure she is dead." Mrs. Wanley, one of his women, then observed,

"that the young duke had told her yesterday, that he knew Pack would die next day." The child was right; his nurse actually died about the time that the discussion took place. This coincidence occasioned no little consternation in his household; for they said it was physically impossible that the child, or any one else, could have been informed of the fact by natural means. The young duke was taken to visit his aunt, queen Mary, next day. Perhaps, her majesty had heard this marvellous tale; for she led the way to it, by asking him, "If he were sorry to hear that his nurse was dead?" The child replied, "No, madam." And this most unsatisfactory reply was all the queen could elicit from her little nephew on the subject. Mrs. Atkinson succeeded the quakeress-nurse in her offices. "She was," says Lewis Jenkins, "niece to my good countrywoman, Mrs. Butt,[1] who had the honour to see how the princess Anne was fed when a child."

The issue of a new coinage engaged the attention of the queen's government in this summer. So much had the coin been debased in her reign, that good guineas passed for thirty shillings cash. The circulation in England was greatly injured by base guineas, coined in Holland. The heads of the two regnant-sovereigns were impressed on the new coins—not like Philip and Mary looking into each other's faces, but in the more elegant manner of one profile appearing beyond the other. Philip Rotier, one of the artists patronised by James II., had positively refused to work for William and Mary. His son, Norbert Rotier, was not so scrupulous. In 1694, he was employed in designing some dies for the copper coinage, and a medal, charged with the double profile, and Britannia on the reverse, when it was discovered that William's head bore an impertinent likeness to that of a satyr; and this circumstance made a

[1] This is, perhaps, the same name as *Buss*, who is mentioned, in the Clarendon Diary, as nurse to the princess Anne. According to Lewis Jenkins, she had the office of keeper of the privy-purse to the princess.

great noise, and was followed by the report, that James II. was concealed in his house in the Tower. Norbert Rotier, finding himself an object of suspicion, retired to France.[1]

The queen had anxiously expected her husband from Holland, throughout the latter part of October and the beginning of November; he was detained by the French fleet. He arrived, however, at Margate on the 12th of November; his queen met him at Rochester, and they travelled safely to Kensington.[2] The king opened his parliament next day. After voting thanks to the queen for her courage, and firm administration, the parliament proceeded to impeach her favourite prime-minister, then duke of Leeds, for the infamous corruption of his government; likewise sir John Trevor, the late speaker, for receiving bribes himself, and for distributing them in the house of commons. In the course of these inquiries the names of her majesty's immediate attendants, if not her own, were compromised. The following passage on this head is abstracted from the scanty details preserved in the journals of the house of lords. Sir Thomas Cooke, the chairman, had sent a bribe on the part of the East India company to the lord-president of queen Mary's cabinet-council, (the marquis of Carmarthen,)[3] by sir Basil Firebrass, which gentleman further deposed, "That they found great stops in the charters, which they apprehended proceeded, sometimes from my lord Nottingham, the queen's lord-chamberlain, and sometimes from others. That colonel Fitzpatrick received one thousand guineas on the same terms as the others, if the charter passed: That he pre-

[1] Where he designed several medals for the chevalier St. George. He was succeeded in his office by Harris, the player, an unworthy favourite of the duchess of Cleveland, who was ignorant of the art. (Fine Arts of Great Britain, by Taylor.)

[2] Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 535.

[3] Formerly lord Danby, afterwards marquis of Carmarthen, then duke of Leeds. The passage is from Parliamentary Debates in England, printed 1739. Vol. iii. p. 23.

tended great interest with lord Nottingham, and that he could get information from the lady Derby [*mistress of the robes*] how the queen's pleasure was?"[1] Lord Nottingham, the same deponent declared, "rejected a bribe of five thousand guineas indignantly." It is found colonel Fitzpatrick died soon after the queen; no one, therefore, could ascertain whether he had been calumniated, or whether he had himself insinuated calumnies on her majesty and her mistress of the robes. All that need be said on this head is, that queen Mary, in her letters, displays no tendency to any unrighteous acquisition of the public money. The fatal illness under which her majesty succumbed immediately after the parliamentary inquiries on this head—which commenced in the house of commons, on the king's return—at once interrupted the examination, and spared the queen the confusion of finding proved the foul deeds of which her ministers were capable. The long disputed bill, limiting parliaments to three years' duration, was brought in the same autumn: it did not seem more palatable to the elective king and queen, than to their predecessors.

Whilst these troubles and disgraces were impending, a disaster occurred, which greatly agitated and distressed queen Mary. She was at Whitehall-chapel, November 24, when the service suddenly ceased; archbishop Tillotson, who was officiating before her majesty, was silenced with a stroke of paralysis; he never spoke again, but died a few days afterwards. Archbishop Tillotson had grown excessively fat and corpulent at the time of his death. His friends considered that his life had been shortened by the sorrow and troubles his elevation had brought on him. Like the Psalmist, when he spoke of peace, the furious parties around him "made themselves ready for battle."[2] Just as

[1] Parliamentary Debates in England, printed 1739, vol. iii. p. 23.

[2] Life of Tillotson. There were found, in the possession of archbishop Tillotson, numerous letters, containing the most furious threats against his life, and revilings of his character; he had endorsed these words on the packets,

archbishop Tillotson expired, a lady came into the apartment where her majesty was sitting, and said, she believed "that all the dignified clergy had come to court that day to show themselves." The queen replied, "There is one I am sure is absent, which is the dean of Canterbury." Some of the company observed, "that not one was missing." A lady of the queen's household, who knew dean Hooper, went out to see; she returned and said, "He is not there." "No," replied the queen, "I can answer for him; I knew he was not there."

All trifles make a strong impression, when connected with unexpected death—superstition is at such times very active; it will be remembered, that Dr. Hooper had declared to queen Mary, that the great walnut-tree which kept the people from seeing her when she sojourned at his deanery at Canterbury, should be cut down; by a curious accident, it was felled at the very moment of Tillotson's death, who, as the story goes, had planted it with his own hand when he was dean of Canterbury.[1]

Again was queen Mary made responsible in the eyes of all England, for the choice of the primate of the English church; once more it fell on a man who had not been educated in its creed; this was Dr. Tennison, who was soon after raised to the archbishopric of Canterbury. This nomination did not please all queen Mary's courtiers, among others lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers; he reminded her majesty "that Dr. Tennison had been much contemned for preaching a funeral sermon, and at the same time, pronouncing a high panegyric over a woman so infamous as Nell Gwyn, for the lucre of fifty pounds, which that person had provided for the purpose in her will."

"I have read these letters, I thank God, calmly, and may the writers forgive themselves as easily as I forgive them."

[1] Hooper MS.; but a walnut-tree of thirty or thirty-three years' growth could not have been a large one.

Queen Mary showed more discomposure of countenance at this remonstrance, than she ever betrayed before on any occasion: "What, then!" she replied, after a pause of great confusion; "no doubt the poor woman was severely penitent, or I am sure by the good doctor's looks, he would have said nothing in her praise."[1]

Queen Mary might have defended Dr. Tennison far better, by mentioning his conduct of Christian heroism in Cambridge, during the horrors of the plague, when he acted both as physician and clergyman. She knew it not, or she would have urged so noble a plea; her wishes really were that Dr. Stillingfleet should be promoted to the primacy.[2] King William's nomination of Dr. Tennison was induced by his controversial sermons against the Roman-catholics. He had been bred as a physician, and practised as such in the time of Cromwell.

The queen, for many days, could not mention Tillotson without tears; the king was likewise much affected by his death. Indeed, since her majesty had witnessed the primate's mortal stroke, she had neither appeared well, nor in spirits. The royal pair were residing at Kensington Palace, with the intent to pass the Christmas in retirement, when the queen became seriously indisposed, on the 19th of December. She took some slight remedies, and declared herself well the next day. Her illness returned in the course of a few hours. "I was above half an hour with the queen the day she first felt herself ill, but nothing of it appeared," wrote Burnet.[3] "The next day, which was the 20th of December, she went abroad, but could not disguise being ill." How truly the queen anticipated the

[1] Bio. Brit. Mistress Nelly was in the enjoyment of 1500*l.* per annum which had been secured to her by James II. (Clarendon Diary, Appendix, p. 654.) It is said that out of gratitude she turned papist, but recanted when times changed, or queen Mary would not have entered on her defence; Nelly had left fifty pounds for her funeral sermon. Dr. Tennison's panegyric, when earning this sum, caused no little scandal on the clerical character.

[2] Burnet's MS., Harleian Collection, 6584.

[3] Ibid.

result, may be found from her conduct and employment. She sat up nearly all that night in her cabinet, burning and destroying papers, on which she did not wish the public, at any future time, to pass judgment. Burnet praises this action, as one of great consideration towards "people whom these papers would have committed, if seen after she was no more."[1] Queen Mary was certainly anxious that these documents should not commit her memory, and took a sure way of depriving biographers of them. Yet by those which remain, dark mysterious surmises are raised regarding the portentous nature of those destroyed. What state secrets were those which could induce her to keep a solitary vigil in her closet at Kensington, in a December night, and, with death in her veins, devote herself to the task, at once agitating and fatiguing, of examining and destroying important papers? What thoughts, what feelings, must have passed through the brain of queen Mary, on that awful night, thus alone—with her past life, and with approaching death? Strange contrast between an unfortunate father, and a fortunate daughter: James II. preserved every document which could cast light on his conduct, valuing their preservation before life itself;[2] Mary II. destroyed all in her power which could give the stamp of certainty to her personal history. The queen finished her remarkable occupations on that night, by writing a letter to her husband on the subject of Elizabeth Villiers, which she endorsed, "Not to be delivered excepting in case of my death," and locked it in an ebony cabinet in which she usually kept papers of consequence.

As might have been anticipated, queen Mary was ex-

[1] This curious remark is in Burnet's first folio edition; it has been withdrawn in that of 1823. It is in neither of his three manuscript versions of Mary's death. Harleian, 6584.

[2] There can be little doubt that the box which James risked his life to preserve, when the Gloucester was sinking, contained his memoirs as far as they were written, and the vouchers on which they were founded.

ceedingly indisposed, on the day succeeding these agitating vigils. Her disorder was, however, supposed to be only the measles, some two or three days afterwards, and great hopes were entertained of her recovery; but on the identity of her malady her physicians could not agree; Dr. Radcliffe declaring that she would have the measles, and Dr. Millington the small-pox.[1] Burnet affirms, that the fatal turn of her malady was owing to Dr. Radcliffe, in remarkable words, which are not to be found in his printed history, as follows: "I will not enter into another province, nor go out of my own profession," says Burnet's MS., "and so will say no more of the physician's part, but that it was universally condemned, so that the queen's death was imputed to the unskilfulness and wilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe, an impious and vicious man, who hated the queen much, but virtue and religion more. He was a professed Jacobite, and was by many thought a very bad physician, but others cried him up to the highest degree imaginable. He was called for, and it appeared but too evidently his opinion was depended on. Other physicians were called, when it was too late; all symptoms were bad, yet still the queen felt herself well."[2] Radcliffe's mistake was taking the small-pox for the measles; but this is an idle charge, since the proper treatment for the one eruptive disease would by no means render the other mortal. The truth was, the queen was full and large in person, somewhat addicted to good living, both in regard to food and wine; she likewise drank rich chocolate at bed-time. Small-pox, and even measles, are dangerous visitations to patients of thirty-two, with similar habits. Nor is Dr. Radcliffe answerable for the queen's high-fed condition and luxurious habits, as he was not her household physician,[3] and there-

[1] Ralph's History, p. 539.

[2] So written. Burnet's MS., Harleian, 6524.

[3] Dr. Radcliffe was considered the most skilful physician of his day. He really was a Jacobite; he attended the revolutionary sovereigns very unwil-

fore not bound by his duties to give advice in regard to dietary temperance. The domestic physicians were the traitors, who had failed to counsel the queen on the regulation of her appetites.

While this desperate malady was dealing with the queen, her sister, the princess Anne, and her ambitious favourite, lady Marlborough, were startled from the torpor they had long suffered at Berkeley House, into a state of feverish expectation of the sudden importance which would accrue to them if her majesty's illness proved fatal. The princess Anne was then in a dubious state of health herself, for dropsical maladies impaired her constitution. She flattered herself with hopes of an increase to her family; in consequence, she confined herself to the house, and passed the day constantly reclining on a couch.[1] Thus the princess was prevented by the infirmity of her health from visiting the sick-bed of her sister, from whose chamber there is every reason to believe she would have been repulsed. Although queen Mary was in a very doubtful state on the morning of the 22nd of December, king William left Kensington, and gave his royal assent in the house of lords to the important bill for passing triennial parliaments. It is supposed his foresight led him to this measure; since, in the case of the queen's death, and the consequent weakening of his title to the crown, he could not have yielded this concession with equal dignity.[2]

No regular intercourse took place between the palace at Kensington and Berkeley House; and all the intelligence of whatever passed in either household, was conveyed by the ex-official tattling of servants of the lower grade.

lingly, and studied to plague them with vexatious repartees. Nevertheless, they all insisted on receiving his medical assistance. He has been separately blamed for killing queen Mary, king William, the duke of Gloucester, and queen Anne, either by his attendance or his non-attendance.

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 105.

[2] Ralph's History, p. 535.

Laundresses questioned nurses, or ushers carried the tales thus gathered. All was in the dark at the princess's establishment, as late as Christmas-day, O. S., respecting the malady of the queen, when Lewis Jenkins was sent to obtain information of Mrs. Worthington, the queen's laundress, regarding how her majesty really was. The news thus gained was, however, by no means correct.

"As I loved the queen much," says Lewis Jenkins, "I was transported with hearing she had rested well that night, and that she had not the small-pox, but the measles. The queen was much beloved; she had found the means of pleasing the people by her obliging deportment, and had, besides, the command of plenty of money to give away, which proved a powerful persuasive with many for loving her. I went into the duke of Gloucester's bedchamber, where I threw up my hat, and said, 'O be joyful!' The ladies asked me, 'What I meant?' I then related the good news; and the little duke said, 'I am glad of it, with all my heart!' But the next day, when I went to inquire at the palace after the queen, I was informed 'that, in consequence of being let blood, the small-pox had turned black, and that her majesty's death drew near, for nature was prevented from working her course.' I was this day in waiting, and talking over the ill news with Mrs. Wanley, one of the little duke of Gloucester's women, in a low tone, imagining that the child could not hear our conversation, as he was playing with George Wanley. His highness suddenly exclaimed, 'O be joyful!' I hearing this, asked him, 'Where he learnt that expression?' 'Lewis, *you* know,' said his highness. 'Sir,' said I, 'yesterday I cried, O be joyful!' 'Yes,' rejoined the queen's nephew; 'and now, to-day, you may sing, O be doleful!' which I wondered to hear."[1]

The danger of the queen being thus matter of notoriety throughout the corridors and servants' offices of Campden and Berkeley Houses, the princess Anne thought it time

[1] Lewis Jenkins' History. Tracts. Brit. Museum.

to send a lady of her bed-chamber with a message, entreating her majesty "to believe that she was extremely concerned for her illness; and that if her majesty would allow her the happiness of waiting on her, she would, notwithstanding the condition she was in, run any hazard for her satisfaction." This message was delivered to the queen's first lady, being lady Derby, who went into the royal bed-chamber and delivered it to her majesty. A consultation took place; and after some time, lady Derby came out again, and replied to the messenger of the princess Anne, "that the king would send an answer the next day."

Had the queen wished to be reconciled to her sister, there was thus time and opportunity, for this message was sent some time before her death. No kind familiar answer was returned from the dying queen to her sister, but the following formal court notation from the first lady of her majesty to the lady of the princess:

"Madam,[1]

"I am commanded by the king and queen to tell you they desire you would let the princess know they both thank her for sending and desiring to come, but it being thought so necessary to keep the queen as quiet as possible, hope she will defer it. I am, madam, your ladyship's most humble servant,

"E. Derby."

"P.S.—Pray, madam, present my humble duty to the princess."

The unusual civility of the postscript astonished the little court at Berkeley House; the deductions drawn from it were prophetical of the fatal termination of the queen's illness, but not a single expression indicative of human feeling, or yearning kindness towards the sufferer, is recorded by lady Marlborough as falling from the princess Anne, whether such were the case or not. The politeness of lady Derby's postscript, who had been previously remarked for her insolence to the princess, "made us conclude," observes lady Marlborough, "more than if the whole college of physicians had pronounced it, that her disease was mortal."

Many persons, and even some individuals belonging to

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

the household of the princess, were allowed to see the queen in her sick-chamber; therefore it was concluded, that deferring the proposed visit of the princess was only to leave room for continuing the quarrel, in case the queen should chance to recover, while, at the same time, it left a possibility of a political reconciliation with the king, in case of her majesty's death.[1]

Such were the surmises and proceedings at Berkeley House, while death, every hour, approached nearer to queen Mary. The king certainly despaired of his consort's life; "for the next day (December 26)," says Burnet, "he called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to the most tender passion; he burst into tears, and cried out aloud, 'That from being the happiest, he was going to be the most miserable creature on the earth;' adding, 'that during their whole wedlock, he had never known one single fault in his queen; there was, besides, a worth in her that nobody knew besides himself, though *I* (Burnet) might know as much of her as any other person did.'"

As the queen's illness fluctuated, the princess Anne and lady Marlborough became ungovernably agitated with their hopes and fears; and as they could obtain no intelligence which they could trust, they at last resolved to despatch lady Fitzharding to Kensington Palace, where she undertook to see the queen and speak to her. Accordingly, charged with a dutiful message to her majesty, the lady Fitzharding "broke in," whether the queen's attendants "would or not," and approaching the bed where her majesty was, made her speech, to express "in how much concern the princess Anne was." The dying Mary gasped out, "Thanks," and the lady went back to her princess with a report that her kind message had been very coldly received.[2] Lady Fitzharding had means of knowing the private feelings of the queen towards the princess, because her majesty

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 106.
[2] Ibid., p. 107.

was surrounded by the brothers and sisters of that lady. The real tendency of the mind of the king, as well as that of the queen, was likewise known to lady Fitzharding, through the communication of her sister Elizabeth, his mistress; and if we may credit the testimony of the Marlborough, she reported that her majesty was most inimical to the princess Anne to her last gasp. Without giving too much belief to a witness of lady Marlborough's disposition, it may be observed that the whole bearings of the case tend to the same conclusion. Another contemporary lady of the household affirms that the queen "was sinking fast into unconsciousness when lady Fitzharding forced herself into her bed-chamber, and that the single word she spoke was indeed all she was able to utter."

The face of the queen was covered with the most violent erysipelas the Friday before her death. When this frightful symptom appeared, her physicians declared to her husband that there remained no hopes of her life. He received the intelligence with every symptom of despair. He ordered his camp-bed to be brought into the chamber of his dying consort, and remained with her night and day, while she struggled between life and death. It is possible that he was desirous of preventing anything she might say respecting the events of her past life. Our authority, however, declares that his demeanour was most affectionate; and that, "although greatly addicted to the pleasures of eating, he never tasted food during three successive dreadful days."[1]

"When the desperate condition of her majesty," says Burnet, "became evident to all around her, archbishop Tennison told the king that he could not do his duty faithfully, without he acquainted her with her danger. The king approved of it, and said, 'that whatever effect it might

[1] Inedited MS., in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in French—of which the above is a translation. (No. 1715.)

have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter.' The queen anticipated the communication of the archbishop, but showed no fear or disorder upon it. She said 'she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left to the last hour; she had nothing then to do but to look up to God, and submit to his will.' She said 'that she had wrote her mind on many things to the king;' and she gave orders to look carefully for a small scrutoire that she made use of, which was in her closet, which was to be delivered to the king. Having despatched that care, she avoided giving herself or her husband the tenderness which a final parting might have raised in them both." When it is remembered that the casket the queen was thus careful to have put into his hands, contained the letter of complaint and reproof written by her, at the time of her memorable vigil in her cabinet at Kensington, it is difficult to consider that Mary died on friendly terms with her husband, or that her refusal to bid him farewell proceeded from tenderness. "The day before she died," continues Burnet, "she received the sacrament; all the bishops who were attending were permitted to receive it with her. God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth."[1] "The queen, after receiving the sacrament, composed herself solemnly to die; she slumbered some time, but said that she was not refreshed by it, and that nothing did her good but prayer. She tried once or twice to say something

[1] Burnet's History of his Own Times. This writer (or his interpolator) slurs over the circumstance of the queen's departure, without reconciliation with her sister. Sarah of Marlborough's testimony is, we think, better deserving belief, because her words are supported by circumstantial detail and documents. She asserts "that queen Mary departed in enmity to her sister, that *no message was sent to the princess.*" Moreover, in three several versions of the queen's death among Burnet's MSS., Harleian Collection, Brit. Museum, the passage does not occur; neither is the name of the princess mentioned in the course of them.

to the king, but could not go through with it. She laid silent for some hours, and then some words came from her, which showed that her thoughts began to break."[1] The queen's mind, in fact, wandered very wildly the day before she expired. The hallucinations with which she was disturbed were dreary, and the nature of them certainly indicates that somewhat remained on her mind, of which she had not spoken. Her majesty mysteriously required to be left alone with archbishop Tennison, as she had something to tell him, and her chamber was cleared in consequence. The archbishop breathlessly expected some extraordinary communication. The dying queen said, "I wish you to look behind that screen, for Dr. Radcliffe has put a popish nurse upon me, and that woman is always listening to what I want to say; she lurks behind that screen; make her go away; that woman is a great disturbance to me."[2]

The popish nurse, which the queen fancied that her Jacobite physician, Dr. Radcliffe, had "put upon her," was but an unreal phantom, the coinage of her wandering brain. Her father's friends, who were more numerous in her palace than she was aware, fancied that, instead of describing this spectre to archbishop Tennison, she was confessing her filial sins to him. A contemporary of queen Mary uses these remarkable words, when mentioning the interview: "But whether she had any scruples relating to her father, and they made part of her discourse with Tennison, and that arch-divine took upon his own soul the pressures, which, in these weak unguarded moments, might weigh upon hers, must now remain a secret unto the last day.[3] The story, however, of the phantom-nurse that perplexed queen Mary's last moments, was told by Tennison himself to the historian, bishop White Kennet."

It was supposed, on the Sunday evening, that the queen

[1] Burnet. [2] Ralph, vol. ii. p. 540.

[3] MS. in the Bibliothêque du Roi, Paris, (No. 1715.)

was about to expire, which information was communicated to the king, who fell fainting, and did not recover for half an hour; that day he had swooned thrice. Many of his attendants thought that he would die the first.[1] Queen Mary breathed her last between night and morning, on the 28th of December, 1694,[2] in the sixth year of her reign, and the thirty-third of her age. The moment the breath left her body, the lord-chancellor commanded the great seal to be broken, and another made, on which the figure of William III. was impressed *solus*.[3]

The great seal of William and Mary represents them enthroned, sitting with an altar between them, upon it is placed the globe of sovereignty, on which they each place a hand. In the reverse, London is represented in the background, but it is *old* London before the fire, for old St. Paul's is very clearly represented, and, to make the matter stranger, the monument is introduced. Mary and William are equestrian figures uncrowned; he is like a Roman emperor in profile, while the queen turns her face full on him; her hair is dressed high in front, and streams over the shoulder before her; she is represented wholly without ornament.

A Roman-catholic priest,[4] who was a spy of the Jacobites, had been roaming round Kensington, watching for intelligence during the awful three days while Mary II. struggled between life and death. He had the opportunity of receiving the earliest news of her demise, probably from lord Jersey, who was secretly of his religion. The priest departed before dawn on the night of the queen's death; he meant to take his speediest course to St. Germains, but he fell ill of a violent fever at Abbeville, probably the result of his nocturnal perambulations in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, in December. This intelligencer of Mary's demise himself

[1] MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, (No. 1715.)
[2] This is old style. The French date her death January 7, 1695.
[3] MS. of the Bibliothèque du Roi.
[4] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512.

remained between life and death for three days. At last, he recovered sufficiently to despatch a messenger to James II. at St. Germains, who sent, forthwith, one of his gentlemen to hear his tidings.[1]

The report of the illness of Mary II. had been current in France for several days; but, in the absence of authentic intelligence, all sorts of rumours prevailed—among others, "that she had recovered, and that William III. was dead." The right version of the tidings spread over France when king James's messenger returned from the priest's sick-bed at Abbeville, January 13th, N. S. Madame de Sévigné mentions these circumstances in her letters, and she gives Mary II. as an instance of the transitory nature of all mundane glories. "She was," says her illustrious contemporary, "but thirty-three; she was beautiful, she was a reigning queen, and she is dead in three days. But the great news is that the prince of Orange (William III.) is assuredly very ill; for though the malady of his wife was contagious, he never quitted her, and it is the will of God that he will not quit her long." William III., however, bore on his face marks which entirely secured him from any danger respecting the contagious malady of which his queen died, and if he was very ill at the time of her death, his malady did not arise from the small-pox. When the news was confirmed of the death of Mary, her father shut himself up in his apartments, and refused all visits; he observed the mourning of solitude, tears, and groans, but he would not wear black for her death.[2]

James II. likewise sent to Louis XIV. to request him not to wear mourning for his daughter, and not to order a court-mourning. Otherwise, as she was so nearly allied to the king of France, being the grand-daughter of his aunt, this order would have appeared, although it would have

[1] An inedited MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in French, marked (1745.)
[2] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512.

been a great absurdity, considering the deadly war subsisting, which seemed more personal than national, between the families of Orange, Stuart, and Bourbon. Some of the old nobility of France claimed kindred with the house of Orange; among others, were the dukes de Bouillon and Duras, who thought fit to assume mourning; they were sternly commanded by Louis XIV. "to put it off."[1] The duke de St. Simon blames the royal order, as a petty vengeance. This acute observer is among the few writers who do justice to the great abilities of Mary in government; at the same time he, bears the testimony of a contemporary, "that she was much more bitter against her father, than was her husband." The conduct of James II. was influenced by the horror which he felt at ascertaining that his once beloved child had expired, without any message or expression of sorrow and regret at the sufferings which she had been the means of causing him. He observes, "that many of his partisans fancied that her death would pave the way for his restoration;" but he made no additional efforts on that account; indeed, he says, "the event only caused him the additional affliction of seeing a child whom he loved so tenderly, persevere to her death in such a signal state of disobedience and disloyalty, and to find her extolled for crimes as if they were the highest virtues, by the mercenary flatterers around her."

"Even archbishop Tennison reckoned among her virtues," adds king James, "that she had got the better of all duty to her parent, in consideration of her religion and her country, and that even if she had done aught blameworthy, she had acted by the advice of the most learned men in the church, who were answerable for it, not she."[2] When king James heard this reported speech, he cried out, "Oh, miserable way of arguing—fatal to the

[1] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512, and St. Simon, vol. i. p. 255.
[2] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clarke.

deceiver and to the deceived! Yet by this very saying, she discovered both her scruple and her apprehension." He declared himself "much afflicted at her death, and more at her manner of dying," and affirmed, "that both his children had lost all bowels of compassion for him; for the princess of Denmark, notwithstanding her professions and late repentance, now appeared to be satisfied with the prince of Orange (William III.); though he had used her ill, and usurped her right, yet she preferred that he should remain, rather than her father, who had always cherished her beyond expression, should be restored."[1]

Archbishop Tennison delivered to the king the deceased queen's posthumous letter, together with a reproving message she had confided to him. At the same time, he took the liberty of adding a severe lecture to his majesty, on the subject of his gross misconduct in regard to Elizabeth Villiers. The king took this freedom in good part, and solemnly promised the archbishop to break off all intimacy with her. The queen's letter expressed to her husband the great pain which his connexion with her rival had always given her.[2] True to the personal forbearance which is a remarkable feature in her conjugal life, she never complained, or told the pangs she suffered from jealousy, till after her own death had taken place. But whether she could be considered to expire in perfect peace and forgiveness to her husband when she left written reproaches, exposing him at the same time to the schooling of a stranger of rude manners, on so delicate a subject, is matter for consideration.

It ought to be reckoned among the other pains and penalties of William III., that he was subjected to the admonitions and exhortations of the dissenting-bred clergy, whom he had placed in the wealthiest church preferments, he having avowedly not the best opinion of their disinterested-

[1] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clarke.
[2] Shrewsbury MSS., edited by Coxe.

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ness of conversion. For Burnet, he always manifested loathing, which was uncontrollable—a feeling, in which we have seen, by her letters, his lost queen fully participated. Burnet, nevertheless, was among the most active of his lecturers on the subject of future good behaviour, and, with infinite self-satisfaction, notes the result. "King William began then the custom, which he has observed ever since very exactly, of going to prayers twice a day; he entered upon very solemn and serious resolutions of becoming, in all things, an exact Christian, and of breaking off all bad practices whatsoever. He expressed a particular regard to all the queen's inclinations and intentions. He resolved to keep up her family."[1] Such declaration need not excite astonishment—the *family* Burnet means consisted, not of the queen's near relatives of the exiled royal house, but merely of her household-servants; and if the duchess of Marlborough is to be believed, the king afterwards grumbled excessively at paying them the pensions he had promised, in the height of these his well-behaved resolutions.

"I confess," pursues Burnet, "that my hopes are so sunk with the queen's death, that I do not flatter myself with further expectations. If things can be kept in tolerable order, so that we have peace and quiet in our days, I dare look for no more. So black a scene of Providence as is now upon us, gives me many dismal apprehensions."[2]

As to any reconciliation of the princess Anne with the queen, it is improbable that Burnet believed it took place, since the Harleian contains three different copies of the queen's death, from the bishop's pen; and although he speaks as an eye-witness from beginning to end, he mentions not the name of the princess therein. Indeed, the odd and maladroit manner in which that assertion is introduced into the printed history, many pages after its natural date, gives the whole incident a very suspicious aspect. The words

[1] Harleian MS., 6584.
[2] Burnet's MS., Harleian Collection.

are thrust among the current events far into the year 1695; they are apropos to nothing connected with chronological order, and are as follows: "The queen, when she was dying, had received a kind message from, and had sent a reconciling message to, the princess, so that breach was made up. 'Tis true, the sisters did not meet; 'twas thought that might throw the queen into too great a commotion."[1]

While preparations were making for the queen's funeral, a great number of elegies and odes were written in praise of her majesty. But poetic talent, excepting in the line of lampoons, was very scarce among the revolutionary party, and as the elegies excited either laughter or contempt, the public press of the day indulged in furious abuse of Dryden, because no panegyric on the queen appeared from his pen. "It is difficult," observes sir Walter Scott,[2] "to conceive in what manner the deprived poet-laureate of the unfortunate James could have treated the memory of his master's daughter." He granted her, at least on that occasion, the mercy of his silence. Dryden was, however, appealed to, in order to decide "which of the numerous effusions to the memory of queen Mary was the best?" "Bad was the best," was the very natural answer of one of the immortal authors of England; but being pressed to pronounce a more distinctive verdict, he said, "that the ode by the duke of Devonshire[3] was the best."

[1] Burnet's Own Times, edition 1823, with Dartmouth's, Onslow's, and Hardwick's Notes, vol. iv. p. 157.

[2] Life of Dryden.

[3] "Its memory," says Sir Walter, "only survives in an almost equally obscure funeral poem to the memory of William, duke of Devonshire, in which these lines occur.

"'Twas so when the destroyer's dreadful dart
Once pierced through ours to fair Maria's heart;
From his state helm, then some short hours he stole,
T' indulge his melting eyes and bleeding soul;
Whilst his bent knees to those remains divine,
Paid their last offering to that royal shrine."

No wonder that sir Walter Scott suspected the merits of the Devonshire

Among the royal elegies, were included some perpetrations in the pathetic line, by the hard, sarcastic profligates, Prior, Congreve, and Swift.[1] Sir Walter Scott suspects, that the ducal strains were in reality the worst, but they eluded his research. They exist at length in the Harleian Collection, and prove that Dryden spoke as an honest critic, for they are far superior to the professional poetry published on the occasion; they preserve withal some historical allusions; thus the queen is given the credit of tears, she either shed, or feigned to shed, at her coronation; although other witnesses have recorded dark words, which escaped her on that occasion, against her father's life:—

ODE BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE ON THE DEATH OF MARY II.

"Long our divided state,
Hung in the balance of a doubtful fate;
When one bright nymph, the gathering clouds dispelled,
And all the griefs of Albion healed—
Her the united land obeyed;
She knew her task, and nicely understood,
To what intention kings are made,
Not for their own, but for their people's good.
'Twas that prevailing argument alone,
Determined her to fill the vacant throne;
And with sadness she beheld,
A crown devolving on her head—
By the excesses of a prince misled,
When by her royal birth compelled,
To what her God, and what her country claimed;
Though by a servile faction blamed,
How graceful were the tears she shed!

"When waiting only for a wind,
Against our isle the power of France was armed;
Her ruling arts in their true lustre shined
The winds themselves were by her influence charmed;

tribute after quoting this abstract of its contents, from some writer of less talent than his grace. The duke of Devonshire was, at that time, one of the state-ministers, and had always formed one among the council of nine.

[1] Swift was at that time an expectant of place and profit from William III., under the patronage of sir William Temple.

"Secure and undisturbed the scene
Of Albion seemed, and like her eyes serene.

Fatal to the fair and young,
Accursed disease! how long
Have wretched mothers mourned thy rage?
Robbed of the hope, and comfort of their age;
From the unhappy lover's side,
How often hast thou torn the blooming bride?
Common disasters sorrow raise,
But Heaven's severer frowns amaze
The queen, a word, a sound!
Of nations once the hope and firm support.
That name becomes unutterable now,
The crowds in that dejected court,
Where languishing Maria lay,
Want power to ask the news they come to know:
Silent their drooping heads they bow,
Silence itself proclaims the universal woe.
Even Maria's latest care,[1]
Whom winter's seasons, nor contending Jove,
Nor watchful fleets,[2] could from his glorious purpose move,
Now trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty weight,
The hero to the man gives way."[3]

Swift's Pindaric Ode on the queen of his supposed patron exists in the Athenian Oracle; it cannot be worse. In the Life of Sir William Temple, supposed to be written by Swift, it is asserted "that lady Temple died within a month of her majesty out of sheer grief for her loss." A great compliment to the queen, but a doubtful one to sir William Temple, who survived his lady.

The queen's memory was illustrated by an historical

[1] William III.

[2] This historical allusion is to the circumstances of that king's last voyage from Holland, which are not very creditable to the once triumphant navy of Great Britain, especially when joined to the Dutch marine force. November, Tuesday 16, 1694. "The prince of Orange, (William III.) embarked to go to England; the wind beat him back twice, but he persevered and finally sailed with a fine day. His squadron was strongly reinforced, as he had been told that Jean Bart was watching for him." Memoirs of Dangeau. William had been waiting all the month for a passage, lest Jean Bart should intercept him.

[3] The elegy would extend over many pages; the necessity for brevity obliges us to present only an abstract, including all the personal allusions possible.

sermon or oration, preached on occasion of her death, by Burnet. These pages cannot, however, be illumined from it by words that glow and burn, such as flowed from the lips of the gifted son of the herdsman of Meaux, the eloquent Bossuet, when the character and misfortunes of Henrietta Maria were given him for his theme.

Burnet's obituary memorial on Henrietta Maria's granddaughter scarcely rises to the level of quaintness, and his distress for facts on which to hang his excessive praises makes him degenerate into queerness; for after lauding to the utmost the love of queen Mary II. for sermons (being perfectly ignorant of the bitter contempt she had expressed for his own), he falls into the following comical commendations:—

"She gave her minutes of leisure with the greatest willingness to architecture and *gardenage*. She had a richness of invention, with a happiness of contrivance that had airs in it that were *freer* and *nobler than what was more stiff*, though it might be more regular. She knew that this drew an expense after it; she had no inclinations besides this to any diversions that were expenceful, and since this employed many hands, she was pleased to say 'that she hoped it would be forgiven her;' yet she was uneasy when she felt the weight of the charge that lay upon it."

"The gardenage" that had airs in it "freer than those that were more stiff," was, at the close of the seventeenth century, completely on a par with the Dutch architecture perpetrated by Mary and her spouse. Neither were worth placing in the list of a queen-regnant's virtues. Perhaps the following eulogy may seem not greatly adapted for funeral oratory, yet it has the advantage of giving a biographer an insight into the routine of the pretty behaviour and neat sampler way of life, that Mary II. mistook for high Christian virtues. "When her eyes were endangered by reading too much, she *found out* the amusement of work." It was no doubt a great discovery, on the part of her majesty; but her bad eyes had nothing to do with it, for needle-work, point-stitch, tent-stitch, tapestry-stitch, and all the other stitches—to say nothing of matching

shades of silks and threading needles—require better eyesight than reading.

"In all those hours that were not given to better employment, she wrought with her own hands; and, sometimes, with so constant a diligence, as if she had been to earn her bread by it. It was a new thing and *looked like a sight*, to see a queen work so many hours a day. She looked on idleness as the great corruption of human nature, and believed that if the mind had no employment given it, it would create some of the worst sort to itself; and she thought that anything that might amuse and divert, without leaving a dreg and ill impressions behind it, ought to fill up those vacant hours which were not claimed by devotion or business. Her example soon wrought on not only those that belonged to her, but the whole town to follow it, so that it became as much the fashion to work, as it had been formerly to be idle. In this, which seemed a nothing, and was turned by some to be the subject of raillery, a greater step was made, than perhaps every one was aware of, towards the bettering of the age. While she diverted herself thus with work, she took care to give an entertainment to her own mind, as well as to those who were admitted to the honour of working with her—one was appointed to read to the rest, the choice was suited to the time of day, and to the employment—some book or poem that was lively, as well as instructing.

"Few of her sex—not to say of her rank—gave ever less time to dressing, or seemed less curious about it. Those parts *which required more patience were not given up entirely to it.*"

This sentence is somewhat enigmatical; indeed, the whole sermon would prove a useful collection of sentences for those grammarians who teach a clear style, by the means of exposing faulty instances of involved composition. The truth is, that the man's conscience was at war with his words—therefore, those words became tortuous and contradictory. He has dared to praise Mary II. for "filial piety," knowing, as he must have done better than any one else, how differently she had conducted herself as a daughter. He himself has recorded, and blamed her disgusting conduct at her arrival at Whitehall. But whether it is true, that Mary sat complacently to hear this very man grossly calumniate her mother, rests on the word of lord Dartmouth. There is one circumstance, which would naturally invalidate the accusation, which is, that it was thoroughly against her own interest—a point which Mary never lost sight of; for if Anne Hyde was a faithless

wife, what reason had her daughter to suppose that she was a more genuine successor to the British crown than the unfortunate brother, whose birth she had stigmatized? Nevertheless, the same strain of reasoning holds good against her encouragement of the libellous attacks of the Dutch polemical writer, Jurieu, on Mary queen of Scots. The hatred which her revolutionary policy caused her to express for her unfortunate ancestress, seems the more unnatural, on account of the resemblance nature had impressed on both, insomuch that the portrait of Mary queen of Scots, at Dalkeith, bears as strong a likeness to her descendant, Mary II., in features, when the latter princess was about eighteen, as if she had assumed the costume of the sixteenth century, and sat to the painter. The similarity of the autographs of signature between the two Mary Stuart queens, is likewise very remarkable.

Perhaps the following odd passage, in the Burnet panegyric, means to affirm, that queen Mary II. was unwilling to be praised in public addresses:—

"Here arises an unexampled *piece of a character* which may be well begun with; for I am afraid it both begun and will end with her. In most persons, even those of the truest merit, a studied management will, perhaps, appear with a little too much varnish; like a nocturnal piece that has a light cast through even the most shaded parts, some disposition to *set oneself out,* and some satisfaction at being commended, will, at some time or other, show itself more or less. Here we may appeal to great multitudes: to all who had the honour to approach her, and particularly to those who were admitted to the greatest nearness, if at any one time anything of this sort did ever discover itself. When due acknowledgments were made, or *decent things* said upon occasions that had well deserved them, (God knows how frequent these were!) these seemed scarce to be heard, they were so little desired, that they were presently passed over, without so much as an answer that might seem to entertain the discourse even while it checked it."

Among other of queen Mary's merits, are reckoned her constant apprehensions, "that the secret sins of those around her drew down many judgments on her administration and government," a theme on which she very piously dilates in her letters to her husband. Assuredly, an unnatural

daughter, and a cruel sister, needed not to have wasted her time in fixing judgments on the secret sins of other people.

Amidst this mass of affectation and contradiction, some traits are preserved, in regard to the queen's personal amiability in her last illness, which redound far more to her credit than any instance that Burnet has previously quoted; they have, moreover, the advantage of being confirmed by a person more worthy of belief than himself. This is archbishop Tennison, who says, "As soon as the nature of the distemper was known, the earliest care of this charitable mistress was for the removing of such immediate servants as might, by distance, be preserved in health. She fixed the times for prayer, in her own chamber, some days before her illness attained its height; she ordered to be read to her, more than once, a sermon by a good man, now with God, (probably archbishop Tillotson,) on this text: 'What, shall we receive good from the hand of God, and not receive evil?'"[1] Burnet adds, "Besides suffering none of her servants to stay about her, when their attendance might endanger their own health, she was so tender of them, when they fell under that justly-dreaded illness, that she would not permit them to be removed, though they happened to be lodged very near herself." Such conduct comprehended not only the high merit of humanity, but the still more difficult duty of the self-sacrifice of personal convenience.

It does not appear from Burnet's narrative, that any part of the Greenwich or Virginian endowments were bequeathed by the queen from her personal economy—a circumstance very needful to ascertain, when estimating the degree of virtue appertaining to royal charity. The funds came from the means of the miserable and over-taxed people, then groaning under the weight of government expenditure, increased, at least, thirty-fold, partly by the profligate corruption of the triumphant oligarchy, and partly by her hus-

[1] Narrative of the death of queen Mary, by Dr. Tennison. Printed in White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 673. The sermon is by Tillotson.

band's Flemish campaigns. Yet, as a legislatress, Mary deserves great praise for the projects of such institutions, since she occasioned a portion of the public money to be directed to virtuous uses, which would have been applied to the above worthless purposes. From Burnet's narrative, it is plain, that the Virginian College was indebted to her as legislatress, and not as foundress:

"The last great project," says Burnet,[1] "that her thoughts were working on, with relation to a noble and royal provision for maimed and decayed seamen was particularly designed to be so constituted, as to put them in a probable way of ending their days in the fear of God. Every new hint that way was entertained by her with a lively joy; she had some discourse on that head the very day before she was taken ill. She took particular pains to be well informed of the state of our plantations, and of those colonies that we have among infidels; but it was no small grief to her to hear that they were but too generally a reproach to the religion by which they were named, (I do not say which they professed, for many of them seem scarce to profess it.) She gave a willing ear to a proposition which was made for erecting schools, and the founding of a college among them [*the Virginian foundation*]. She considered the whole scheme of it, and the endowment which was desired for it; it was a noble one, *and was to rise out of some branches of the revenue,*[2] *which made it liable to objections,* but she took care to consider the whole thing so well, that she herself answered all objections, and espoused the matter with so affectionate a concern, that she prepared it for the king to settle at his coming over."

Burnet thinks proper to assert, that William III. had "great liking for good things," meaning religious and charitable foundations; and adds, with more veracity, "that the queen always took care to give him the largest share of the honour of those effected by her means."

The public papers notified, with great solemnity, the circumstance, that upon the queen's first indisposition, the greatest and eldest lion in the Tower, who had been there about

[1] Discourse on the Memory of the late Queen, by Gilbert Burnet, lord bishop of Sarum.

[2] This assertion proves that the queen herself was not the foundress, as her income and property would have been at her own disposal. When the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet queens founded colleges and hospitals, they required their consort's consent to appropriate the fruits of their *own* economy for these purposes, not the public revenue.

twenty years, and was commonly called "King Charles II.'s Lion," sickened with her, and died on the Wednesday night, forty-eight hours before her, "which was ominous," continues our authority, "affording us so much the more matter of curiosity, because the like happened at the death of Charles II., when another of these royal beasts made the same exit[1] with the prince." Such coincidences occur frequently enough in English history to raise the idea, that the wardens of the wild beasts at the Tower considered it a point of etiquette, privately and discreetly, to sacrifice a lion to the manes of royalty on the decease of any sovereign.

One of the most extraordinary of the contemporary elegies, written to the memory of the queen, commences thus:[2]—

> "The great Inexorable seals his ears,
> Deaf to our cries, unmelted by our tears;
> The irrevocable *posting* mandate flies,
> Torn from three kingdoms' grasping arms, she dies!"

After upbraiding Providence, with some profane rant, an allusion to the queen's tastes occurs in an apostrophe to her favourite garden at Whitehall, which, a notification explains, led to the privy-stairs, or private entrance, into the royal apartments of that ancient palace. As the name Privy Gardens is still retained in the vicinity of the Banqueting House, this locality may be ascertained:—

> "And you once royal plants, her little grove,
> 'Twixt heaven's and William's dear divided love;
> Her contemplative walk, close by whose side,
> Did the pleased Thames his silver current glide!
> * * * * *
> No opening, no unhallowed hand may draw
> The widowed curtains of her loved Nassau.
> Despair, death, horror! Oh, be strong, great heart!
> Thou'st now to play thy mightiest hero's part;
> Yes, great Nassau, the parting call was given,
> Too dire divorce, thy happier rival, Heaven;
> T' its own embrace has snatch'd that darling fair,
> Translated to immortal spousals there."

[1] Life of Mary II., 1695. [2] Ibid.

The reader is spared some rather popish apostrophes to St. Peter, the patron saint of Westminster Abbey, and the great civility he is expected to show to her defunct majesty's remains, in opening, with his own hand, the portals of the holy fane, to allow the sumptuous velvet hearse to pass in, and the still greater alacrity and joy with which he had admitted her beautiful spirit at the narrow gate. An imaginary monument, of the most costly and enduring marble, is also addressed, under the supposition, that William would pay that tribute of respect to the memory of his queen.

Lord Cutts, whose headlong valour was infinitely esteemed by king William, turned poet on the solemn occasion of Mary's death. Poetry from lord Cutts was as great a miracle as "honey from the stony rock," since his qualifications have descended to posterity, in a terse line of Dryden or Parnell, describing him,

"As brave and brainless as the sword he wears."

King William professed the utmost esteem for the headlong valour of the poetical martialist, whose elegy is here presented in abstract.[1] There are some good lines in it; but, unfortunately, it is scarcely possible to read it with elegiac gravity, on account of the intrusion of absurd epithets:—

"She's gone—the beauty of our isle is fled,
Our joy cut off, the great Maria dead;
Tears are too mean for her, our grief should be,
Dumb as the grave, and black as destiny.

"Ye fields and gardens, where our sovereign walked,
Serenely smiled and *profitably talked*;
Be gay no more, but wild and barren lie,
That all your blooming sweets with hers may die,—
Sweets that crowned love, and softened majesty.
* * * * *

"Nor was this angel lodged in common earth,
Her form proclaimed her mind as well as birth;
So graceful and so lovely ne'er was seen,
A finer woman, and more awful queen."

[1] Harleian MSS.

Lord Cutts breaks into strains of tender sympathy with the queen's mourning maids of honour, all dressed in the deepest sable.

"Ye gentle nymphs, that on her throne did wait,
And helped to fill the brightness of her state;
Whilst all in shining gold, and purple placed,
Your beauties in the fairest light were placed."

The king is then panegyrized in very droll strains:—

"See where the glorious Nassau fainting lies,
The mighty Atlas falls—the conqueror dies!
O sir, revive, to England's help return,
Command your grief, and like a hero mourn."

But when reading these eulogiums, it is requisite to call to mind, that such sentiments were not felt by all the English nation; for Mary had governed a divided people—half of whom were only kept down by terror of a standing army, ruled by the lash, and by the nearly perpetual suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Numbers of opponents took pleasure in circulating, not elegies, but epigrams on her memory. The following have been preserved in manuscript, and were handed about in coffee-houses, where the literary lions of the day congregated; every person of decided genius, from Dryden to the marvellous boy, Alexander Pope, being adverse to her cause:—

JACOBITE EPITAPH ON MARY II.[1]

"Here ends, notwithstanding, her specious pretences,
The undutiful child of the kindest of princes;
Well, here let her lie, for by this time she knows,
What it is such a father and king to depose;
Between vice and virtue, she parted her life,
She was too bad a daughter, and too good a wife."

The observations preserved in the pages of Dangeau and of madame Sévigné, relative to the expectation that William III. would die of grief for the loss of his partner, are alluded to in the second of these epigram epitaphs:—[2]

[1] Coles' MSS. Collections, vol. xxi. p. 65. [2] Ibid.

"Is Willy's wife now dead and gone?
I'm sorry he is left alone;
Oh, blundering Death, I do thee ban,
That took the wife and left the man!
Come Atropos, come with thy knife,
And take the man to his good wife;
And when thou'st rid us of the knave.
A thousand thanks then thou shalt have."

When the news arrived at Bristol that the queen was dead, many gentlemen gathered together in the taverns, and passed the night in dancing and singing Jacobite songs, while a large mob assembled at the doors, shouting, "No foreigners, no taxes!" These turbulent scenes were repeated at Norwich, in Warwickshire, and in Suffolk.[1]

Political malice likewise showed itself in another spiteful epigram:

ON THE DEATH OF MARY II.[2]

"The queen deceased, the king so grieved,
As if the hero died, the woman lived;
Alas, we erred i'the choice of our commanders,
He should have knotted and she gone to Flanders."

Dr. Kenn, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, who was formerly chaplain to queen Mary in the first years of her marriage, when she was in Holland, roused himself from his peaceful retirement, to write an indignant remonstrance to Dr. Tennison on his conduct at the queen's death-bed. Kenn charged the archbishop with compromising the high functions of a primate of the English church, by omitting "to call queen Mary to repent, on her death-bed, of her sins towards her father." Kenn reminds Tennison, in forcible terms, "of the horror that primate had expressed to him of *some circumstances in the conduct of the queen* at the era of the revolution," which he does not fully explain; but whatsoever they were, he affirms that "they

[1] Inedited MS. Bibliothèque du Roi; likewise Warwickshire News Letter, January 10, 1694-5.

[2] State Poems.

would compromise her salvation without individual and complete repentance."[1]

And here it is not irrelevant to interpolate, that a few weeks before the death of queen Mary, her political jealousy had been greatly excited by the fact that Kenn, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, was regarded by the reformed catholic church of England as their primate, on account of the recent demise of Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury. Mary had, therefore, molested her old pastor and almoner—nay, it may be said personal protector, in her Orange court,—with a privy council warrant, and dragged him to be questioned before her council. Kenn made his appearance in patched gaberdine; notwithstanding his pale face and thin grey hairs, he was animated by moral courage of a high tone, and the queen and council heard what they did not like. For want of other crimes, our church-of-England bishop was charged with the offence of soliciting the charity of the public, by a petition in behalf of the starving families of the nonjuring clergy. "My lord," said he, "in king James's time, there were about a thousand or more imprisoned in my diocese, who were engaged in the rebellion of the duke of Monmouth, and many of them were such as I had reason to believe to be ill men, and void of all religion; and yet, for all that, I thought it my duty to relieve them. It is well known to the diocese that I visited them night and day; and I thank God I supplied them with necessaries myself as far as I could, and encouraged others to do the same; and yet king James, far from punishing me, *thanked* me for so doing."[2]

The dreadful eruptive disease of which the queen died did not prevent the usual process of embalming, the account of which is extant in MS. dated 29th December, 1694.

[1] The pamphlet printed at the time may be seen among the collections at the British Museum.

[2] Kenn's own Minutes of his Examination before the privy Council, April 28, 1696. See Hawkin's Life of Kenn, edited by J. J. Round.

THE BILL FOR THE *Embalment* OF THE BODY OF HER MAJESTY, BY DR. HAREL, HER MAJESTY'S APOTHECARY.

"For perfumed Sparadrape, to make Cerecloath, to wrap the Body in, and to Line the Coffin; for Rich Gummes and Spices, to stuff the body; for Compound dryinge powders perfumed to lay in the Coffin Under the Body, and to fill up the Urne [*where the heart or viscera were enclosed*]; for Indian Balsam, Rectifyed Spirrits of Wine Tinctured with Gummes and Spices, and a stronge Aromatized Lixivium to wash the Body with; for Rich Damask Powder to fill the Coffin and for all other Materialls for Embalminge the Body of the High and Mighty Princes, Mary, Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.

"As alsoo for the Spices and Damask Powders to be putt between the twoo Coffines with the perfumes for the Cambers [*chambers*]; altogether 200lb. 00s. 00d.[1]

"JO. HUTTON."

The mourning for queen Mary was deep and general, it is alluded to in the following MS. of the times, which gives at the same time a remarkable specimen of the style of writing the English language at this period of retrograded civilization—

"The greatest p^t^ of this Town are p^re^pareing for Mourning for y^e^ Queen, who died y^e^ 27th instant ab^t^ 2 Afternoon; some say not till 2 fryday morning; the King is extreamly grieved and has sowned away once or twice; yesterday y^e^ Parliament resolved *nemine Contradisente* y^t^ an humble address bee drawn and Presented to his Ma^tie^ to condole y^e^ death of y^e^ Q., and y^t^ likewise they will stand by him with their lives and fortunes ag^t^ all enemies at home and abroad."[2]

It will be observed from this MS. that the addresses of the houses of parliament were prepared within a few hours of the queen's decease. Deputations from the dissenters went up with condoling addresses to king William, to whom, almost as early as the houses of parliament, an oration was pronounced on the occasion, by their great speaker Dr. Bates, who, it may be remembered, was the deputy who proposed a union between the dissenters and the church of England, at the time of queen Mary's landing and proclamation. "I well remember," says Dr. Calamy, "that upon occasion of the

[1] Add. MSS., 5751, Fol. 52 B.
[2] Add. MSS., 6681, p. 602.

speech of Dr. Bates, on the loss of the queen, I saw tears trickle down the cheeks of that great prince, her consort, who so often appeared on the field of battle. I was one that endeavoured to improve that melancholy providence at Blackfriars, [*the place of his meeting-house,*] and was pressed to print my sermon, but refused because of the number of sermons printed on that occasion."[1]

There was a contest respecting the propriety of the parliament being dissolved, according to the old custom at the death of the sovereign; but this was overruled, and all the members of the House of Commons were invited to follow as mourners at her funeral, which took place, March 5th, at Westminster Abbey.

The bells in every parish church throughout England tolled on the day of Mary II.'s burial, and service was celebrated, and a funeral sermon preached generally in her praise at every parish church, but not universally, for a Jacobite clergyman had the audacity to take for his text the verse, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." The same insult, if our memory holds good, had been offered to Mary queen of Scots, the ancestress of Mary II., by a puritan—so nearly do extremes in politics meet.

The funeral procession of queen Mary was chiefly remarkable on account of the attendance of the members of the House of Commons, a circumstance which it is improbable will ever take place again. A wax effigy of the queen was placed over her coffin, dressed in robes of state, and coloured to resemble life. After her funeral, it was deposited in Westminster Abbey; and in due time that of her husband, William III., after being in like manner carried on his coffin at his funeral, arrived to inhabit the same glass case. These funeral effigies, in general, were thus preserved to assist sculptors, if a monumental portrait was designed, with the costume, proportions, and appearance of the deceased.

[1] Life of Calamy, vol. i. p. 356.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

There is little doubt but that, "when the wax-chandlers did their office about the royal dead," part of that office was to take a cast of the bust for the waxen effigy. No other monument than these figures was raised to the memories of William and Mary. They left no children, and died at enmity with all their near relatives.

It is singular that William III. did not take the opportunity of raising a monument to the wife he appeared to lament deeply, but sovereigns who are for ever at war are always impoverished; and all the funeral memorials of Mary and her spouse are contained in the said glass case, which is now shut up, in dust and desolation, from the view of the public. The perpetual gibes which were made at these waxen moulds of the royal dead, by those who knew not for what purpose they were designed, have occasioned their seclusion from the public eye. They are, however, as authentic memorials of historical customs and usages as anything within or without the abbey; they are connecting links of the antique mode of bearing the "dead barefaced on the bier," like the son of the widow of Nain, and as they are, to this day, carried to the grave in Italy.

In all probability, centuries elapsed before the populace—"the simple folk," as our chroniclers called them—believed that the waxen effigy, in its "parell and array," was otherwise than the veritable corpse of their liege lord or lady. It was meant to be so taken; for the ancient enamelled statues of wood or stone, coloured to the life on the monuments at Fontevraud and elsewhere, exactly resembled in costume the royal dead in the tombs below. The wax effigy formed the grand point of interest in a state funeral, to which all the attendant pomp ostensibly pertained. So difficult was it to divorce this chief object from public funerals, that one of the wax effigies in the abbey actually pertained to the present century.[1] There were other figures in the West-

[1] That of lord Nelson, who is dressed in his exact costume; he is represented with only one arm; the sleeve of his admiral's coat looped to the breast

minster Abbey collection in the preceding age, as we learn from the lines on the wax effigy of Charles II.:

> "I saw him shown for twopence in a chest,
> Like Monk, *Old Harry*, *Mary*,[1] and the rest;
> And if the figure answered its intent,
> In ten more years 'twould buy a monument."

At the extreme ends of a large box, glazed in front, are seen the effigies of queen Mary and king William. They seem to be standing as far as possible from each other; the sole point of union is the proximity of their sceptres, which they hold close together, nearly touching, but at arms' length, over a small altar. The effigy of the queen is nearly six feet in height; her husband looks diminutive in comparison to her; and such was really the case, when, as tradition says, he used to take her arm as they walked together.

Queen Mary's wax-effigy represents a well proportioned, but very large woman. The reports of the angry Jacobites regarding her devotion to the table, are rather confirmed by this representation of her person at the time of her death; for thirty-two is too early a time of life for a lady to be embellished with a double chin. The costume of the queen nearly assimilates to the court dress of the present day. Her large but well-turned waist is compressed in a tight velvet bodice of royal purple velvet, cut not only as long as the natural waist will allow, but about an inch encroaching on the hips; thus the skirt and girdle are put on somewhat lower than the waist—a very graceful fashion, when not too much exaggerated. The waist is not pointed, but rounded, in front. The bodice is formed with a triangular stomacher, inserted into the dress, made of white miniver, three graduated clusters of diamonds, long ovals in shape,

as he wore it; whether his effigy was thus laid on his coffin, and borne on the grand car, is another question? Lord Chatham's wax effigy, in the costume of his day, had, in all probability, been carried at his public funeral.

[1] Henry VIII. and his daughter, Mary I.

stud this stomacher from the chest to the waist. Clusters of rubies and diamonds surround the bust; and a royal mantle of purple velvet hangs from the back of the bodice. The bosom is surrounded with guipure, and large double ruffles of guipure, or parchment-lace, depend from the straight sleeves to the wrist. The sleeves are trimmed lengthways, with strips of miniver and emerald brooches. The skirt of the robe is of purple velvet; it forms a graceful train bordered with ermine, and trimmed at an inch distance with broad gold lace, like the bands of footmen's hats, only the gold is beautiful and finely worked. The skirt of the dress is open, and the ermine-trimming is graduated to meet the ermine stomacher very elegantly; the opening of the robe shows an under-dress of very beautiful shaded lutestring, the ground of which is white, but it is enriched with shades and brocadings of every possible colour. The whole dress is very long, and falls round the feet. The throat necklace, *à la Sévigné*, is of large pearls, and the earrings of large pear pearls. The head-dress is not in good preservation; the hair is dressed high off the face, in the style of the portrait of her step-mother, Mary Beatrice of Modena; three tiers of curls are raised one over the other, and the Fontange is said to have been twisted among them, but there is not a vestige of it now, only a few pearls; two frizzed curls rest on the bosom, and the hair looks as if it had originally been powdered with brown powder. The sceptre of sovereignty surmounted by a fleur-de-lis and cross, is in one hand, and the regnal globe in the other; there are no gloves. On the little pillar-shaped altar, which separates her from her husband, is the sovereign crown, a small one with four arches.

Many medals were struck on the occasion of Mary's death; they chiefly represent her as very fat and full in the bust, with a prodigious amplitude of double chin. The hair is stuck up in front some inches higher than the crown of the head, as if the queen had just pulled off her high cornette cap;

the hair thus is depicted as standing on end, very high on the forehead, and very low behind, a fashion which gives an ugly outline to the head. On the reverse of one of her medals is represented her monument as in Westminster Abbey; there never was one, excepting it might be a hearse and *chapelle-ardente*, which, indeed, it seems to be by the design. The queen's costume is nearly the same as that of her fine portrait, by Kneller, in St. George's Hall, Windsor.

On the death of any sovereign of Great Britain, the theatres were closed for six weeks; such was the case at the death of queen Mary,[1] whose demise at the period of sports and carnival was a serious blow to the players.

More than one benefaction is mentioned in history as bequeathed by Mary; yet we can find no indications of a testamentary document any way connected with her papers. A sum of 500*l.* per annum was paid to the pastors of the primitive church of the Vaudois, as a legacy of queen Mary II. This sum was divided between the pastors of Vaudois, in Piedmont, and the German Waldenses, in her name, until the close of the last century,[2] when the Vaudois became the subjects of France. What fund was appropriated by Mary for the supply of this annuity, is not ascertained. But it seems to have been paid through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—a good work, originally founded under the auspices of this queen.

The natural inclinations of Mary were evidently bountiful; like her ancestors, she strove sedulously to become a foundress of good institutions. The hard nature of her consort, to whose memory no anecdote in any way connected with a gift pertains, impeded her efforts. Queen Mary founded an institution at the Hague for young ladies, whose birth was beyond their means; it was endowed with

[1] Colley Cibber's Life and Apology, 425.

[2] Narrative of an Excursion to Piedmont, by the Rev. W. S. Gilly, p. 277.

lands in England, which made the charity, however kind to Holland, not very benevolent to this country, and we think contrary to English law.

All terms of praise and eulogy were exhausted to exalt the memory of Mary II. beyond every queen that had ever existed. In an obscure history, two facts are adduced in support of a flood of wordy commendation. They are as follows: the first is quoted in illustration of "her bright spirit of devotion;" either it does not possess any very great merit, or the merit has evaporated with the change of dinner-hours. "A lady of quality coming to pay her majesty a visit, on a Saturday in the afternoon, she was told that the queen was retired from all company, and kept a fast in preparation for receiving the sacrament the next day. The great lady, however, stayed till *five o'clock in the afternoon*, when queen Mary made her appearance, and forthwith ate but a slender *supper*, "it being incongruous," as she piously observed, "to conclude a fast with a feast."[1] Strange, indeed, that so pharisaical an anecdote is the best illustration of queen Mary's piety. The whole is little in unison with the scriptural precepts respecting fasting. The other anecdote is in illustration of her charity. "Her charity's celestial grace was like the sun, nothing within its circuit was hid from its refreshing heat. A lord proposed to her a very good work that was chargeable. She ordered a hundred pounds to be paid. The cash was not forthcoming. The nobleman waited upon her, and renewed the subject, telling her, that interest was due for long delay, upon which the queen ordered fifty pounds to be added to her former benefaction;" but whether either sum was actually paid, cannot be ascertained. The anecdote proves that the queen was willing to give, if she had had wherewithal. Her means of charity were, however, fired away in battles and sieges in Flanders.

[1] Barnard's History of England, p. 534.

Bishop Burnet probably intended the following inimitable composition as an epitaph on queen Mary. For many years, it was all that the public knew concerning her, excepting the two dubious anecdotes previously quoted :—

THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY II. BY BISHOP BURNET.

" To the state a prudent ruler,
To the church a nursing mother,
To the king a constant lover,
To the people the best example.
Orthodox in religion,
Moderate in opinion ;
Sincere in profession,
Constant in devotion ;
Ardent in affection.
A preserver of liberty,
A deliverer from popery ;
A preserver from tyranny,
A preventer of slavery ;
A promoter of piety,
A suppressor of immorality ;
A pattern of industry.
High in the world,
Low esteem of the world,
Above fear of death,
Sure of eternal life.
What was great, good, desired in a queen,
In her late majesty was to be seen ;
Thoughts to conceive, it cannot be expressed
What was contained in her royal breast."

Such was the last poetic tribute devoted to the memory of the queen, who was so " sure of eternal life !"

ANNE,

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Life, as princess, under the reign of William III.—Retrospect of her proceedings, immediately before her sister queen Mary's death—Princess Anne fears infection for her son—Removes him from the vicinity of Kensington—Influx of courtiers to visit her, Christmas-day, 1694—Emotion at hearing of her sister's death—Seeks reconciliation with her brother-in-law, William III.—Her letter of condolence to him—Course of the negotiation—Interview at Kensington-palace—Alliance between the princess Anne and the king—Anecdote of her levees—Court honours permitted to her—Alteration of her correspondence with her father—His observations concerning her—Departure of William III.—Recovery of the princess—Her baths—Her hunting—Her embarrassments regarding etiquette—Incidents concerning her home life and the education of her son the duke of Gloucester—Her maternal anxieties—Residence of the princess and her son at Twickenham—Returns with her son to Campden House—Goes to an oculist in Bloomsbury—Morning interviews with her son at her toilet—Dialogues with him—Forbids his Welsh usher to give him desultory instruction—Other occurrences in her domestic routine—The princess writes a congratulatory letter to king William—His contemptuous neglect of it—The princess's son visited by the king—Princess receives studied marks of disrespect from the king—She instigates parliamentary inquiry on his granting away the appanages of the princes of Wales—Disregard shown by the king to her rank—Princess is neglected in his drawing-room—Her part taken by the people.

The events of the life of the queen-regnant, Mary II., would have been utterly inexplicable, if the contemporary portion of those of her younger sister had not been blended in the narrative. Although the parliamentary change in the laws of the succession to the crowns of Great Britain did not permit the princess Anne to occupy her place for years as the natural heiress of her childless sister, still the death of that queen drew the princess insensibly into a

more ostensible position, and rendered her public life more important, notwithstanding her habitual feebleness of purpose, arising from infirm health and bad education.

It has been shown, in the preceding chapters, that the princess Anne lived like a private person, from 1692 in Berkeley House, hired by herself, her sole distinction being derived from her only child, who was recognised by parliament as heir-presumptive to the throne, after Mary II., William III., and herself. The princess, despite of her sister's remonstrances, pertinaciously continued to lavish favour on the lady Marlborough, and on lord Marlborough, for her sake. Anne likewise continued to write letters professing duty and loyalty to her father, who, having suffered much from her previous conduct in the Revolution, was dubious regarding her sincerity.

In her domestic conduct there is much to commend in this princess. Anne was a fond mother and a tender wife, perfect in all her conjugal duties, and sacrificing even her personal ease to nurse and attend on her husband and son, when either were suffering from ill health. She was likewise a gentle and indulgent mistress to her dependants in her household, even to those whom she did not view with any particular favour. It is true that no evidence exists of her kindness or benevolence, in the early period of her life, or the least trait of feminine tenderness or sympathy, towards any living creature not included in the narrow circle of her home, neither is a single instance of charity quoted. But as such virtues appeared indisputably, directly she emerged from under the overpowering dominion of the Marlboroughs, no doubt can exist that the imperious favourite kept the good qualities of her mistress as much in the shade, as she brought out her evil ones in strong relief.

It has been likewise shown, that at the close of 1694, the princess Anne was residing with her son at Campden-house, close to the back gate of Kensington Palace, in a state of health that precluded, not only invigorating exercise, but progression of any kind; she could only move as

she was carried. When it was declared on Christmas day, 1694, that her sister, queen Mary II., was dying of the small-pox, the first care of the princess Anne was to remove her child from the infected vicinity of Kensington-palace, where many of the royal household were suffering from the same pestilence of small-pox, which threatened to be fatal to her sister queen Mary. At that period, this pest had neither been abated by the discovery of inoculation nor vaccination; there was no escape from its terrors but in flight. The princess Anne, therefore, had her son conveyed to Berkeley-House, directly she ascertained the nature of the queen's malady. The princess herself was secure from danger, having, in her youth, experienced the disease, during the marriage of her sister[1] with the prince of Orange, at the close of the year 1677.

At the fatal crisis when the recovery of queen Mary was declared utterly hopeless, vast crowds of the nobility and gentry, then resident in London, in consequence of this report, took the opportunity of its being Christmas-day, to pay their compliments of the season at Berkeley-House, and at the same time to make their court to the princess Anne.[2] Most of these flatterers had passed her by with utter neglect, during the sway of her sister and brother-in-law; they now, by swarming round her, indicated infallibly the sudden improvement in her prospects, owing to the mortal danger of her royal sister. Queen Mary's courtiers had previously affected to consider the probabilities of the prospects of Anne and her boy to the succession, as very remote indeed; they had calculated, that according to all human chances, the sickly life of William III. would be but a short one, that his royal widow would marry again, and then it was possible that very great changes might happen regarding the heirs to the crown.

It will be remembered, that queen Elizabeth was beset with a similar influx of visitors, who besieged her retreat at

[1] Life of Mary II., Vol. x. chap. 1.
[2] Inedited MSS., Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

Hatfield when her sister queen Mary was at her last gasp; she always mentioned the circumstance with irrepressible horror. Such movements seem to have been customary in English court routine; and courtiers had not improved in delicacy, or disinterested attachment, at the close of the seventeenth century.

Three days subsequent to this extraordinary influx of courtiers, the princess Anne received the tidings of her sister's death. Her ungrateful favourite, Sarah of Marlborough, was certainly present when the news came, and she, when impelled by pique, asserted, that the heart of the princess was hard, and that she never saw her shed a tear, or manifest an emotion of tenderness, on that or any other occasion. A witness of humbler degree,[1] however, declares, that the princess was deeply affected by the loss of her sister, and that she felt grief very bitterly. He says, that her tears were flowing fast, when she sent for her little son the duke of Gloucester, and communicated to him the demise of his royal aunt. On this occasion, Lewis Jenkins, who was the young duke's attendant in waiting at Berkeley House, owns, that he was much disappointed at the utter want of sympathy manifested by the child, whose insensibility to the loss of queen Mary, with whom he had been familiar, as a frequent visitor and petted plaything, greatly scandalized all his mother's ladies;[2] but such is often the case when similar communications are made to young children. "What should they know of death?" as Wordsworth pathetically asks. All they can be aware of is, that the person they have been used to meet, returns no more; yet if they actually witness mortal suffering, and the demise of one they have been accustomed to see, such grief and terror is more than their tender natures can bear; therefore, this insensibility to tidings of death is a merciful dispensation of Providence in favour of children, and they ought not to be blamed for their usual indifference to facts of which they cannot form an abstract idea, neither do they understand, that "to affect a sorrow though

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Life of the Duke of Gloucester. [2] Ibid.

they feel it not," is a conventional decency that is expected from them. The young heir of England was, at this time, little more than five years old, and all that ought to be said, is, that he received the important intelligence which agitated every adult in the kingdom to which he was the reversionary successor, like every other infant of his age.

The personal aversion which William III. had ever displayed towards his sister-in-law, it was well known was met by equal loathing on her part; yet the dispensations of Providence had rendered the king in some degree dependent on the forbearance of her who was very lately the object, not only of his contempt, but of actual persecution. The princess was, however, in the most pitiable state of health, rendered still more painful by muscular infirmity. Premature old age had fallen upon her, she was moreover suffering grief for the deplorable death of her sister—perhaps, not the less because Mary had departed in a state of enmity to her. The royal sisters had loved each other fondly, as well in early womanhood as in infancy, and every one knows that when such has been the case, if the grave closes over an object once loved and irrevocably lost, all the involuntary affections awake, and melt the soul into natural grief. Although but one simple-minded menial mentions the sorrow of Anne, yet his testimony may be implicitly believed, because it is in full accordance with her actions and with the movements of the human heart. The desperate grief of William III. for the loss of his devoted wife was touching even to one whom he had hated and persecuted, because he mourned for her on whose account the heart of the princess was sore and sad.

It is certain that she took the first step in the reconciliation that ensued between herself and her brother-in-law, and it is as certain that it was wholly against the will and wishes of her imperious ruler, Sarah of Marlborough, who thus spoke her mind on the subject: "I confess, for my own part, that in point of respect to the king, (and to the queen when living,) I thought the princess did a great deal

too much, and it often made me very uneasy."[1] This testimony is of some value in regard to the private character of the princess Anne, since it proves that she had always to strive against domestic tempters, whensoever she was desirous of doing her duty, if not to the king and queen, at least to the people of Great Britain, whose sufferings would have been infinitely aggravated by court factions flaming out into civil war.

William obstinately remained at Kensington palace,[2] instead of following the usual royal etiquette of leaving the abode where death was triumphant, to the defunct, and the attendants presiding over the funereal ceremonials. No person, even those most familiar, dared break on his mental agony, which was not soothed by the idea that he had not only lost in Mary the most devoted wife and friend, but an indefatigable agent and able regal ruler, whose study it was to adorn him with all the praise and credit due to her own great talents, and with all this he had lost the only shadow of hereditary right that pertained to his sceptre. Henceforth he felt that he should hold no higher rank in Great Britain than he had done in Holland—that of a mere elective magistrate "whom a breath had made, and a breath could unmake."

Such was the mood in which, on the day of his dreadful bereavement, the king was sitting at the end of his closet at Kensington-Palace, absorbed in an agony of grief more acute than could have been expected from his disposition. Lord Somers, whose private and personal interests were deeply connected with the support of William's regality, entered the room, but the king took not the least notice of him. Somers plunged at once into the cause of his intrusion, by proposing to terminate the hostility that the court had for years maintained against the princess Anne.

"My lord, do what you will, I can think of no business, was the reply of the king."[3]

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 112.

[2] Ibid., p. 110.

[3] Letter of Mrs. Burnet to the duchess of Marlborough, quoted p. 58, vol. i. of Coxe's Life of Marlborough. We have vainly searched for the original.

Lord Somers took this sufferance for consent; he negotiated the reconciliation with the old treacherous courtier lord Sunderland, once, as we have seen, the object of the hatred of Anne;[1] he was now in a sort of incognito, prime minister of William III., and the agent of the political armistice she concluded at once with the English government, and with her inimical brother-in-law.

By advice of lord Sunderland, the princess Anne wrote to king William the following letter:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO KING WILLIAM III.[2]

"SIR,—I beg your majesty's favourable acceptance of my sincere and hearty sorrow for your great affliction in the loss of the queen. And I do assure your majesty, I am as sensibly touched with this sad misfortune, as if I had never been so unhappy as to have fallen into her displeasure.

"It is my earnest desire your majesty would give me leave to wait upon you as soon as it can be, without inconveniency to you, and without danger of increasing your affliction, that I may have the opportunity myself, not only of repeating this, but of assuring your majesty of my real intentions to omit no occasion of giving you constant proofs of my sincere respect and concern for your person and interest, as becomes, Sir,

"Your majesty's affectionate sister and servant, "ANNE."

This formal and rather polished missive brings internal evidence that Queen Mary actually died at enmity with her sister. For it was a mere piece of state machinery conducive to the coalition of two political parties; in all probability, it was very different to the letter the princess herself would have written had she held an unbiassed pen.

The favourable reception of her royal highness's condolence was negotiated by archbishop Tennison, who probably presented it to the king, as from this time that prelate took an active part in this treaty of amnesty. The circumstance of the deceased queen having confided to the charge of archbishop Tennison, the casket that contained her letter of remonstrance to the king concerning the anguish that his preference of her maid, Elizabeth Villiers had given her during the whole of her married life,[3] caused that prelate to exercise extraordinary power over William III. at this crisis,

[1] See her letters of extreme aversion regarding Sunderland and his wife, addressed to her sister Mary, quoted Chapter ii. of this biography, vol. x.

[2] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 108.

[3] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence.

and indeed for the rest of his life. Irritable and impracticable as the king was in regard to all remonstrance, or even implied contradiction, he permitted henceforth the archbishop to take great liberties in lecturing him.

The letter of the queen has hitherto eluded research. The only historian[1] who ever read it did not deem it *proper* for publication, neither could he comprehend the allusions the queen made to persons unknown. Had her majesty been less reserved in her lifetime, it is possible that her husband would have altered his conduct, especially after their establishment in England, since, in deference to Dr. Tennison's remonstrance, he actually broke his *public* intimacy with Elizabeth Villiers, and about a twelvemonth afterwards gave her in marriage to a nobleman base enough to take her.[2] It is said, in the course of the same year, that

[1] Sir John Dalrymple.

[2] Shrewsbury Correspondence, edited by Coxe. Elizabeth Villiers married lord George Hamilton, fifth son of the duke of Hamilton. William III. created him earl of Orkney, the worthy pair being enriched by the spoils the wife had gathered from her royal paramour. All that is known regarding the personal qualifications of this woman, is left by the graphic pen of lady Mary Wortley Montague: "Mrs. Villiers had no beauty, but she contrived to thaw the phlegmatic heart of William III., and make him very bountiful, by granting her the private estates in Ireland belonging to his uncle, James II. After the death of her royal lover, she became a high Tory, if not a Jacobite, and was very busy with Harley and Swift in expelling the Whigs." Swift calls her "the wisest woman he ever knew," and leaves her portrait as a legacy in his will. We presume it did not exactly correspond with that sketched by lady Mary, whose wit was equalled, if possible, by her malice. She describes her walking at George II.'s coronation: "She that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably lady Orkney; she displayed a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and no little corpulence. Add to this the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which, by good fortune, stood directly upright, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual." So far lady Mary; but she does not finish the most noted portion of the lady Orkney's adventures at the accession of George II., but left it to a wit wickeder than herself, Horace Walpole—who affirms that lady Orkney thought fit to present herself in queen Caroline's drawing-room, which succeeded the coronation, with two ladies, her equals in an evil notoriety, being the infamous duchess of Portsmouth, then in extreme old age, and Catharine Sedley, countess of Dorchester. As was natural, the virtuous matronage of England left these women to their own society, and they found themselves forming a triangular group, and standing by themselves. Their isolation was noted, by the coarse audacity of Catharine Sedley, with a loud laugh, and an exclamation, in her own shameless phraseology, at the odd chance that had brought three women of their character all together in the same room. Lady Mary does not mention that lady Orkney squinted, but Swift declares, in the Journal to

the lady expressed herself greatly surprised why she never saw the king after the death of the queen.[1] As her majesty had endured her wrongs silently while in life, it seems nearly inexplicable why she should make her complaints known not only to her unfaithful husband, when remedy was impossible, but to Tennison, to whom they were both almost personal strangers. There can be but one explanation to this enigma—the queen must have dreaded lest her husband should marry her rival, and took this means of preventing it. In the course of a few months after the marriage of Elizabeth to Orkney, the king was as intimate with her as ever, and she was as busy in public affairs;[2] but to prevent the animadversions of archbishop Tennison and the English court, the lady took the trouble of meeting his majesty at Loo.

Archbishop Tennison did not confine his exertions to the reproof and conviction of the sin, which her late majesty had commissioned him to bring home to her husband during the first consternation occasioned by her loss, for bishop Kennet informs us that "His grace, the new archbishop of Canterbury, on this favourable opportunity to reconcile the royal family, represented to his majesty the prudent and loyal conduct of her royal highness and the prince of Denmark during their recess from court; that they had been so far from giving any obstruction to his majesty's affairs, that they were always in the same public measures with him, and that those members of either house of parliament who had places had always appeared forward in promoting his majesty's interest." All this the king knew to be mere factless verbiage, although archbishop Tennison might be-

Stella, that "she squinted like a dragon." He saw her when the wear and tear of many years had passed over her. Elizabeth Villiers perhaps did not squint when she won from the princess Mary the heart of her Orange bridegroom, in 1677, although she might "squint like a dragon" in 1713. Lady Orkney's remarkable rencontre with the duchess of Portsmouth and lady Dorchester, in queen Caroline's coronation drawing-room, seems the last public act of her eventful life.

[1] Devonshire MSS., Letters of Lady Halifax, 1695.

[2] Bibl. Birch, vol. 4245, p. 108.

lieve it to be true. King William was as well aware as those who have read our transcripts of Anne's letters and those of her confidant, Marlborough, to St. Germains, what was the real nature of their devotion to his interest. His majesty, however, with his usual sagacious appreciation of minds of their cast, placed surer reliance on their fidelity to their own interests, which were at this juncture inextricably linked with his own. The archbishop therefore offered the foregoing reasons, "as comment on the letter of the princess," not only without interruption, "but worked so effectually on the heart of the king that, as a mark of his favour and affection, he did immediately present her royal highness with most of the late queen's jewels, and his sorrow for the loss of so good a wife was, in some measure alleviated, by the reconcilement of so kind a sister."[1] The bishop of Peterborough, who records this remarkable pacification, lived too near the time to view events in their true light. According to an inedited authority of some importance,[2] the interview took place the day *before* the king received the condolences of parliament on the death of the queen.

Whensoever the interview between the princess Anne and king William took place, it was appointed through the intervention of archbishop Tennison.[3] The princess came to Campden House, and from thence was carried in a sedan chair to Kensington Palace; it was impossible for her to walk a step; her sedan and bearers, therefore, brought her into the presence-chamber at Kensington, and into the very presence of the royal widower. Lewis Jenkins was in waiting at that time; according to his duty, he walked by the side of the sedan of her royal highness, and as she could not move without assistance, he was perforce witness to the first meeting of these kindred enemies. "When the princess waited on the king at Kensington Palace," says Lewis,

[1] White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough, p. 674, vol. iii. He does not mention either the date of the visit of Anne, or the visit itself.

[2] Jacobite Portfolio, Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

[3] Lewis Jenkins. Tracts, Brit. Museum.

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"her royal highness was forced to be carried up stairs in her chair to the presence-chamber. I, as was my duty, opened the door of her chair, and, upon her entering, the king came and saluted her. She told his majesty in faltering accents, that 'she was truly sorry for his loss.' The king replied, that 'he was much concerned for hers.' Both were deeply affected, and could not refrain from tears, or speak distinctly. The king then handed the princess *in*, who stayed with him three quarters of an hour."[1] The interview of the bereaved sister and husband probably took place in the king's private sitting-room, or closet, since it was strictly private; had it proceeded in the presence-chamber, many eyes and ears would have been on lawful duty; and the whole conference would have been matter of history, instead of which, no particulars further than the simple detail of the usher, Lewis, have ever transpired. But the commonest capacity can divine that then and there the widower king and his sister-cousin came to an understanding, that the island crowns could never be transmitted to the duke of Gloucester, without his majesty and her royal highness stifled and suppressed all memory of the mutual injuries and disgusts which each felt against the other, and combined their personal and political interests once more against James II. and his son. King William was even reduced to submit to an amnesty with the object of his moral contempt and loathing, the earl of Marlborough, who was undoubtedly in diplomatic co-operation with his old ally, Sunderland, throughout the whole movement, although he durst not appear ostensibly in it, because his imperious wife had set her face against it.

There is no inconsistency in attributing to William III. the contempt he never attempted to conceal, for such deeds as led Marlborough and his wife to the ascent of the ladder of wealth and ambition. Whether the royal diplomatist ever scanned his own conduct with equal severity, is another question. But it was among the peculiarities of

[1] Lewis Jenkins. Tracts, Brit. Museum.

his singular character to be minutely fastidious regarding honour, fidelity, truth, high spirit, and integrity in man, as well as of virtue, beauty, grace, and fine temper in woman. Perhaps it was part of the punishment of the crowned politician to see himself, before he left this world, deprived of or deserted by the few he loved or esteemed, and allied with all he despised and abhorred. The faithful friend of his youth, Bentinck lord Portland, for some mysterious reasons withdrew himself from all possible communication with his once beloved master, and after the peace of Ryswick seldom visited him, excepting on formal business. History tells us, that Bentinck was out of favour with William III.; but the true sources and well-springs of biography will show, in the course of a few pages,—thanks to the candour and liberality of one of England's greatest nobles, who has thrown open to us those in his keeping,—that William III. was out of favour with Bentinck, and that no courting, no solicitation, could win this only surviving friend back to his former habits of confidential affection, although, when urged, he sometimes held conferences with him. Bentinck was, at this juncture, consulted officially regarding his opinion of the pacification between his king and the princess Anne and her partisans: his response was an earnest warning against any trust being put in the professions of either the princess or the Marlboroughs.

The prime minister of England (the duke of Shrewsbury) thus identifies the fact; that lord Marlborough was one of the high contracting powers of this political armistice, which is proved by one of the duke's letters to admiral Russell. "Since," he says, "the death of queen Mary and the reconciliation between the princess Anne and king William,[1] the court of the latter is as much

[1] The duchess of Marlborough says the interview took place quickly after the queen's death. Macpherson does not mention it; neither does White Kennet describe or date the interview. Barnard relates it before he quotes the addresses, on which he bestows no date. Lewis Jenkins seems to imply that the interview between the king and princess took place within a few hours of the queen's death. The inedited paper in the Jacobite Portfolio, found for us by the kind exertion of M. Champollion, Bib. du Roi, Paris, says it took place the day *before*

crowded as it was before deserted. She has omitted no opportunity to show her zeal for his majesty and his government; and our friend Marlborough, who has no small credit with her, seems very resolved to contribute to the continuance of this union: he has not yet kissed the king's hand."[1] It was not probable, that king William, oppressed as he was with personal grief and political care, could endure the intrusion of the man for whom his scorn and dislike had hitherto proved uncontrollable. And if William III. had heretofore abhorred Marlborough before he had received aught but benefit from him, purely for his treachery to James II., what could have been his feelings towards him after he had betrayed Tollemache and his troops to slaughter at Camaret Bay? However, time was given to the king to stifle the indignation which his own line of conduct scarcely justified him in manifesting; and the change of his affairs, by the death of his queen, obliged his majesty to be, subsequently, not only tolerant to lord Marlborough, but, if we may trust printed history, courteous and caressing.

The house of peers went in a body to Kensington Palace, on Monday, 31st of December, and presented his majesty with an address deploring the death of the queen:[2]

"We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, do, with inexpressible grief, humbly assure your majesty of the deep sense we have of the loss your majesty and the whole kingdom doth sustain by the death of that excellent princess, our late sovereign lady the queen, most humbly beseeching your majesty that you would not indulge your grief on this sad occasion to the prejudice of the health of your royal person, in whose preservation not only the welfare of your own subjects, but all Europe, is so much concerned."

To this address his majesty was pleased to give this "decent answer:"—

"I heartily thank you for your kindness to me, but much more for the sense you show of our great loss, which is above what I can express."

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the parliamentary addresses; and the natural current of circumstances leads us to believe that this is the truth, and as such we have followed it in our inferences. In general history, the date is not mentioned. Burnet slurs over the whole fact.

[1] Coxe's Shrewsbury Papers.

[2] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 674.

The house of commons arrived in person the same afternoon at Kensington, with an address similar to that of the lords, but longer and more laudatory in regard to the queen, and recommending attention to his own preservation with greater earnestness. To which the royal widower was pleased to reply:—

"Gentlemen, I take very kindly your care of me, especially at this time when I am able to think of nothing but our great loss."[1]

January passed on, but the royal widower remained still inconsolable, for his pitying prime minister, while bewailing his own complication of personal maladies, wrote again to admiral Russell:

"You will excuse me not writing to you with my own hand, which I can scarcely do at present. Certainly there never was any one more really and universally lamented, than the queen, but the king particularly has been dejected, beyond what could be imagined; but I hope he begins to recover out of his great disorder, and that a little time will restore him to his former application to business."[2]

"The misfortunes of my own, joined with the affliction his majesty has been under, and still expresses to a passionate degree, has hindered me from making any steps towards what you commanded me in your late letters. I dare not yet be too bold in writing to him."[3]

The concourse of courtiers that flocked to Berkeley House, for the purpose of worshipping the rising fortunes of the princess Anne and her son, excited the derision of the party that had remained stanch to their interests, while their prospects were not so promising. A ludicrous incident occurred at one of these levees. Lord Caernarvon, a nobleman who was considered as half-witted, felt some jealous astonishment when he saw the crowds that filled the reception-rooms of the princess, which occasioned him to say aloud, as he stood close to her in the circle, "I hope your highness will remember that I always came to wait on you, when none of this company did."[4] This speech caused a great deal of mirth, which was not decreased by the fact, that some of the time-servers appeared out of countenance.

[1] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 674.

[2] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 218, 219. The perpetual grumblings discontent of admiral Russell, then stationed with the fleet off Cadiz, were the subjects of the required conferences with the royal widower.

[3] Ibid., p. 218.

[4] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 110.

The pacification between the princess and the king had not occurred too soon; for the adversaries of the revolutionary government had already begun to moot the point, of whether Anne was not, at this period, queen of Great Britain and Ireland *de facto?* On this question, agitated by M. Renaud, French minister for Jacobite affairs, either James II. or Louis XIV. thus expressed themselves: "The *king*[1] finds your reflections on the death of the princess of Orange well founded; but it appears, that if the declaration of the lords and commons, assembled at Westminster February 13, 1689, are examined thoroughly, one cannot come to the same conclusion as you do—namely, 'that the princess Anne has been queen ever since the 6th of this month,[2] the day of the death of her sister, the *princess of Orange* (Mary II.), and that the prince of Orange, as a naturalized Englishman, is *her subject*.' Since it is said by this act, that the exercise of the royal power will be vested solely in his person, but in the names of both the prince and princess of Orange, and such was during their lives. We shall discuss this matter more at large when we come to Paris, which will be next week. I have the idea, as well as you, that there is somewhat to be done, for I cannot lose all hope of the good intentions of the English."

The people at large, in fact, testified many symptoms of what was called, by the king over the water, "good intentions;" wheresoever the terrors of the standing army did not extend, as in Norwich, Warwick, and many other distant provincial places, the populace were agitated with the convulsive throes of civil war. Lancashire was in open revolt. The Jacobites in St. Germains and Great Britain believed that the English would never practically suffer their sceptre to pass from the next protestant heir, to a king who was merely elective. The example of Poland, then tottering to its fall, was not an inviting one to any part of the people

[1] Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, inedited MS.

[2] New Style is here reckoned. According to the computation of time then used in England, Mary II. died December 28, Old Style; the despatch is dated January 21, 1695, N. S.

who were not likely to draw pecuniary profit from the liberty of electing kings. The preceding centuries had witnessed, in the Germanic empire, similar miseries to those which were even then desolating Poland.

These were motives which would have impelled many persons to join the party of the princess Anne, rather than suffer any precedent to exist for subjecting England to the frequent recurrence of the corrupting anarchy, which is the constant scourge of nations whose rulers are elective. Many of the Jacobites would have joined the party of the princess Anne, from a romantic idea that her first movement would have been, if placed on the throne, to resign in favour of her father and brother, since her letters to her father were generally known among the party. These considerations may serve to show how formidable was the crisis which passed favourably owing to the prompt pacification of king William and the daughter of James II. Arrests of the most active among the Jacobite agitators of the public peace promptly followed the stable settlement of the revolutionary government. Oglethorpe, the same leader of the party who had reviled queen Mary on the memorable night of the fire of Whitehall, was as busy among them as the petrel in a storm, and like that bird he still flew free from danger himself.

"Mr. Oglethorpe," writes the indefatigable Renaud,[1] "has almost entirely supported Crosby in prison, who has confided to him the letters [to the Jacobites] in England which have since been destroyed by that gentleman. Oglethorpe has since aided the escape of divers of our people—among others, of a young lady, a relative of *Mr. Jones*,[2] who has been employed in sundry political messages, seldom confided to persons of her sex; all this became known to the prince of Orange, (William III.) who gave orders to arrest her, and she was thrown in prison."

The gazette now began to bear witness to the king's recognition of the rank of the princess Anne, by the insertion of such notices as the following, which were the visits of condolence for the death of her sister, queen Mary, paid her by all the foreign ministers resident in London:

[1] Inedited MS., Bib. du Roi, Paris, dated Jan. 19, 1695, N. S.

[2] *King James*, who is often thus designated in ciphered correspondence.

"January 31st, 1694. This evening, Count Aversberg, envoy-extraordinary from the emperor, had his first audience of her royal highness the princess of Denmark, as also of the prince, being introduced by sir Charles Cotterel, master of the ceremonies. And the viscount de Font Arcada, envoy-extraordinary from the king of Portugal, was conducted to his audience of their royal highnesses in the same manner."[1]

The only son of the princess Anne was considered by the world promising in person as well as intellect, and though the princess knew his health was fragile, yet she had seen too many transitions from pining infancy to robust adolescence wholly to despair of one day beholding the coronal of the principality circle the brow of her Gloucester. Such expectations once more hardened the heart of the princess Anne to its original temperature towards her father and the rival prince of Wales. Her penitent letters to her exiled parent having been merely instigated by revenge against William III., her actions now proved that she found it more profitable to be the friend than the foe of the monarch of the revolution. The princess, nevertheless, continued the correspondence with her father, and even continued to make promises which she intended not to fulfil. James II. was not deceived when this second alliance with his enemy took place, for he thus notes the circumstance in the journal of his life.[2]

[1] There are many other paragraphs, concerning audience to envoys, who waited on the princess on this occasion; it is thought not worth while to copy any more—the Spanish, Danish, Dutch, &c.

[2] Life of James II. Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 244. It is desirable to mention that these notations, which described the deposed king's inmost thoughts and feelings, are of a more personal nature than the memoir of public events, edited by the Rev. Stanier Clarke, and published under the patronage of his late majesty, George IV. His faithful servant, Nairne, preserved the king's advice to his son Berwick, which is one of his best literary productions, and is totally free from any doctrinal bigotry. It is a solemn warning, "not to follow his example in sinning, but in repenting." Nairne appends, in explanation of the paper, "It was the constant practice of my royal master, James II., ever since he first appeared in the world, to write short notes from time to time of all that was remarkable in the affairs wherein he had any share; these memoirs of events, which occurred before his last escape out of England, have been happily preserved, although writ on loose papers, and they may possibly serve hereafter as materials for an authentic

"The princess Anne, notwithstanding her professions and late repentance, appeared now to be more satisfied that the prince of Orange [*William III.*] should remain, though he had used her ill, and usurped on her rights, than that her father, who had always cherished her beyond expression, should be restored. But his own children had lost all bowels of compassion and duty for him. He was much afflicted at the manner of his eldest daughter's death." He adds, "that he made no effort to disturb the revolutionary government when it took place."

The state funeral of the late queen did not occur until March 5, 1694-5. No part was taken in this high ceremonial by either the princess Anne, or even by her husband.[1] The duchess of Somerset filled the place of the former as chief mourner; this precedency devolved on the duchess as the wife of the duke of Somerset, surnamed "the Proud," who was first peer of the English blood royal, by descent from lady Katharine Grey. The princess Anne herself, had there been no other reasons, could not follow as chief mourner—she was actually unable to walk; being infirm and unwieldy in person from a complication of dropsical maladies; her sufferings were, however, supported by the hope, that she was once more likely to increase her family, in which she was finally deceived.[2] The reasons of the exclusion of prince George of Denmark from the precedence at the royal funeral, which his rank and affinity as a near kinsman of Mary II. demanded, (if their mutual descent from Frederic II. of Denmark[3] be only considered,) has never

and complete history of his life, they being safely kept by his majesty's order in the library of the Scotch College at Paris. But these writ by him since the revolution are of a different nature from the former. In the first he sets down what passed abroad in the world wherein he was concerned, in these he describes what passed within his own soul. It may be truly said that his own picture is to be seen in them drawn to the life, as it was in his later days."

[1] White Kennet, History, vol. iii. p. 682.

[2] Lewis Jenkins.

[3] Father of Anne of Denmark, and Mary II.'s great-grandmother, and of Christian IV., prince George's great-grandfather.

been explained. Among the banners carried round the royal defunct, which marked her alliance with the royal blood of Europe, that of Denmark seems to have been omitted.[1]

Although Mary survived archbishop Tillotson but a month, she had faithfully redeemed her promise to him, by settling a pension on his widow.[2] Mrs. Tillotson was left but in narrow circumstances, for the archbishop, her husband, had possessed his great preferment little more than three years; in the course of which short time the example of the great charity of his predecessors, Sheldon and Sancroft, had been followed as far as the actual maintenance of a wife and family would permit; therefore he left no fortunes for them from the goods of the church.

The king, who had no longer the partner of his throne to rely on as his faithful regent in his absence, was forced to submit to the loss of most of the power that the revolution had left to the royal functions; nevertheless, there was no intention manifested of giving the princess Anne any share in the government during the long absences of his majesty as general of the confederated armies of Spain and Germany against France. In fact, the English oligarchy, since the death of Mary II., had attained the object which the writings of Marvel, Shaftesbury, and many other of minor political pamphleteers, had long aimed at. The regal power was vested in a council of nine, after the model of the Venetian Council of Ten.

Among the governing junta of nine regents was included the archbishop of Canterbury. A long lapse of years had intervened since any prelate had shared in the government of this country. The step was probably taken in consideration of the deep veneration testified by the princess Anne for the church, and on the calculation

[1] White Kennet gives a minute account of the ceremonial, but makes no mention of the prince of Denmark, or of any alliance of the queen by blood with the Danish royal family, being manifested by banner or bannerol, vol. iii. p. 682.

[2] Ibid.

that her royal highness was not likely, during the king's absence, to unsettle, by the agency of her faction, any administration in which an archbishop of Canterbury was concerned. That influential class, the writers of doggerel lampoons, vented their spleen on this occasion by an abusive epigram to the following effect:

THE NINE KINGS.

Will's wafted to Holland on some state intrigue,
Desirous to visit his Hogans at Hague;
But lest in his absence his subjects repine,
He cantoned his kingdoms and left them to Nine—
Eight ignorant peers and a blockish divine.[1]

The princess Anne slowly recovered her health, and with it the use of her limbs, and power of progression without assistance. She made efforts to suppress, by the violent exercise of hunting, and by the practice of cold bathing, the tendency to corpulence which her habits of self-indulgence had brought upon her. Some traditionary traces still remain that such was the case.

A bath-house in a shabby old street between Soho-square and Long-acre, named "New Bolton-street," has lately been laid open in the course of the improvements in St. Giles's; it is called by tradition "Queen Anne's bath." The water is considered very salubrious, and is brought by pipes from Hampstead to a well-constructed bath in the aforesaid street, neatly finished with Dutch tiles, and retaining the traditional name of "Queen Anne's Bath" to this hour. It is nevertheless improbable that Anne resorted to this place when she was in possession of the palace of St. James and all its appurtenances, either before or after her disgrace with king William; it was most likely her occasional bath-room, at this period, when she resided at Berkeley House.

In regard to exercise, the princess Anne, whensoever the muscular infirmity occasioned by access of gout and dropsy did not incapacitate her, was as indefatigable a huntress as queen Elizabeth. Anne had, from an early

[1] MS. Harleian.

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period of life, been accustomed to pursue this diversion with her father in the parks of Richmond and Windsor. After she had been barred, by the enmity of her brother-in-law and sister, from all approach to Windsor Castle and Park, she purchased a cottage lodge not far from the royal residence,[1] and every summer hunted the stag in Windsor Forest. There is a noble oak among its glades, which used to have a brass plate affixed to it, intimating that it was called "Queen Anne's oak," for beneath its branches she was accustomed to mount her horse for the chase, and view her officials and dogs assembled for the stag-hunt.[2] But these equestrian feats had been discontinued since the birth of the duke of Gloucester, after which her enormous increase of size precluded them. Anne, whether as queen or princess, after that period followed the chase in a light one-horse chair, constructed to hold only herself, and built with enormously high wheels.[3] In this extraordinary and dangerous hunting-equipage, she has been known to drive her fine strong hackney, forty or fifty miles on a summer's afternoon. It is well known, that Louis XIV. and his successors, during the last century, were accustomed to hunt in the forests of St. Germain and Fontainebleau in phaetons and cabriolets; how matters were arranged between them and the stag, in such cases, we leave those more learned in hunting than ourselves to decide. Notwithstanding the straight avenues in which the chases and forests of France are cut, likewise those of Hampton-court and Windsor to imitate them, the chaise-hunting of Anne, and the phaeton-hunting of the French kings and their courts, remain to us historical mysteries.

Whilst the king was absent (and he never remained a whole year in England), the case became rather embarrassing, how the council of regency were to conduct themselves if they happened to be by any chance altogether in

[1] Duchess of Marlborough's MSS. Coxe Papers, British Museum.
[2] Pyne's Palaces.
[3] Swift notes this practice only a few months before her death.

the presence of the princess Anne, and, as most of them were her particular friends, and held the great state offices, this was not unlikely. As the whole together represented the majesty of the English government and sovereignty, it was according to etiquette for them to sit, and the princess to stand in their presence. This dilemma was, however, successfully modified by observing that a quorum (or four members) of this body never entered collectively the presence of the princess, who was thus able to retain her seat at her own receptions, as three of the council of regency were not entitled to this homage.[1] Anne, who was herself the most rigorous observer of court etiquette, thanked the lord-keeper for this considerate arrangement.

It has been asserted, that when the princess paid her remarkable visit of condolence to the king, his majesty had formally invited her to take up her residence at St. James's-palace, the usual abode of the heir to the throne of Great Britain. Many months, nevertheless, intervened before she left Berkeley House, which was but her hired dwelling, to take possession of the ancient palace of her ancestors. Her son, the young duke of Gloucester, continued to reside at Campden House, on account of its salubrity and its bracing air, which was withal so mild, that in sheltered spots in the grounds the wild olive[2] was planted, and was seen growing vigorously, and enduring the severity of English winters and springs. The health of the young prince, who was the hope of protestant England, was of that very precarious nature, that it was desirable to keep him not only in the most salubrious locality, but as much retired as possible from the view of the people, whose attention had been since the death of queen Mary anxiously directed towards him.

The real cause of the little prince's ill health was water in the brain. "His head was extremely long and

[1] Roger Coke, 126, vol. iii.
[2] Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, 1st edition. (Olea.)

large," says his biographer, "which made him very difficult to be fitted with a peruke! His hat, poor infant, at five years old, was large enough for most men! The terrific malady of hydrocephalus it was that prevented him from walking freely long after the time when children usually run alone. The complaint seems to have been little understood; because, when ever and anon, the suffering child craved the assistance of two persons to lead him on each side, especially when he went up and down stairs, his demand of support was treated as mere idle whim. Doubtless, the movement of the water, at such times, gave him vertigo; but the prince of Denmark was either advised to treat the child's caution of retaining assistance near him under his agonizing infirmity as an effeminate caprice, or he had worked his temper up to violence. The princess shut herself up with her little son for more than an hour, trying to reason with him that it was improper to be led up and down stairs at the age of more than five years: she led him into the middle of the room, and told him "to walk, as she was sure he could do so."[1] He obstinately refused to stir, without being led by, at least, one person. The princess then took a birch rod, and gave it to prince George, who repeatedly slashed his son with it, in vain; at last, by dint of severe strokes, the torture made him run alone.

The little invalid, who had never before felt the disgrace and pain of corporal punishment, ever after walked up and down stairs without requiring aid.[2] The whole circumstance was revolting; for the difficulty is in general to keep a child of such age from perpetually frisking, in the exuberance of his animal spirits. Great, indeed, must have been the agony and confusion of the young prince's head, before this natural vivacity could be extinguished; nor could the struggle, induced by cruelty, have been likely to strengthen him, but, on the contrary,

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester.
[2] Ibid.

it would have greatly inflamed and aggravated a malady like hydrocephalus.

The cruelty in that era, regarding education, was one of its most disgusting and demoralizing features, too much of which is still retained in public schools; but such discipline exercised towards children in health seems light indeed, when compared to the regimen prescribed and administered by the prince of Denmark to his infirm child, in his utter ignorance of the physiology of disease. The prince probably was stimulated by his dread of the lampoons and caricatures, which had become efficient weapons of party attack in England. Since the day when Shaftesbury promulgated an axiom worthy of him, "that ridicule is the test of truth," lampoons had become positively atrocious at the close of the eighteenth century. Every calamity that poor frail human nature is heir to was held up to public scorn, in the most loathsome language or coarsest limning, by hired party scrawlers, who, merciless as demons, were as active in calumny at that era as persons of the same fraternity were subsequently in the French revolution. We may be proud of the age we live in, when the tone of the periodical press of the present day is contrasted with the party strife in those centuries, which, in its malignant spirit of assault, spared no human suffering, and neither considered age nor sex, if it could excite that species of mirth which debases the human face far below the brutes, to whom laughter is denied. Prince George of Denmark knew that the worst of the Jacobites in England would retaliate on his child all the brutalities that were daily issued against "the young pretender," if his infirmity in walking became matter of public discussion.

The habits of life of the little duke of Gloucester had been strangely divided between the feminine cherishing and petting that the princess, his mother, and her ladies thought needful to preserve his fragile existence, and the rudeness and ferocity which the prince, his father, con-

sidered ought to be inculcated into the mind and manners of the heir of a kingdom, where the cry of war prevailed over every other sound, and where brute strength and animal bravery were valued far above wisdom, benevolence, and even that majestic attribute of royalty—moral courage. The father, it has been seen, sought to whip a dire disease out of the young prince; the princess, on the contrary, if she only saw him totter as he crossed the room, expressed, by the fading of her colour and the cold dew breaking on her brow, that her maternal fears amounted to agony.[1] During the spring and summer of the same year, when prince George had forced the unfortunate child to walk, and go up and down stairs without the support his sad malady craved, illness attacked him repeatedly, owing to his preternatural exertions to seem robust and rollicking, when pain and infirmity insisted on their due. His illnesses were attributed to every cause but the evident one; even the smell of some harmless leeks was supposed by the sapient establishment of the prince and princess to have given him a fever.

The princess Anne, as in old times, wore a leek on St. David's-day, and the little Gloucester, to whom a leek had been given to put in his hat, was curious regarding the why and wherefore. He was not content with his artificial court-leek of silk and silver, but insisted on seeing the plant. Jenkins, his Welsh usher, was charmed at having an opportunity of introducing the famous edible of the principality to the notice of the future prince of Wales. The child played with the bundle of leeks, by tying them round a toy-ship he had, which was large enough for his boys to climb the masts. He then being thoroughly tired, laid down and fell asleep. He awoke very ill, and the greatest alarm prevailed at Campden House[2] among the ladies, that the future prince of Wales had been poisoned by the smell of leeks, on St. David's-day. Doubtless, the Jacobites,

[1] Lewis Jenkins. [2] Ibid.

of whom there were more than one in the household, deemed it a judgment. Dr. Radcliffe was sent for, from Oxford, at fiery speed. The princess Anne was terrified; she was not then able to walk, but was carried up into the chamber of her sick son in her sedan-chair, with short poles. Dr. Radcliffe, when he came, declared that the young duke had a fever, but he recovered in nine days. The fever was, however, soon succeeded by a relapse, which again confined the child to his bed. The ladies sought to amuse the little invalid by presents of toys, while the male attendants, who, with his small soldiers, were permitted to surround his bed,—probably by the desire of the prince of Denmark, his father,—were of the hardening faction, and devised sports of a different nature. The boy-soldiers were posted as sentinels at his door; tattoos were flourished on the drum, and toy fortifications builded by his bed-side. So far, so well; but the zeal of the ladies of the princess, in seeking for him quieter amusements, produced a scene in opposition not remarkably edifying.

Mrs. Buss, the nurse of the princess his mother, who had previously purchased all his toys, (filling at that time the office of privy-purse in the household at Campden House,) thought proper to send him by Wetherby, one of his chairmen, an automaton, representing prince Louis of Baden fighting the Turks. As the young duke had given up toys since the preceding summer, his masculine attendants started the idea, that the present was a great affront, and it was forthwith sentenced to be torn to pieces—an execution which was instantly performed by the sick duke's small soldiers. The next notion adopted was, that the messenger ought to receive condign punishment for the crime of bringing a doll to the hope of England. Wetherby, the chairman, however, taking warning by the ungracious reception of the present, had not waited for this determination, but decamped, and, rushing down Campden Hill, had taken

refuge in some hospitable nook in the depths of Kensington town. In the course of the afternoon, he was discovered and captured, and being detained all night in prison, the duke of Gloucester[1] ordered him to be brought into his presence next morning for sentence, which he pronounced — Wetherby was bound hand and foot, mounted on the wooden horse, and soused all over with water from enormous syringes and squirts. As four grown men, besides the small soldiers, were engaged in this execution, resistance was vain, and the victim received no mercy, because he had been the foremost in playing off similar practical jokes on others, for the amiable pastime of the heir to the British throne. When Wetherby was half drowned with his shower-baths, his executioners drew him on the horse into the bed-room of the duke of Gloucester, who exceedingly enjoyed the sight of the man's woeful condition.

The princess was extremely solicitous that her young son should never repeat any vulgar or profane expressions in his conversation: her precepts on which head, it may be supposed, were not much heeded while he witnessed similar amusements conducted by Robin Church and Dick Drury, the drunken and swearing coachmen, aided by the running footmen and chairmen of the palace, such functionaries being, in that era, many grades less civilized than their class at the present day. The fruits of this companionship soon were manifest by the conversation of the infant prince, which was garnished with expressions very startling to the ladies of the household of the princess. The duchess of Northumberland,[2] when one day visiting her royal highness, was greeted by the little duke, in return for her caresses, with some expletives, which were anything but appropriate to courtly circles. The princess Anne was roused by this incident into strict inquiry as to the persons that

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

[2] Wife of George Fitzroy, duke of Northumberland, Anne's illegitimate kinsman.

had corrupted the conversation of her little son. She was told that he learned his ill language by hearing his small soldiers "becall one another."[1] After the evil had taken root, the princess in vain exercised almost teasing vigilance respecting its recurrence, but coarse and profane language on the lips of a child, in those days, was considered to give hopeful promise of a warlike manhood. One day, her royal highness was receiving a visit at her toilet from her little son, when he informed her that he was "Confounded dry." "Who has taught you those words?" demanded the princess. "If I say Dick Drury,"[2] whispered the duke of Gloucester, to one of his mother's ladies, "he will be sent down stairs. Mamma," added he, aloud, "I invented them myself." Another time, at one of these toilet visits, the young prince made use of the expletive, "I vow." The princess, his mother, demanded, "who he had heard speak in that manner?" "Lewis," replied the duke. "Lewis Jenkins shall be turned out of waiting, then," said the princess Anne. "Oh, no, mamma," said the child, "it was I myself did invent that word, now I think of it."

Surrounded as the royal boy was with attendants, having a preceptor who was a clergyman, likewise a chaplain who called himself his own, he appears to have learned the first elements of the Christian religion by mere accident; prayers, it is true, were read every day at eleven o'clock, by his preceptor, Mr. Pratt, before he took his reading lesson; but to these the young duke positively refused to give his attention, simply because he could not understand what they meant. That no explanation had been given to him, satisfactory to his infant mind, is apparent by his docility when instructed by a person who was in earnest.

Change of air had been recommended by Dr. Radcliffe, in the summer of 1695. The princess inquired for houses at Epsom, Richmond, and Hampstead; at last,

[1] Lewis Jenkins. [2] The duke of Gloucester's coachman.

her own early reminiscences led her to prefer Twickenham; but she no longer had the command of the old palace where she was nursed. She was offered three adjacent houses for her son's household and her own. They belonged to Mrs. Davies, an ancient gentlewoman of Charles I.'s court, who was more than eighty years of age. She was aunt to the old earl of Berkeley, and consequently great aunt to the governor of the little prince, lord Fitzharding. She was devout, and lived an ascetic life on herbs and fruit, although a lady of family and property. Simple as were her habits, she enjoyed a healthy and cheerful old age. All the fields and hedgerows of her estate she had caused to be planted with beautiful fruit-trees. The cherries were richly ripe when the princess came to Twickenham, and the hospitable gentlewoman gave the individuals of the princess's household leave to gather as much fruit as they pleased, on the condition "that they were not to break or spoil her trees." When the princess had resided at this lady's seat for a month, she told sir Benjamin Bathurst to take a hundred guineas, and offer them to their aged hostess, in payment for rent and for trouble she and her people had given her, but the old lady positively declared she would receive nothing. Sir Benjamin, nevertheless, pressed the payment on her, and put the guineas in her lap, but the loyal gentlewoman persisted in her refusal, and rising up, let the gold she rejected roll to all corners of the room, and left the comptroller to gather it up as he might. The princess Anne was astonished at generosity she had been little accustomed to, declaring, "that although it would have been pleasure to have rewarded this loyal gentlewoman to the utmost of her power, yet they must abstain from the further tender of money since her delicacy was hurt by it."[1]

There certainly exists instinctive affection between children and aged persons who are devoted to the prac-

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

tice of benevolent piety. The ancient gentlewoman and the little duke of Gloucester soon became confidential friends. Many younger and fairer faces were around him, all full of flattery and indulgence, yet, peradventure, the princely infant saw expression beaming from her wrinkled brow, which was more attractive to his childish instinct. From the lips of this old recluse he learned the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and several prayers which were satisfactory to his intelligence. There can be no doubt but that the devout lady accompanied her tuition by explanation and instruction suitable to his infant mind, for he never omitted repeating the aspirations she had taught him, with great exactness, every night and morning,[1] although he still remained utterly obtuse to the prayers read by his preceptor. These facts are detailed by Lewis Jenkins without the slightest perception of the touching providence which led the young child to imbibe the knowledge of prayer from the lips of this benevolent recluse of the church of England. Her religious influence over the neglected mind of the wayward little prince who had manifested active hatred to every semblance of the worship of God, must have been effected by conversations of vital interest to Christian civilization.

The princess was, one Sunday, preparing to go to Twickenham-church, when her little son came to her, and preferred a request to go to church with her for the first time. When he received her permission, he ran to "my lady governess, Fitzharding, who was," observes Lewis, "as witty and pleasant a lady as any in England." The duke of Gloucester told her that he was going to Twickenham-church with his mamma. My lady Fitzharding asked him, "If when there, he would say the Psalms?" for he had made great resistance to this part of his religious exercises. "I will sing them," replied the little prince. He became, henceforth, somewhat obser-

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

vant and critical regarding the ecclesiastical establishment of the palace, and the tendency of his thoughts soon was apparent at his usual visits to his mother's toilet. "Mamma," said he, "why have you two chaplains and I but one?" "Pray," asked the princess Anne, by way of an answer, "what do you give your one chaplain?" Now it is well known that this office in the royal household is merely titular and honorary. The little duke must have heard that fact by his reply, though he was unconscious that it was a repartee. "Mamma," said he, "I give him—his liberty!" At which answer, the princess laughed heartily, and often repeated it as a good instance of royal patronage and benevolence to the church of England.[1]

When the household of the princess Anne left Twickenham, the duke of Gloucester was brought back to Campden House, and here he found all his small soldiers posted as sentinels on guard; they received him to his great pleasure with presented arms and the honours of war. Their exercises were now occasionally transferred to Wormwood Common, perhaps Lewis means the place called Wormwood Scrubs or Shrubs. Here the young prince was walking one morning for the air with "a pistol in his hand;" he fell down and hurt his forehead against it. When he returned to Campden House, the ladies were very full of pity regarding his hurt, he told them "that a bullet had grazed his forehead, but that as a soldier he could not cry when wounded." Again he was very earnest in his desire to be prince of Wales, but he was as usual "checked by his mother."

The princess, finding that her child about this time suffered with inflammation in the eyes, became alarmed lest he should be as much subject to this distressing complaint as she was, and her sister, queen Mary. The idea grieved her so much that she went in person to Bloomsbury, where lived old Dr. Richley, who was, in the language of our narrator, "famous for bad eyes."

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

It is to be feared that he was a quack doctor. He gave the princess a little bottle, and directed the liquid therein to be applied to the eyelids with a camel's hair brush. At that time, the duke of Gloucester's eyes were almost closed, so that he could not bear the light. He had been prescribed diet-drink, which he refused to take, until his father, prince George of Denmark had enforced obedience by another castigation; but when swallowed, "the diet-drink" did no good. The princess Anne, who had been harassed and vexed by these contentions, applied the nostrum of the oculist she had been to seek, which effected an immediate cure, upon which, her royal highness sent the Bloomsbury doctor a purse with fifty guineas, in token of gratitude.[1]

The faithful Welch usher of the young duke was anxious to acquire the elements of many sciences for the purpose of imparting them to his young master. According to his own account he gave him his first ideas of fencing, fortifications, geometry, and mathematics. The child ran to his mother every day to display his new acquisitions in her dressing-room, yet they brought neither thanks nor reward to the unfortunate Welchman, but reproofs for presumption from enemies on all sides, and advice from the princess "to mind his own business." Mr. Pratt, the tutor, considered his office was invaded, and "my lady governess, Fitzharding, was particularly enraged at the very idea of "the mathematics," which she evidently took for some species of conjuration. The following scene and dialogue, ruefully related by the poor Welchman, is simple matter of fact, and took place before Swift or Goldsmith had dashed at the same incident in their fictitious characters.

"One day, the young duke of Gloucester pulled a paper out of my pocket," says Lewis, "on which were some problems in geometry; he looked it over, and found some triangles. 'Lewis,' said he, 'I can make these.' 'No

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

question of that,' I replied, not much attending to what he said." It must have been this unlucky paper, carried off by the little prince to the toilet of the princess Anne, that excited the wrath of the fair Fitzharding. She possibly took the geometrical figures for magic. The same day, the lady Fitzharding having superintended the dinner of the young prince, her charge, sailed out of the room with Lewis Jenkins carrying her train; while they were proceeding thus down stairs, to the apartment of the princess, the courtly dame, turning her head over her shoulder, said disdainfully to the obsequious squire performing the office of her train-bearer, "Lewis, I find you pretend to give the duke notions of mathematics and *stuff!*"[1] Poor Lewis Jenkins answered widely enough from this accusation, by saying, meekly, "I only repeated stories from history, to divert and assist the young duke in his plays." Another angry askance over her shoulder was darted by the lady-governess on the hapless bearer of her train: "Pray," asked she, "where did you get your learning?" Such a question, it appears, was unanswerable; but the fair one's wrath was somewhat appeased by her lord, who told her, "that Lewis Jenkins was a good youth, had read much, and did not mean any harm." Lord Fitzharding, however, was commissioned by the princess Anne to hinder Lewis from teaching her son anything, "because it would injure him when he was learning fortification, geometry, and other sciences, according to the regular methods."

The princess had no sooner given this prohibition, than she saw her young son putting himself into fencing attitudes. "I thought I had forbidden your people to

[1] All the comic literature of that era was taken from life, and the above seems to be the original of Swift's satirical lines.

> "With their Ovids and Plutarchs, and Homers, and *stuff*.
> Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
> But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

Goldsmith has re-echoed it in his poem of "Retribution."

fence with you," observed her royal highness. "Oh, yes, mamma," replied the child, "but I hope you will give them leave to defend themselves when I attack them."

The poor little prince, although delicate, was, when relieved from the pressure of actual pain, high spirited and lively. Unlike his parents, he showed marked indifference to food; his nurse, Mrs. Wanley, was forced to sit by him at his meals, to remind him that it was needful to eat, and even to feed him occasionally; he would turn from the food she presented, and pick up crumbs, eating them in preference to solid nourishment. His tutor, Pratt, passed through the room, and said reprovingly, "You pick crumbs as if you were a chicken." "Yes," replied the child, "but I'm a chick o' the game, though!" The tutor seems to have been an object of the princely boy's aversion, whose dislike to hear him read prayers amounted to antipathy. He used to beg Mrs. Wanley to have the prayers shortened, yet he was quite willing to repeat those his old friend at Twickenham had taught him. The prohibitions which the princess Anne gave repeatedly to the historical narratives told by Lewis to her son, are attributed to the jealousy that Mr. Pratt manifested, because more than once, in conversation, the young prince his pupil discussed with him incidents from ancient history, which the tutor was fully aware had not been learned from himself. Mr. Pratt complained to lady Fitzharding, his patroness, who represented the circumstance to the princess Anne, so as to excite her displeasure.

The princess Anne enjoyed, during the summer, at least in the regard of the people, the dignity of first lady of England; but the return of the king, her brother-in-law, in October, 1695, did not increase her tranquillity or happiness. His majesty's arms were more successful than usual, but many symptoms betokened that the royal temper was in a painful state of exasperation. Namur, it is true, had fallen into his possession, gained

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at an awful cost of blood and treasure; but no warrior was ever more ashamed of defeat than king William was at the flood of congratulatory addresses on this victory, which were poured on him from every town in England,—his gracious majesty distributed sarcasm on all sides by way of answers.

The princess Anne, considering herself eminently successful in her letter of condolence on the death of the queen, now penned her royal brother-in-law an adulatory epistle on his conquest of Namur;[1] to which his majesty had not the civility to return any answer. The mayor of Norwich, or of some other distant city, brought him up condolences for the death of queen Mary, and congratulations for the taking of Namur, and presented them with a speech which was rather smart and pithy for a civic address, saying, "I bring your majesty my hands full of joy and sorrow." "Put both in one hand, master mayor,"[2] interrupted the king, in a hoarse voice. The bystanders stood aghast, unable to tell whether his majesty meant to sneer or joke at the condolence for his queen; but William was tired at the expression of public sorrow so many months after date, and disgusted with being reminded of the tardy capture of Namur, which had cost him the lives of 12,000 men, and was indeed but a piece taken on the Flemish chess-board of war, where he and Louis XIV. had for many years amused themselves by playing away the blood, treasure, and commerce of their subjects. Among other victims of this dear-bought capture, was the deputy-governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Godfrey; he had waited on his majesty regarding money transactions from the bank, and being

[1] Conduct by the duchess of Marlborough. She gives the letter, which is mere verbiage, not worth quoting.

[2] Sir John Dalrymple's History says it was the lord mayor of London; a mistake, for he had long before condoled on the queen's death; it was evidently some of the disaffected cities which had rejoiced at the death of the queen, and now, being alarmed at the king's success in Flanders, had remembered the omitted condolences.

persuaded by the king himself to go into the trenches, to witness the glory of the confederate armies, a cannon ball killed him by his majesty's side. An odd chance of war, which, taking the man of money, and leaving the man of battles, strengthened more than ever William III.'s belief in fatalism.

The king paid a state visit to the princess Anne, or rather to her son, at Campden House: the young duke received his majesty under arms, and saluted him with the pike, according to the mode then in vogue of paying military honours. King William, who was fond of children, seemed pleased, and began conversing with him by the question of, "Whether he had any horses yet?" "Yes," replied the little duke, "I have one live horse, and two dead ones." The king laughed at him for keeping *dead horses*, and in a manner which exceedingly aggravated the child, informed him, "that soldiers always buried their dead horses out of their sight." The little duke had designated his wooden horses as dead ones, in contradistinction to the Shetland pony "no bigger than a mastiff," which occasionally carried him. He took the words of king William in their literal sense, and insisted on burying his wooden horses out of his sight, directly the royal visit was concluded; this he did with great ceremony, and even composed some lines as epitaph, which though childish doggerel, contradict the assertion, gravely recorded in history as one of his juvenile virtues, "that he showed a marked aversion to verses and poetry;" instead of which, more than one other instance is preserved of his early propensity for rhyming.[1]

Hostility was, soon after this visit, renewed, on the part of king William, towards the princess Anne; the reason undoubtedly was, because he guessed that it was at her instigation that the house of Commons entered very severely into the subject of the vested rights of the princes of Wales, which the childless Dutch sovereign had

[1] Lewis Jenkins, Biographical Tracts, British Museum.

thought proper to grant to his countryman and favourite, Bentinck earl of Portland, and his heirs for ever. William had permitted the appanage belonging to the heir-apparent of England to rest in abeyance, while his queen was in existence, according to the hope her party continued to express while she lived, that she might one day have a son. At her death, he recklessly made a present of it to his friend, and for ever, too! The princess Anne and the country viewed the measure much as the people of the present century would have done, if his late majesty George IV. had given away the principality of Wales to one of his friends, after the death of his daughter.

Had lord Portland been put in as a mere *locum tenens*, the matter might have been endurable; but in the intense ignorance both of master and man on the subject of British history, they boldly seized on this unalienable property. The discussion in the house of commons would have covered them with disgrace, if the speeches pronounced therein had been reported to the public as they are at present. But this was liberty which the revolutionists had not dreamed of granting; pillory, loss of ears, and the lash, were castigations distributed by them with great liberality among the literati, who reported aught of the sayings and doings of the house of commons, or the house of peers, if in either a majority considered such reports to be breach of privilege. Even so late as the days of Dr. Johnson (the head and precursor of that mighty band of literary talent, the gentlemen reporters of the press) the most absurd subterfuges were resorted to, when information was given to the nation of the debates which took place in the house of commons; initials, and blanks of the members' names, with the cant name of "the parliament of Lilliput," took the places of the present regular reports.[1] Need we say, that

[1] In copies of magazines extant, printed about the middle of the last century, (Gentleman's Universal and European,) this subterfuge may be seen.

much general reform among all parties followed the light afforded by the publicity of debate, even before the measure actually called "Reform" took place.

The speech, however, of a learned native of the principality, Price,[1] the member for Denbigh, became matter of history, for he probably reported his own analyzation of the enormity committed by the Dutch king, in his gift to his favourite of the appanage England expected one day to see possessed by the son of her princess. When lord Portland endeavoured to obtain the revenues of this absurd grant, his demand was met by a petition against his possession, from the country gentlemen of Denbigh, presented by Price, whose speech on the occasion presents an abstract of the immunities of princes of Wales, as heirs to the English crown.

"Give me patience and pardon," said he, "and I will lay before you the true facts upon the petition, of the manner of the grant, and what is granted. The great lordships of Denbigh, Bromfeld, and Yale, have been for some centuries the revenues of the kings of England and princes of Wales, where upwards of fifteen hundred tenants pay rents, and other royal services; these lordships are four parts in five of the whole country, and thirty miles in extent; there are great and profitable wastes of several thousand acres, rich and valuable mines, besides other great advantages which a mighty favourite and great courtier might make. Nor was such grant for any short time to lord Portland, it being to him and his heirs for ever, having only a reservation of 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum to the king and his successors."

"When the long parliaments in the reign of Charles II., passed the act concerning his fee-farm rents, they excepted these within the principality of Wales, a plain intimation that parliament thought them not fitting to

[1] In the very history from which this speech is transcribed, the name of Price is indicated thus: P - - ce. Life of William III., printed 1705. See pp. 440, 441.

be alienated, but preserved for the support of the future princes of Wales. There is a great duty lies upon the freeholders of these lordships: on the creation of the prince of Wales, they pay him 800*l.* for *mizes*, [probably these were robes and apparel,] which is a duty that cannot be severed, and it will be very difficult to find how this tenure can be reconcilable with the lord Portland's grant."

"If we are to pay these *mizes* to this noble lord, then he is *quasi* prince of Wales, for such duty was never paid to any other; but if it is to be paid to the prince of Wales and this noble lord too, then are the Welsh doubly charged. But I suppose that the grant of the revenues of the principality is the forerunner of the honour too! The story goes, that we were brought to entertain the nominee of Edward I., by being recommended as one who knew not a word of the English tongue; how we were deceived is known. I suppose Bentinck, lord Portland, does not understand our language either, nor is it to be supposed he will come amongst us to learn it, nor shall we be fond of learning *his!*"

The sturdy ancient Briton then quoted, with considerable aptness, various historical passages relative to the indignation the English people had always manifested against greedy foreign favourites of royalty, and concluded the most remarkable historical speech of his era with these remarkable words:

"By the old law it was part of the coronation oath of our kings, not to alienate the ancient patrimony of the crown without the consent of parliament. But now, when God shall please to send us a prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a crown made him as a pope did to king John, made by his father, king of Ireland, surnamed *Sans Terre*,[1] or *Lackland*, the pope confirmed the grant, but gave him a crown of peacock's feathers, in consideration of his poverty."

[1] The English pale was of very narrow limits round Dublin, centuries afterwards.

"I would have you consider we are Englishmen, and must, like patriots, stand by our country, and not suffer it to be tributary to strangers, and rejoicing that we have beat out of this kingdom *popery* and slavery, and now with as great joy entertain *socinianism*[1] and poverty; yet do we see our rights given away, and our liberties will soon follow. The remedies of our forefathers are well known, yet I desire not punishment, but redress."

King William used all the influence of his person and party to prevent the revocation of his Denbigh grant to Bentinck, but the house of commons inexorably resumed it. Had the intentions of the hero of Nassau been carried out, the present hope of England would have received only an income of 6*s.* 8*d.* yearly from his fair principality of Wales.

The insult offered to Anne in regard to her neglected congratulations was not the only one she had to endure. When William found that he remained on the English throne, notwithstanding the death of his partner, he repented him of the concessions he had made to his sister-in-law, and treated her with less respect than if she had been the wife of a Dutch burgomaster.[2]

His majesty's regal jealousy of the princess Anne particularly manifested itself in matters connected with the church of England. All the chaplains and clergy, who preached before her, were still interdicted from making any bows to her before they began their sermons. These bows the princess (who, says our authority,[3] was remarkably civil,) used always to return, in a very dignified manner, even if the rank of the clergyman was the lowest. But Hooper, dean of Canterbury, and Dr. Birch, rector of St. James's church, ever disregarded the prohibitions of the Dutch king, and paid her royal highness the same respect which she always received

[1] Alluding to the popular complaint that most of the archbishops and bishops appointed by William and Mary, leant to the royal creed.

[2] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough. [3] Hooper MS.

at church by the command of her father, during his reign.

Since the death of queen Mary, William III. had become more gloomy and misanthropic than ever, and more addicted to drinking schnaps of Hollands gin in his solitary hours; these potations had not the effect of intoxicating his phlegmatic temperament, but made him very irritable, and in the succeeding mornings he was very apt to cane his inferior servants, if they infringed in the slightest manner on the severe order he established. A French servant, who had the care of his guns, and who attended him in his shooting excursions in Bushy Park, and the "Home Park" of Hampton Court, one day forgot to provide himself with shot, although it was his duty to load his majesty's fowling piece; he determined, if possible, to conceal his neglect, and therefore repeatedly charged the king's gun merely with powder, and kept his own counsel, exclaiming, when his royal master fired, "I did never, no never, see his majesty miss before!"[1] The Banqueting-house, on the strand of the Thames, a little to the left of the Trophy gateway at Hampton Court, was the favourite scene of the evening potations of the royal widower. There, away from the irksome restraint which ever attended his life in the state apartments of an English palace, he unbent his mind with his Dutchmen, and enjoyed, in that isolated retreat, all the freedom from courtly refinement which endeared his palace over the water, at Loo. The Banqueting-house at Hampton Court is said to have been built by William,[2] but in all probability he only altered it.

The orgies at the Hampton Court Banqueting-house,

[1] Pyne's Palaces, and Traditions of Hampton Court.

[2] An engraving at the British Museum, among the King's MSS., from an ancient painting representing the former state of Hampton Court in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts, before William III.'s alterations, shows the Banqueting-house just in the square form it is (and on the same spot) with Gothic windows, and a flat roof, but with a turret at the western corner, and the royal standard flying.

when thus converted by William III. into a royal gin temple, produced such remarkable irritation in his majesty's temper, that few or none but his lowest foreign menials chose to cross his path on the succeeding mornings;[1] for the persons on whom he was wont to inflict marks of his fractious humour were facetiously called, in the royal household, "king William's knights of the cane,"[2] a distinction by no means endurable to the proud Norman blood of the English aristocracy, who held state offices in his household. And here those who are interested in the historical statistics of civilization may observe, that the example of this monarch's manners made prevalent in England, throughout the last century, every species of castigation with scourges and sticks, not only by parliamentary licence in the English armies professionally, but by all sorts of amateur performances from the strong to the weak. The national usages of northern Europe, when emerging from barbarism, seem to have been imported by him into these islands. Moreover, his contemporary sovereigns of Germany, and the far north, it is notorious, wielded their canes with remarkable vigour, for the maintenance of the palace discipline they chose to be observed. The cudgellings bestowed by Czar Peter on all ranks and conditions of his loving Russians, without partiality with regard to age or sex, are matters of history. The canings of Frederic I. of Prussia, (who was cousin-german of William III., and to whom he wished to leave his empire,) it is well known refreshed not only his army and household, but his sons, daughters, and friends. Frederic the Great, whose kindred to the hero of Nassau was manifested by many points of resemblance in mind and person, did not forget, being brought up under his father's baton, to wield "the cane-sceptre of Prussia," as a French wit has aptly called

[1] Observations upon the late Revolution in England, in the Somers Tracts, vol. iv. p. 45.

[2] Life of his late majesty king William III.

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it, at certain times and seasons, when he considered it peculiarly efficacious.

The studied marks of disrespect which the princess Anne received from her brother-in-law on the throne, in the autumn of 1695, began to excite the murmurs of the people: they saw that she continued to live in a hired house, although she had been promised, in the preceding spring, the occupation of the palace of St. James, and the king's conduct to her, on his birth-day, completed the public discontent.

It seems that all the English and Scotch nobility, who were particularly interested in the revolutionary government, hastened to London, at the end of October, or in the beginning of November, 1695, that they might pay their respects to king William, when he was to hold his lonely drawing-room, to receive congratulations on the anniversary, at once of his birth-day and of the English revolution of 1688. A letter of lady Drumlanrig,[1] (whose husband, as duke of Queensbury, afterwards played such a remarkable part in the Scottish union,) mentions the expectation of this drawing-room to her correspondent, lady Hartington, the daughter of the celebrated lady Russell, in a letter dated Oct. 27th, in which several curious traits of the costume of the times are comprised. As the father-in-law of the writer died the same year, the mourning reception she describes, as customary then in noble families on occasions of death, must have been on that account.[2]

"I am every day set out in form (to receive company) on a dismal black bed,[3] from which I intend to make my escape next week, and be of this world again. My

[1] Lady Mary Boyle, grand-daughter of the earl of Burlington, was a wife to James, 2nd duke of Queensbury, who succeeded to the title before the year of 1695 had expired.

[2] Although the lady had just become a duchess, she signs herself by her old familiar name of *M. Drumlanrig*. The letter is edited from the MS. in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire, by permission.

[3] This ceremony is mentioned in the life of Catherine of Braganza.

lady Hyde (*the first cousin of the princess Anne*) came up to town with very grave resolutions of not seeing a play, but by the instigations of the evil one, and the persuasions of some friends, she has *bin* at three within the week, and I hope to follow her example the next, for they act now in Covent Garden, and they say they are there very full. I hear nothing yet of Cockatoo and lady Betty, by which I suppose they are not come to town yet, but all our Bath acquaintance are almost as soon as myself. I was in hopes the birth-day would have brought your ladyship to town; if you are still at Woburn, I must beg leave to present my service to my lady Russell." The birth-day reception, for which the beaux and belles of the English nobility were thus flocking to town, was no pleasant ceremonial for the bereaved king, who probably had forgotten it, and withal did not know how to conduct himself, having always escaped, as much as possible, from the etiquette of such affairs, and left them to the able guidance of his regal partner and consort queen Mary.

Princesses of the royal family who were nearest to the throne, when there happened to be no queen-consort, had taken distinguished parts in such receptions in preceding reigns; the sisters of Edward VI., and the mother of Charles II., had received the female nobility, in the royal withdrawing room. The princess Anne, in addition to her birth-rank, (far higher than that of the king,) was withal the apparent successor to the British crown, and therefore she ought, according to all precedents, to have had a distinguished place near the throne of her brother-in-law, even if she had not been deputed by him to have received the female nobility as his nearest relative. But so far was the Dutch sovereign from according the usual marks of respect due to her as the heiress of the Britannic empire and as the sister of his late consort, that he outraged not only royal etiquette, but common

courtesy, by causing her to wait nearly two hours in his ante-chamber, without the slightest distinction between her and the wives of the aldermen and deputies of the common councilmen, who attended his court receptions at Kensington Palace.[1]

The princess was subject to similar insult every reception day, during the winter at least, until the murmurs of the people reminding the king that her royal highness was his superior by birth, were re-echoed by those of his own English officials, who had access to his person. Indeed, they were forced to convince him that he was showing more contempt to their princess than the nation at large would bear, and then his majesty found it necessary to alter his system. When the princess came for the future, lord Jersey, the lord chamberlain, was despatched to usher her in due form into the presence. Yet cause of complaint still existed, that no one was sent to receive her, when alighting, of higher rank than a court page—a grievance which is peculiarly noticed by lady Marlborough, who affirms that such neglect constituted the discourse of the town whenever it happened.

It is very evident that trial was made by his majesty, on his return from his successful campaign, of how far the English people would permit their princess to be treated with the species of contumely she formerly suffered during the life of the queen; but he found that such proceedings were not advisable, especially as he received some indications that conspiracies were organized against his person, by Jacobites among his own guards:—intelligence, which quickly produced amelioration of the royal manners towards the princess; likewise a very general pacification and reconciliation was extended to her party as well as to herself, of which the chief was considered to be the young duke of Ormond. The particulars are preserved in a letter of the daughter of the

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 110.

illustrious Rachel, lady Russell, then lady Hartington, addressed to her husband,[1] with other amusing gossip of the close of the year 1695.

"The duke of Ormond is once more reconciled to the court, and all matters happily composed, and the king being willing to make peace on all sides, is going to Windsor, as some persons say, on purpose to visit lord Portland, seeing he would not be so gracious as to come to him. My lord Exeter[2] is gone out of town, though the march, I think, goes on, still most terrible disorders happen upon the account of Miss Al——,[3] for my lord Burleigh was so highly displeased at the character they had given him and his lady, that he was even provoked to speech, and that very harsh and rude. I suppose you have heard of the disorders that have lately happened between my lord Inchiquin and his lady [Mary Villiers]."

The singular influence which the family of Villiers had on the destiny of the royal sisters, Mary II. and Anne, makes any mention of them matter of curiosity. In the same series of letters, is noted the astonishment of Elizabeth Villiers, that she never saw the king after the death of queen Mary. But there exists documentary evidence that, although apparently estranged from him in England, yet, after the year 1696, she always spent the time in his majesty's company, which he passed at Loo.

The new year, 1696, was marked by a thorough change in the conduct of king William towards the princess Anne, in which change might be plainly seen that his worldly wisdom as diplomatist had successfully overcome the venom of his temper.

[1] Signed R. H., (Rachel Hartington.) Family correspondence of his grace the duke of Devonshire, transcribed by permission from the original MS.

[2] The kindred peers of the house of Cecil had, strange to say, both turned Roman catholics, out of affection to James II. From some passages in the dispatches of Christian Cole, it appears that lords Exeter and Salisbury were among the portion of the English nobility, who held themselves haughtily aloof from the courts, not only of William III., but of the princess Anne. Nevertheless, few years had elapsed since James II., his queen, and his daughter Anne, had been refused hospitality at Hatfield, although it was originally a demesne of the crown, and in such cases hospitality was always considered a condition of the tenure.

[3] This is, perhaps, Jane Allington, the Dorinda, to whom this lady, under the name of Sylvia, addressed historical letters, descriptive of the accession of William and Mary; she was second daughter to lord Allington; her mother was daughter to the first duke of Bedford. (Faulkner's Hammersmith.)

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ANNE,

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Princess Anne receives the conciliatory visit of William III.—She is invited by him to take possession of St. James's Palace—Her son invested with the Garter—The princess given account of his behaviour—Her prospects for the future—Princess permitted to reside at Windsor Castle—Goes there with her consort—Her domestic life in the summer of 1696—Particulars of her son's education and pastimes—Princess presides over high festivals at Windsor—Her wedding-day—Congratulated by her son—Visits and attentions to her by William III.—Revelations of sir John Fenwick concerning the favourites of the princess—Grand court-day held by the princess—Introduces her son to the English nobility—Dialogue between William III. and the princess—She receives great attention from him publicly—She is spitefully reviled by him in private—Princess receives marks of homage from foreign states—She goes to Tunbridge Wells—Takes her son there—Anecdotes of his education—Fears lest he should be taken from her for tuition—Her aversion to Dr. Burnet being appointed his preceptor—Princess wronged by the king of three parts of the grant for her son's education—Submits to all, rather than lose his company—She is annoyed regarding her son's household—The princess conciliated by the appointment of lord Marlborough as his governor—First introduction of Abigail Hill [*lady Masham*] in the princess's service—The princess's accouchement—Her infant dead—Burial—Anecdotes of the princess's life at St. James's—Leaves London for Windsor Castle, May 1700—Illness and death of her only child, the duke of Gloucester—Conduct of the princess—She rises from his death-bed to write to her father, (James II.)

The princess Anne was passing the Christmas recess with her husband and little son, at Campden House, Kensington, when they were surprised by a visit from king William, who was then residing at the adjacent palace. His majesty chose to make in person the gracious announcement that the princess and her house-

hold could take possession of the palace of St. James's whensoever it pleased her, and that, by the death of lord Strafford, a garter being at his disposal, he intended to bestow it on his nephew, the duke of Gloucester.[1] This was probably a new year's visit, for, on the 4th of January, Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, who was the prelate connected with the order of the Garter, came to announce to the princess that a chapter would be held on the 6th of January, for the admission of the young prince. The bishop asked the child if the thoughts of it did not make him glad. "I am gladder of the king's favour," was the discreet answer of the little prince.

The prince of Denmark took his son in state to Kensington Palace on the appointed day, when one of the grand objects of the princess's ambition in her son's behalf was duly accomplished; the proceedings are thus chronicled in the Gazette of that week:

"1695-6—Kensington, January 6th.—A chapter of the most noble Order of the Garter being held this evening, by the sovereign and eleven knights companions of the said Order, his highness the duke of Gloucester was elected into this most noble society; and, having been knighted by the sovereign, with the sword of state, was afterwards invested with the Garter and George, the two principal ensigns of the Order, with the usual ceremonies."

William III. buckled on the garter with his own hands, an office which is commonly performed by one of the knights' companions, at the mandate of the sovereign.[2]

"When the little duke came home to Campden House, he was not, says his faithful Welch chronicler, in the least puffed up with pride, neither did he give himself any consequential airs on account of his star and garter, which were from henceforward to be worn daily by him. When he had rested himself a short time in his mother's withdrawing-room, he went to his usual playing-place, the presence-chamber, in Campden House, where he found Harry Scull, one of his favourite boys, whose merit

[1] Lewis Jenkins. Tracts, Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

consisted in beating the drum with unusual noise and vigour. "Now, Harry," said the duke, "your dream is out;" for Harry Scull had very recently thought proper to dream that he saw his young master adorned with a star and garter.

The marquis of Normanby (who was the same person as Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave, the first lover of Anne) paid her royal highness a visit of congratulation the next day, on the installation of her son. His ostensible object seems to have been to give an account of the young child's behaviour at the ceremony, to the anxious mother, since he was himself one of the knights present. He told her "that the duke could not have conducted himself better if he had been thirty-six instead of six years old." The princess must have recommended her son to the friendly attention of her former lover, since this is not the only instance recorded of the warm interest taken by lord Normanby, in the well doing of this little prince, over whose education he watched with solicitude which was not prompted by any regard to king William, or the revolutionary government.

At this period, the princess had great hopes of seeing her child attain health and vigour. He was then six years of age and six months, he measured three feet, eight inches and a half, he was fresh coloured and lively, and as well shaped as was consistent with the unusual size of his head and brain. Like many other children remarkable for precocious abilities, as infant prodigies, the brain seems to have been stimulated by a tendency to hydrocephalus. The frequent interruptions to the regular education of the duke of Gloucester made it proceed in a somewhat desultory manner, but he could read well and write respectably for his age, and even read writing. These seem the principal attainments he derived from his tutor, but his stores of information were chiefly obtained from his Welch attendant; nevertheless, the wrath of the great lady governess, lady Fitz-

harding, on the memorable day of the train-bearing dialogue, had considerably abated the zeal of Lewis. Subsequently, the jealousy of the lady and of Mr. Pratt, the tutor, extorted a positive prohibition from the princess against any knowledge being imparted by the Welch usher, as contraband and irregular. But, as the princess had expressed formerly the utmost satisfaction that her son, when he was much younger, should be told by Lewis incidents from Plutarch and other historians, he was not a little astonished when her royal highness in person forbade him to relate to her son any historical narratives whatsoever. Perhaps the secret motive of the princess was connected with her oft repeated prohibition of her son ever hearing the names of her unfortunate father and brother, and she might suppose that Lewis would overpass the prescribed bounds in the warmth of narration when English history was discussed.

Notwithstanding the intimidation under which Lewis Jenkins laboured, the young duke of Gloucester was eager to extract from him all sorts of information, for the child possessed the early love of science for which the line of Stuart were remarkable, and he languished even at his tender years for intellectual communication. When he found that dread of his mother's anger restrained Lewis from giving him instruction, he craved for it under promise of secrecy. The child was puzzled to know why there are two round figures of the earth placed side by side on the map of the world. He showed Lewis a map, and requested to know "if the earth consisted of two globes placed in that position?" he wished Lewis to explain this difficulty to him, adding, "that if he would, nobody should know that he had done so." It is a geographical enigma, which has puzzled many an infant mind, nor did Lewis's explanation make the matter much plainer. "I could not refrain," says the faithful Welchman, "from telling him,

that if he looked on one of these globes delineated on paper, he could see that only, and not the other, at the same time; therefore, geographers had divided the representation of the world into two equal parts, and he saw in those parts the two hemispheres which really formed one globe."[1] The young duke expressed himself well pleased with this definition.

There can be no doubt but that the princess Anne, according to the gracious invitation of the king, took possession of St. James's-palace early in the spring of 1696; although no date of the actual circumstance occurs in the Gazette, or other newspapers, of the period, yet, that she was actually living there, is noticed by The Postman, a newspaper of the era.[2]

The spring and summer of the year 1696 proved to be the most hopeful and prosperous period of the existence of the princess Anne, if not the happiest. For the first time, she appeared to enjoy with prospect of permanence the fruits of her struggles against her father at the epoch of the revolution. The palace of her ancestors was now her residence; her rank was recognised by the king and his government, who dared no longer deprive her of her subsistence, as they did during the two years after her father's deposition, but, on the contrary, she was the mistress of an ample and regular income. Above all, the princess had reason to hope that her only surviving child would grow up, and add security to her final succession to the crowns of his ancestors, which would, in due time, be transmitted to him. Over this bright aspect of her fortunes a few specks appeared, arising from reports raised by the disappointed Jacobites, which were, that the king meant to bring home a High Dutch bride when he returned from his summer campaign, and that he intended in consequence to contest the clause in the settlement of the succession, by bringing a bill into par-

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Life of the duke of Gloucester.
[2] British Museum.

liament for making Anne's children give place to his possible issue by a second marriage.

While the princess Anne and her husband were enjoying all the homage and pleasures of their fully-attended courts at St. James's Palace, their son remained at Campden House, where some attention was now thought fit to be paid to his religious education. On Sunday evenings, the princess ordered that her son and the boys of his small regiment were to attend Mr. Pratt, the tutor, for the purpose of being catechised and examined respecting their knowledge of Scripture. The young duke of Gloucester was, on these occasions, exalted on a chair above the rest of the catechumens, with a desk before him; his boys were ranged on benches below; those of them who answered to the satisfaction of the tutor were rewarded with a new shilling, by way of medal. "At one of these lectures in my hearing," says Lewis Jenkins, who was then in waiting, "Mr. Pratt put the following question to the young duke: 'How can you, being born a prince, keep yourself from the pomps and vanities of this world?' The princely catechumen answered, 'I will keep God's commandments, and do all I can to walk in his ways.'"[1]

The possession of St. James's Palace did not constitute the only reward that the princess Anne received for her pacification with William III. The regal fortress of Windsor was appointed for her summer abode. One of the newspapers announced her departure from town soon after the king's arrival in Holland:

"May 26, 1696. The prince and princess of Denmark have left the palace of Saint James's, with a design to pass the summer, for the most part, at Windsor."[2]

The royal residences were thus shared between the princess and her brother-in-law. The king retained exclusive possession of Kensington Palace and Hampton

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester, Biographical Tracts, Brit. Mus.

[2] British Museum.

Court. He had no palace in the metropolis, although his despatches retained the official date of Whitehall, some portion of which still remained on the site of Downing-street and about the Cockpit. St. James's Palace and Windsor Castle were allotted to the princess Anne and her son, and were certainly the best portion among the royal dwellings. Canonbury Palace at Islington,[1] and Hammersmith, with Somerset House, were the appanages of the absent queen-dowager, Catherine of Braganza. They all fell to decay while in her occupation, or rather in that of her officials, and were disused as palatial residences ever after. Marybone Palace was still in existence, and its demesnes, park, and gardens (now Regent's-park), were public promenades and places of amusement.

The princess was permitted to take possession of Windsor Castle, as a preliminary step to the residence of her son being fixed at that ancient seat of English royalty while his education proceeded. Her royal highness went there in company with him and the prince, her husband. The young duke of Gloucester had never beheld Windsor before; his mother ordered him to be led to his own suite of apartments, where he looked about him, but complained that *his* presence-chamber was not large enough to exercise his soldiers in. It seems that the presence-chamber at Campden House, which is yet entire, with its carved oak-panelling, was larger than the third or fourth-rate suites of the royal fortress.

The housekeeper of the castle, Mrs. Randee, attended the young duke to show him the royal apartments in the castle, and give him the description of the pictures. He was pleased with the historical picture of the Triumph in St. George's-hall, and affirmed, that this noble apartment was fit to fight his battles in. The next day the

[1] See Letters of queen Mary II., vol. x., in which the queen discusses the probability of the queen-dowager going for the summer either to Islington or Hammersmith.

princess sent to Eton school for four boys, to be her son's companions: young lord Churchill, the only son of her favourites, lord and lady Marlborough, was one; he was a few years older than the young prince, and was mild and good-natured, with very pleasing manners; the other Eton scholars were two Bathursts and Peter Boscawen. The young duke, when these playfellows arrived, eagerly proposed that a battle should forthwith be fought in St. George's-hall, and sent for his collection of small pikes, muskets, and swords. The music-gallery and its stairs were to represent a castle, which he meant to besiege and take. Mrs. Atkinson and Lewis Jenkins were in waiting, and both were expected to take part in the fray. They begged young Boscawen to be the enemy, as he was a very discreet youth, and would take care not to hurt the duke with the pikes and other warlike implements. Peter Bathurst was not quite so considerate; for the sheath having slipped off his sword, he gave the duke of Gloucester a wound in the neck with it that bled. The child said nothing of the accident in the heat of the onslaught; and when Lewis stopped the battle to inquire whether the duke was hurt, he replied, "No," and continued to pursue the enemy up the stairs into their garrison, leaving the floor of St. George's-hall strewed with make-believe dying and dead. When all was over, he asked "ma'm Atkinson" if she had a surgeon at hand. "Oh, yes, sir," said she, as usual, for the dead were revived in the young prince's sham-fights by blowing wind into them. "Pray make no jest of it," said the young duke, "for Peter Bathurst has really wounded me in the battle!" There was no serious hurt inflicted by young Bathurst, but sufficient to have made a less high-spirited child of seven years old stop the whole sport. The young duke was taken in the afternoon to see the Round Tower; but he was not satisfied with it, because it had neither parapet nor bastion.

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The young prince had the first sight of practical slaughter given him at Windsor Castle, in the usual mode of the hunter's mimic war, by the death of the deer. Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, the ranger of Windsor-Park, gave his little highness a buck, to kill as he pleased; he would have had the animal hunted, but those about him did not consider that regular hunting was sufficiently convenient for his recreation; according to their management, the deer-slaughter became like murder, and a very disgusting scene it was for the tender boy to witness. The poor deer had no "fair play," which, we surmise, means chance of escape, for he was disabled and wounded before being turned out by the keeper; the duke followed the chase in his coach, and young Boscawen, mounted on horseback, managed to direct the bleeding deer and the hunt to the coach. Boscawen and the keeper then cut the poor animal's throat, in the young duke's presence, that he might have "say" on the first sight of the death of a buck. Mr. Massam (Masham),[1] his page, dipped his hand in the blood, and coming sideways besmeared the duke of Gloucester's face all over; at first he was surprised, but on the explanation that such was the usual custom at first seeing a deer slain, "he besmeared me," says his usher, Lewis Jenkins, "and afterwards all his boys." Then in high triumph he desired the whole hunting party to take the way home under the windows of his mother's apartments, and greeted her with the halloo of the chase; he was very anxious to give the "say" to those of her ladies who had not seen deer slaughter. They did not approve of such painting of their faces. The princess advised him to send presents of his venison, which he did, but unfortunately forgot his governess lady Fitzharding, who did not bear the slight without lively remonstrance.

[1] The name of this person after his marriage with Abigail Hill, the cousin-german of the duchess of Marlborough, took its place in history.

The princess Anne usually walked in Windsor-park with her husband, and the little prince her son, before the child went to his tutor for his reading and other lessons. On one of these occasions, the boy alarmed her, by insisting on rolling down the slope of the dry ditch of one of the castle fortifications, declaring that when he was engaged in battles and sieges, he must use himself to descend such places. His father, prince George, prevented the exploit, in consideration of the alarm of the princess, but permitted the child to divert himself by the performance of this gymnastic next day.[1] It was always the idea of the prince of Denmark, that by violent and hardening exercises, his child's tendency to invalidism (which he considered was nurtured by the over fondness of the princess, and the petting and spoiling of her ladies) might be overcome.

Two anniversary festivals awaited the princess, her husband, and child, which were to be celebrated, at Windsor Castle, that year with splendour that had never attended them on any previous occasion. The 24th of July, the duke of Gloucester's birth-day, when a chapter of the knights of the garter was to be held in St. George's Hall for the admission of the young duke at their feast and procession: and four days afterwards occurred the thirteenth anniversary of the wedding-day of "Anne of York," and "George of Denmark," which was likewise the name-day of the princess, the day of St. Anne. It was to be kept as high holiday at royal Windsor, from which the princess had been banished for years.

The princess was present at the feast in St. George's Hall, on her son's birth-day, and saw him walk in procession with the other knights, in his plumes and robes, from St. George's chapel to the hall, where the tables were spread for a grand banquet, which the king had ordered to be provided at his expense for the princess and her company: the dinner for the knights' com-

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Tracts, Brit. Museum.

companions, was laid out in the king's guard-chamber.[1] The juvenile knight of the garter comported himself, during the whole ceremonial of being installed in his proper place in the chapel, at the service, and the procession, with exemplary gravity and dignity. His noble knights'-companions, were his own father, with the dukes of Norfolk, Northumberland, Southampton, Shrewsbury, and Devonshire; and the earls of Dorset and Rochester; all the knights of the garter dined in their robes and full costume, and the little duke of Gloucester sat down among them. But after the child had sat at table a little while, and slightly partaken of the feast, he begged leave to be excused for retiring. His anxious mother then ordered him to be laid to repose, and when he had rested from his fatigues for two or three hours, she took him out for the air in her carriage.

In the evening, the princess received and entertained the nobility, many of whom came from a great distance to the magnificent ball she gave at the castle; the town of Windsor was illuminated, bells rang from all the adjacent steeples, and the country round the keep blazed with bonfires. There were fireworks on Windsor Terrace, in which the young duke of Gloucester particularly delighted, and the part of the entertainment witnessed by him, concluded with a new ode written in celebration of his birth-day, and set to music.

A few days afterwards, the other festival occurred of the celebration of the wedding-day of the princess. Her health had improved, or at least her powers of progression, within that year, for frequent mention is made of her walks in Windsor Park, and visits paid to her son, without being carried to his suite of apartments in her sedan. It was her custom to come to see him every morning when at Windsor, with his father. On the anniversary of their wedding-day, her royal highness

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Tracts, Brit. Museum.

came with her consort prince George, earlier than usual, and found their son very lively and full of spirits, superintending the firing of his little cannon in honour of the day. He had four pieces which had been made for him in the life-time of his aunt, queen Mary; one of these was defective, one had burst, the loss of which he had lamented to king William, who had promised him a new one, a promise which he never performed. Of course the king totally forgot the circumstance, but the child did not. At Windsor, however, there was found a beautiful little model cannon, which had been made by prince Rupert; of this, the young duke of Gloucester took possession, with infinite satisfaction. The princess was saluted by the discharge of these toy cannons when she entered the room, but as her son indulged her with three rounds, her maternal fears were greatly awakened by seeing so much gunpowder at his command, and she privately determined that the case should be altered for the future. When the firing was over, the young duke addressed his father and mother of his own accord, saying, "Papa, I wish you and mamma, unity, peace, and concord, not for a time, but for ever." The princely pair were delighted with the vivacity of their darling, and looked forward to the future with livelier hope than ever. "You made a fine compliment to their royal highnesses to-day, sir," observed Lewis, who was in waiting in his apartment. "Lewis," replied the child, "it was no compliment; it was sincere."

"He now," adds Lewis, "though he had but completed his seventh year, began to be more wary in what he said, and would not talk and chatter just what came into his head, but now and then would utter shrewd expressions, with some archness."

The great satisfaction that the princess Anne enjoyed at this time, both as the recognised heiress-apparent of the British islands, and the mother of a child who began to be looked on with hope by all parties in the realm,

excepting the Roman catholics, suffered some counterbalance, by the revival of reports that William III. was actually betrothed to a High Dutch bride; the news certainly emanated from the Jacobites, who were in downright despair at the strength that the government of William III. had gained by his alliance, offensive and defensive, with Anne and her partisans. The enemy hoped to discompose the serenity of the princess by alarms, lest her settlement should be unsettled by any succeeding parliament strong in the interest of her brother-in-law, nor were rumours to that effect wanting; they were sufficiently prevalent in London, to cause the following mention of them by the duke of Shrewsbury, in a letter to lord Portland, the king's chief confidential adviser, though no longer his favourite.

"The town makes itself sure that the king will return, not only with peace, but a queen." To this remark, Portland wrote from Flanders, "We (that was William III. and himself) returned yesterday morning from Cleves, without any appearance of bringing back a queen, if it is from thence she is to come."[1] These letters occurred, September, 1696; but either the princesses, who were descended from the house of Cleves, looked on England as an ominous land for queens, or king William had no inclination for second nuptials: the reports of his wooing died away, yet it is certain they had been strong enough to induce queries from the prime minister.

Peace, the peace of Ryswick, actually was ratified, but no queen arrived. This pacification has been already discussed;[2] it was little more than a breathing time, while taxable people in England and France gathered together more money, and a few hundred thousand boys in either country reached the sage years of sixteen, when their blood was destined to enrich the fertile fields of Flanders

[1] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 140, 142.
[2] Vol. ix., Life of Mary Beatrice.

or Low Germany—the fighting grounds of the regimental sovereigns, William III. and Louis XIV.

The princess, with her spouse and son, left Windsor for Campden House in October. They received an early visit there from king William within a few days of his arrival from Flanders.

The continuation of Jacobite machinations and intrigues in England, obtained for the princess Anne a double portion of the favour of her astute brother-in-law; he even condescended to be present at balls and entertainments, became her guest at his own birth-day, and paid her all due attention on the anniversary of her own. The Gazette[1] told the London world of these unusual gaieties on the part of the hero of Nassau, and his English subjects could scarcely be persuaded that the disconsolate royal widower was not practising these unwonted urbanities to render himself acceptable to some second Anne of Cleves, according to the reports prevalent during the preceding summer and autumn.

His majesty's birth-day, November 4, 1696, was celebrated with great demonstrations of duty and affection for his royal person and government. In the evening the court was entertained at St. James's by the princess Anne, with a concert of music, vocal and instrumental. His majesty supped with their royal highnesses; and there was afterwards a ball at Whitehall. In London and Westminster, the night concluded with illuminations and bonfires, and other public rejoicings suitable to the occasion.

Simultaneously with the new year of 1697, the public attention was engaged with the attainder of sir John Fenwick, for a plot against the life of his majesty. The ramifications of this conspiracy were very wide. Sir John Fenwick found that the king was determined to take his life on account of old grudges, which first arose when that gentleman served in Holland in the English

[1] Gazette, Oct. 22 and Nov. 6, 1696.

troops furnished by Charles II. and James II., to keep William in the station of hereditary stadtholder; and, above all, on account of the bitter tirade he addressed to queen Mary in the park, when she fled from the fire at Whitehall.[1] When the prisoner ascertained that he was condemned by attainder, and that despite of the law established by the Bill of Rights at the revolution, without regular trial and without the requisite two witnesses for an act of overt-treason; he forthwith unfolded such evidence of the correspondence of the nobility (including most of William's ministers) with James II., that if half of them had been impeached, there would have been scarcely enough unconcerned in the treason to have "hanged or beheaded the rest." Marlborough was particularly aimed at, nor can there exist the slightest doubt that the princess Anne's former communications with her father formed prominent points of the Fenwick confessions. Of these, it had already been shown that the diplomatic king had had in the lifetime of his late consort, as full proof as could ever be afforded him by Fenwick; yet he very coolly continued to trust to the tender regard which the princess and her favourites had for their own interests in the reversionary advancement of the duke of Gloucester, to keep them, for the time to come, patriotic supporters of the glorious revolution, when the course of events rendered the future prospect of the succession of Anne and her son inevitable, if they survived the incumbent on the throne. Fenwick was accordingly doomed, and all his revelations treated by mutual consent as false and malicious. He was beheaded on Tower-hill,[2] January 28, 1696-7. King

[1] Sampson's Diary, MS., Brit. Museum, previously quoted in Life of Mary II., present volume.

[2] Every writer has considered that some mystery, never properly developed, rests under the conduct of William III. to Fenwick. The king was heard to say that Fenwick had once spoken to him in a manner, when he was in Holland, that "if he had been his equal he must have cut his throat." (Burnet, vol. iv. p. 324.) Perhaps this was when Fenwick resisted the temptation to betray his own sovereign, which his fellow-

William took possession of all the personal effects of sir John Fenwick, among others, in evil hour for himself, of a remarkable sorrel shooting-pony, which creature was connected with his future history.

Twelve gentlemen were executed at different times, the same year, for having plotted to waylay William III., and kill him in the midst of his guards on his return from hunting at Hampton, by the lane that leads from Brentford to Isleworth, in the bridge over a rushy brook, where four roads meet, well known to the numerous visitors of Hampton-Court in the present day; little alteration has taken place apparently, and the spot is even now as lonely as could be desired for a purpose of mischief. Sir George Barclay, who held a command in the guards of William III., and who had been, like Ferguson, Montgomery, and Ross, eager promoters of the revolution, was the leader of this conspiracy. He was leagued with sir John Fenwick, with colonel Oglethorpe, and many other persons of the most opposite principles, republicans as well as Jacobites, and, above all, with three spies and informers paid by the government, who were regular plot-makers for diplomatic purposes. The trials and executions of the various victims of these informers of course caused much excitement among all sorts and conditions of the people.

soldier, Captain Bernardi, (see his Memoirs,) declares the prince offered to all the officers in the English regiments lent him by his uncles; he says Fenwick saved the prince's life more than once in Holland.

Among other passages of false history, it has been asserted that William III., when prince of Orange, threw imputations on the courage of Fenwick when that officer was fighting for him. The utter falsehood of this assertion is proved by a very partial history of William III., printed by Tooke, Fleet-street, 1705. The behaviour of the three colonels fighting for William so late in the war as 1676, is thus mentioned in that part of the history which enters into facts—viz., before the prince came to the throne of Great Britain: "In the desperate storming of Maestricht, the English, under three colonels, Fenwick, Widdrington, and Ashby, desired their countrymen might be commanded apart, that if they behaved like valiant men, they might have the glory: if not, the shame. To this the prince agreed; colonel Fenwick, as the eldest colonel, took the command, and his brave and desperate attacks were remarkable while the siege lasted."

Associations were formed for the loyal protection of the king's person: pledges were taken, and addresses of all kinds signed and sent up from corporations, &c., to Kensington Palace. Among others, the young duke of Gloucester displayed his loyal breeding in the principles of the revolution, by causing one of his young soldiers to write out the following address to his majesty, to which he fixed his boyish signature:—

"I, your majesty's most dutiful subject, had rather lose my life in your majesty's cause than in any man's else, and I hope it will not be long ere you conquer France.

"GLOUCESTER."

Another address was likewise dictated by him, which he caused his boy-soldiers and all his household to sign:

"We, your majesty's subjects, will stand by you while we have a drop of blood."

However puerile these proceedings might seem in the eyes of William III., they, at least, brought to him the conviction, that the princess was bringing up her son as his partisan, and without any romantic predilections or ideas of duty towards the former possessor of the throne.

The public attention was diverted from the illegal execution of sir John Fenwick, and all his mal-apropos revelations, by the great splendour and unwonted festivity which marked the preparations for celebrating the birth-day of the princess Anne, where her son, the parliamentary heir, was to be introduced to the court with the utmost magnificence.[1] It may be remembered that king William had presented the princess with the jewels of the late queen, her sister. Anne, who was always remarkable for her moderation regarding these sparkling baubles, did not choose to adorn her own person with them, but lavished the whole on that of her boy. The wisdom might be questioned, of exciting in the young prince "tastes for finery, which are still less becoming to men and boys than to women and girls." Howsoever, her royal highness amused herself by ordering and de-

[1] Gazette, Feb. 1696-7.

vising for her young son a most marvellous suit of clothes to appear in, at court, on her birth-day. The coat was azure blue velvet, then the colour of the mantle of the Garter.[1] All the button-holes of this garment were encrusted with diamonds, and the buttons were composed of great brilliants. The king himself had given his aid towards the magnificence of this grand costume. His majesty had, in honour of the princely boy's installation as knight of the Garter, presented him with a jewel of St. George on horseback, the order for which, to the royal jeweller, amounted to 800*l.*, and the intrinsic value was 700*l.* Thus ornamented, and equipped withal in a flowing white periwig, the prince of seven summers made his bow in his mother's circle at St. James's, to congratulate her on her birth-day, and receive, himself, the adorations of the sparkling crowd of peers and beauties who flocked to her royal highness's drawing-room.[2]

In such costume the young duke is depicted by Kneller, at Hampton-Court; notwithstanding the owlish periwig with which his little highness is oppressed, he is really pretty: his complexion is of pearly fairness, his eyes very blue, with that touching expression of reflectiveness, which often pertains to those destined to an early grave, and not long for this world. The features of the heir of the princess Anne were like those of her Stuart ancestors: he as nearly resembled his unfortunate uncle and rival, the exiled prince of Wales, as if he had been his brother, excepting that he had the blonde Danish complexion.

The ladies and courtiers of the princess Anne had scarcely finished admiring the splendid dress of her idolized boy, when king William himself arrived to offer his congratulations on her birth-night. When the cere-

[1] George I. changed it to a darker shade, that his knights of the Garter might not be confounded with those nominated by the titular king at St. Germains.

[2] Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tract, Brit. Museum.

monial was concluded, the young duke of Gloucester was led by his proud mother to claim the attention of majesty. It does not seem that the king exactly approved of the display of jewels on the person of the child, for he said to him, with his usual sarcastic abruptness, "You are very fine."

"All the finer for you, sir," was the undignified reply of the princess, alluding to the present of the George that her son had received from the king, and the donation of queen Mary's jewels to herself, of the value of 40,000*l.*, with which the child stood loaded before them. The princess then urged the duke of Gloucester to return thanks to his majesty; but the boy, albeit so fluent on all other occasions, contented himself by making a low bow to the king, nor could his mother prevail on him to speak; "which," adds Lewis Jenkins,[1] "he probably would have done, if left to himself, without being prompted to it." It is more probable that the young prince had been disconcerted by the tone and expression of the king's above-quoted remark, and instinctively felt that the least said on the subject was the best way of proceeding.

The unusual attentions of the crowned diplomatist, by making visits to his "sister Anne," when the etiquette of birth-days and wedding-days demanded them, were, after all, but the fair seeming of the politician. Just at this time, the royal spleen and gall rose so irrepressibly against the princess, that he could not help expressing to his confidant and chamberlain (the brother of his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers) how much he detested her, adding, "that if he had married the princess Anne, he should have been the most miserable man on earth."[2] Lord Villiers himself reported this agreeable remark to lord Dartmouth, nor could it be doubted that the king meant that it should meet the ear of Anne through his

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tract, Brit. Museum.
[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

chamberlain's other sister, lady Fitzharding, in order that mortification felt by her in private, might counterbalance the consideration with which inexorable destiny obliged him to treat her in public.

Notwithstanding her exclusion from political power in the government of England, the strong partiality of the people at large to their native princess still forced on William III. the necessity of treating Anne with the outward and visible signs of respect consonant with her station. Foreign states did not forget her rank; for instance, the doge and republic of Venice, however popular the model of their government might be among the English revolutionists, very ungratefully refused to own William III. as king until the peace of Ryswick was nearly public. They likewise refused to grant any requests of his ambassador before they received letters of compliment (in reply to some they had sent) from the princess Anne and her husband. These had to be sent for; and when they came, the English ambassador, lord Manchester, in his despatches, complains of his embarrassment, because these letters had been forwarded to him by the secretary of the princess, sealed up without any copies.[1] The incident throws some light on the difference of Anne's treatment by the king, after the death of her sister.

The princess passed the autumn at Tunbridge Wells, to which salubrious place she was accompanied by her son. Here the young duke, under the care of his clerical tutor, Pratt, studied fortification with great assiduity. The tutor had been given a doctor of divinity's degree at Oxford, wholly and solely, observes Lewis Jenkins, by the favour and influence of the princess Anne, the advancement not being due to his learning. Indeed, the employment of the duke of Gloucester's tutor at Tunbridge did not savour much of matters divine; for, by the leave of the princess, he

[1] State Papers of Christian Cole, pp. 20 to 23.

made a pentagon, with all the outworks according to the rules of fortification, in a wood near the Wells, for his princely pupil's improvement and entertainment, "which answered so well," adds Lewis Jenkins, "as to gain Dr. Pratt much credit, by doing, in fact, what did not properly belong to his cloth or his office, and thereby depriving another of being employed, who, from his long and faithful attention to the young duke's person, would have ventured his life in his service."

The princess and her son removed from Tunbridge to Windsor Castle till the king's return to England; at the same time, Lewis Jenkins, in high dudgeon at the aforesaid pentagon made in the wood at Tunbridge Wells by the bellicose divine, Dr. Pratt, and, "from some such like discouragements," resigned his appointment in the service of the princess. The place of his retreat was rather a suspicious one, being to Rouen, the very head quarters of the English Jacobites. He went, according to his own account, into trade there with a French merchant, "as it were," he pursues, "to begin the world again, having stronger inclinations for business than for a court life, which I could not leave without some regret, as I had the highest respect for the princess that I had the honour to serve, as well as friendship for some persons about the court of the princess, of which I took my final leave." Thus did the quaint and simple-minded narrator of domestic events in the royal family withdraw himself from his post, and at the same time shut out the view afforded to his readers of the palace-life of the princess and her son. Assuredly, the tuition of the young prince, according to his account, was in its outset conducted somewhat by the rules of contradiction. The doctor of divinity provided by her royal highness to inculcate devotional precepts, was only successful in imparting to him, not things divine, but matters militant. An old lady, whose concern with the princess was only to let her a house, instructed her child in all he prac-

tically knew of religion, while his door-keeper gave him notions of "history, mathematics, and stuff," according to the erudite classification of his governess, to which may be added, that from his mother's chairmen and his father's coachmen he imbibed the vulgar tongue, and they taught him withal to box. Such was the under current of affairs, while on the surface other statements have passed down the stream of history, as illustrative of the young duke's propensities and praiseworthy predilections to battles and sieges, while his aversion to poetry and to all the fine arts is lauded by right reverend historians[1] with as much unction as if sovereigns and their heirs, apparent or presumptive, were sent into the world for the sole purpose of slaughtering the human species.

It was the intention of the flatterers of William III. to make out that his successor would prove the very mirror and model of himself, and that the young duke of Gloucester would surpass that monarch in his hatred to poetry, music, painting, and dancing. The evidence of the child's dislike to the latter had no better foundation than the trifling fact, that when the princess Anne found him a little recovered from the woeful affliction in his head, which caused unsteadiness to his footsteps, she ordered him to be taught regularly to walk and dance, and appointed for this purpose Mr. Gorey, who, as he is designated as "an old rich dancing-master," had probably instructed her royal highness in her childhood; but with this aged dancing-master her little son fell out, and bestowed on him the epithet of "old dog," because he strained his limbs in some gymnastic or other. As for the dislike of the young duke to poetry, it is utterly contrary to truth, for he frequently endeavoured to make rhymes. The love of a child for the fine arts can only be shown by the interest he takes in picture-books and puppet-shows, and of these little Gloucester was

[1] In White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough's Perfect History, vol. iii.; likewise, Burnet's Own Times.

more than commonly fond. He demanded to see "cuts" or engravings of every historical tale he heard, moreover, the princess, his mother, established for him a puppet-theatre at Campden House; nor must this excite astonishment, since Steele and Addison devote many papers of their immortal Spectators to discussion of the puppet-shows, which were the favourite morning amusement of the belles and beaux years subsequently, when the princess was on the throne as queen Anne. As if everything asserted on the subject of this young prince's education, however trifling, was to prove the exact reverse of fact, it appears that the princess had had some little rhymes, hammered out between the child and his faithful Lewis, set to music, to indulge her son's tastes, by John Church, who was one of the choristers of the king's chapel and of Westminster-abbey, a pupil of the illustrious Henry Purcell. "The music of John Church gave very great satisfaction to the princess, and as for the duke of Gloucester, he was delighted with it." Such are the words of an eye-witness.[1] It is to be feared that, in the course of the princely child's subsequent education, all which was innocently amusing and civilising in the arts, the cultivation of which forms the glory of the most glorious of rulers, a great peace sovereign, was sedulously eradicated and discouraged, in compliance with the tastes of those in power.

While the princess Anne remained at Windsor in 1697, the marquis of Normanby[2] paid her another visit; it seems, that on account of his learning, accomplishments, and literary acquirements, he had been deputed by the junta of nine to examine into the mind and capacity of her son. The result was, that the marquis pronounced "the young duke of Gloucester capable of learning

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tracts. The notes and arrangement of John Church's music are printed and appended to Lewis Jenkins' Tracts. Brit. Museum.

[2] Her former lover, Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave.

anything."[1] From this time it was considered requisite that the education of the princely child should regularly commence, and that he should be taken out of the hands of his mother's ladies. The delicacy of his health and constitution, and the extreme anxiety of his mother, lest she should not be able to rear him, had caused the child to remain a nursling, cherished by female tenderness, until after his eighth birth-day—a year longer than any of his line had ever been. Even the princess herself now became desirous that his regular education should commence.

In one of the visits of the princess to London, the same autumn, she went with her husband to view the rising glories of the cathedral of St. Paul's, then approaching its completion. "They expressed themselves extremely pleased with that noble building, and gave money very liberally to the workmen."[2] There was another person to whom their liberality ought to have been extended, even to the venerable architect of this glorious masterpiece, sir Christopher Wren, who had been deprived, by William, of his modest stipend of 200*l.* per annum, under pretence that he had not finished the cathedral! Strange to say, the venerable sage lived to finish the mighty structure, and reclaimed the niggard bounty of his country in his ninety-second year. The unshaken attachment of sir Christopher Wren to his old masters occasioned his persecution by William.

The birth-day of the princess Anne was again duly observed by William III. According to the official announcement of the Gazette, his majesty was her morning visitor on that occasion: "Whitehall, 1698, February 6th.—This being the princess of Denmark's birth-day, his majesty came to visit her royal highness at St. James's, where there was a great appearance of the nobility and other persons of quality, to compliment her royal high

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tracts, Brit. Museum.
[2] Postman Newspaper, for Sept. 6, 1697.

ness on this occasion. In the evening, his highness the duke of Gloucester had a fire-work, and the court were entertained with a concert of music and a ball."

The education of the duke of Gloucester, was now a matter of great anxiety to his mother, and the whole of the spring of 1698 was spent in agitating expectations concerning it. The result of events proves, that the princess Anne was ready to submit to any pecuniary loss, rather than to have her child torn from her home and heart. The parliament had voted the magnificent sum of 50,000*l.* per annum, for the expenses of the education and establishment of the duke of Gloucester; but the king appears to have been given unlimited power in the disposal of the child.

All former precedents, both in England and Scotland, prove that royal children were given in charge to some great noble or ecclesiastic or other, during the period of their regular education; nor had the princess Anne any reason to suppose, that she should be suffered to keep her child near her any more than her ancestress Anne of Denmark had retained her sons or daughters during their tutelage. The children of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., as well as those of James I., Charles I, and James II., had been taken from the maternal superintendence, and brought up at a distance from their parents. Anne herself had been removed from her father, who, similar to herself, in 1698, then only occupied the station of a subject.

The princess felt that the king had much in his power to annoy her, if he took from her maternal care this delicate and sickly child, whom she had reared with extreme difficulty; fortunately for her, the king was only sedulous on two points; the first was, how little of the 50,000*l.* per annum allowed by the nation for the use of the duke of Gloucester, he need pay for his education and establishment; the other was, that the boy should have no other preceptor than Dr. Burnet, bishop of

Salisbury; this last was a bitter sorrow to Anne, who had the lowest opinion of that person's character and disposition; she earnestly entreated the king, and prince George of Denmark joined in the petition, that the instruction of her child might be consigned to Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury.[1]

The readers of the previous volume of this work are fully aware, that in whatsoever esteem Dr. Hooper might have been held by such sons of the church of England, as archbishops Sheldon, and Sancroft, Isaac Barrow, or Sherlock, or Kenn, he was not quite so much beloved by the Dutch king. In truth, Dr. Hooper, like Dr. Kenn, had shut up doors with him when only prince of Orange, and the horror they felt in the contemplation of his moral qualities, some contemporary letters regarding the one, and the diary of the other, have already shown.[2]

The princess Anne could not endure patiently the appointment of bishop Burnet as her son's preceptor. Her royal highness was heard to complain, "that she considered such appointment as the greatest hardship ever put upon her by the king, who well knew how she disliked Burnet, and that she was sure that the king made choice of him for that very reason."[3]

Burnet was himself conscious of the aversion of the princess, but the king insisted upon the measure;[4] the bishop was exceedingly out of humour at this time, "having been disappointed of the great see of Winchester," says lord Dartmouth, "which preferment the king had

[1] Hooper MS., printed in the Appendix to Trevor's William III.; likewise the life of that king printed 1705, and Bio. Britannica.

[2] In both instances edited by friends and partisans of William. Mr. Trevor's work is a panegyric on William, from the first word to the last; yet he is the editor of Dr. Hooper's Diary, in his Appendix. Sidney, earl of Romney, to whom William III. granted at one sweep the enormous bribe of 17,000*l.* per annum, is the informant of the moral horror Dr. Kenn had of that prince. If the friends of William left such documents for the instruction of biographers, what, may we ask, would enemies have done?

[3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, vol. iv. p. 376.

[4] Ibid.

put at the disposal of one of the lords of the treasury. To the sorrow of the princess Anne, he was given the education of the heir of the kingdom, in hopes of satisfying his discontent."[1]

The manner in which Burnet mentions his appointment, is remarkable, as well for the information, as for the composition; perhaps it is the most extraordinary specimen of egotism ever printed by any author in our language:[2] "I was named by the king to be the duke of Gloucester's preceptor. *I* used all possible endeavours to excuse myself. *I* had hitherto no share in the princess' favour or confidence. *I* had also become very uneasy at many things in the king's conduct. *I* considered him as a glorious instrument raised up by God, who had done great things by him. *I* had also such obligations to him, that *I* had resolved, on public as well as on private accounts, never to engage in any opposition to him, yet *I* could not help thinking he might have carried matters further than he did, and that he was giving his enemies handles to weaken his government. *I* had tried, but with little success, to use all due freedom with him; he did not love to be found fault with, and either discouraged *me* with silence, or answered in such general expressions, that they signified little." Lord

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, vol. iv., p. 376.

[2] If the mighty mind of Coleridge had made itself more familiar with what human beings actually did, rather than how they thought, he would have hit on this historical passage, as a thorough instance of practical egotism far more real, and nearly as concise, as the clever satire he has improved from the German. In his delineation of an egotist, he declares of his hero,

"A pronoun, verb-imperative, he shone!"—

and describes him thus holding forth:

"Here, on this market cross, aloud I cry,
I, I, I! I itself, I!
The form, the substance, the what and the why,
The when and the where, and the low and the high,
The inside, the outside, the earth and the sky,
I, you, and he—and he, you, and I—
All souls and all bodies are I itself, I!
All, I, itself, I!"

Dartmouth, his contemporary, illustrates this passage by observing, that the king "had complained of bishop Burnet breaking in upon him, whether he would or no, and asking him questions, that he did not know how to answer, without trusting him more than he was willing to do, having a very bad opinion of his retentive faculties."[1] The bishop mentioned his own reluctance to undertake the office of preceptor to the young prince, and describes how it was finally arranged. "The young duke of Gloucester was to live at Windsor, because it was in the diocese of Salisbury, and the bishop was allowed ten weeks in the princely pupil's vacations, to attend to the rest of his episcopal duties." He affirms, that all his endeavours to decline this advancement were unavailing, for the king said, "he could only trust that care to him." It is certain that no other prelate was bound to identify himself so thoroughly with the revolutionary government, as Burnet, and that, as his fortune and station wholly depended on its stability, king William was as certain that Burnet would bring up the boy in as utter hatred to his grandfather James II., as the regent Murray was, when he placed Buchanan as tutor, that he would inculcate in the infant mind of king James every foul stigma against his mother, Mary queen of Scots. The motives of each appointment were similar.

It has been shown that the king had appropriated to his own use an enormous share of the 50,000*l.* per annum, added by parliament to the Civil List, for the purpose of the education of the duke of Gloucester. He had, indeed, retained the whole since the peace of Ryswick.[2] Nor could any entreaties of the princess induce his majesty to allow more than 15,000*l.*,[3] scarcely more than a quarter of the sum he received for the establishment of the heir to

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. iv. p. 376.

[2] The addition voted by parliament was 100,000*l.*, half of which the English parliament had allotted for the payment of the dowry of James II.'s queen, the other moiety for the education of the duke of Gloucester.

[3] Conduct by the duchess of Marlborough.

the British empire. From this modicum, the princess solicited that a small part might be advanced, that she might purchase plate and furniture, needful for the extension of her son's establishment. But William III., whose character never appears less attractive, than when he is seen in history in the act of grasping some ill-gotten pelf or other, positively refused to advance her a doit;[1] yet the princess Anne was prepared to submit to all losses, so that her boy was not withdrawn from her personal society; besides, to smoothe the other hardships, the earl of Marlborough was appointed his chief governor. At the first view, this measure may appear rather extraordinary, when the indignities are remembered which had been heaped on the princess Anne, only for her private regard for Marlborough and his wife; but king William's power for injury had become weakened since the death of his wife. Most of the real kingly functions were executed by the junta of the oligarchy, resembling the Venetian Council of Ten. A majority of these persons were Marlborough's old colleagues, who had aided him in effecting the Revolution. The junta treated with him as a power, who had, among other advantages, possession of the mind and will of the princess Anne, the heiress of the crown.

If king William could draw from the English house of commons sufficient supplies, he cared little how the English junta arranged for the future. He had been heard to say, "Let all remain according to my wish, now, and those may have the crown who can catch it, when I am gone."

A cynic might have laughed, and doubtless many did, at the utter absence of all supposition by king William and the junta, that Marlborough and the princess Anne would act on their vowed contrition to king James. On the contrary, William calculated to a nicety that Marlborough would renounce and betray the distant lineal

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

heir, and cleave to the rival duke of Gloucester, over whose mind an empire would have been established, commenced in early youth. Such was the secret spring of a measure, which seems, at the first view, extremely inconsistent with the previous biographies of both the royal sisters, Mary and Anne.

The earl of Marlborough was permitted by king William to attend his levee, June 19, 1698, and kiss his hand,[1] on his appointment as governor to the duke of Gloucester. The king, who was certainly no composer of compliments in general, is said to have addressed to the object of his former contempt, the following fine eulogy on this occasion. "My lord, make the duke of Gloucester like yourself, and I desire no more."[2] King William, likewise, appointed the new governor one of the junta of nine, called by the people, "the nine kings," and by the parliament, "the nine lords-justices." This place we have shown that lord Marlborough had previously filled, when William and Mary first ascended the throne.

The official organ of William's government announced the advancement of Marlborough, in the following style:—

"June 16, 1698.—His majesty has been pleased to appoint the right honourable the earl of Marlborough to be governor to his highness the duke of Gloucester, as a mark of the good opinion his majesty has of his lordship's zeal for his service, and his qualifications for an employment of so great a trust; and this evening his lordship was sworn of his majesty's privy council, and took his place there."

William III. did not leave England for the delights of his Loo-palace that year, until July 20, neither was the establishment for the young duke of Gloucester's household and education settled even then, since lady Marlborough expressly says, "that the king took with him a list of the young duke's intended officials, which he had,

[1] Macpherson's History of Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 141.

[2] Coxe and all the biographers of the duke of Marlborough repeat this speech. Had it ever been uttered, the duchess would never have omitted it in her Conduct.

in an access of unwonted graciousness, told the princess Anne to draw out for his approval;" these are the words of Sarah of Marlborough. She had every reason to know the truth with all its minutiæ, if she has chosen to relate it accurately, and in this instance her narrative is corroborated by other contemporaries. "When the duke of Gloucester," she says, "was arrived at the age to be put into men's hands, king William insinuated to such members of parliament as he knew were desirous to have the duke handsomely settled, that it would require near 50,000*l.* a year; and, at the same time, he promised other persons whom he knew it would please, that he would pay *queen Mary, in France*, [Mary Beatrice, queen of James II.,] her settlement, which was also 50,000*l.* And thus he obtained an addition of one hundred thousand a year to his civil list."[1]

"The addition was granted," continues Sarah of Marlborough, "yet king William never paid one farthing to queen Mary, in France, and, as to the duke of Gloucester, king William not only kept him in the women's hands a good while after the new revenue was granted, but, when his highness's family was settled, he positively would pay out of the 50,000*l.* but 15,000*l.* a year. Nay, of this small allowance, he refused to advance to the princess one quarter, though she absolutely needed it to buy plate and furniture; and she was forced to be at that expense herself."

"But this was not all. The king, influenced by lord Sunderland, sent the princess word, 'That though he intended to put in all the preceptors, he would leave it to her to choose the rest of the servants except one, which was to be Mr. Sayers.'"[2]

"The princess received this message with extreme pleasure, for it was more humane, and of a different air,

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 116.

[2] It will be remembered in the life of queen Mary, that she was, in her noted visit to Canterbury, in 1693, escorted by a vice-chamberlain, quoted as Mr. Sayers.

from aught that she had been used to. She immediately set herself to provide proper persons of the most consideration for the several places. Mr. Boscawen,[1] and the son of Mr. Secretary Vernon, were chosen by her royal highness, to be the grooms of her son's bedchamber, and the sons of the earls of Bridgewater and Berkeley, were to be his pages of honour.

"Meantime, king William was in no hurry to finish the affair of the duke of Gloucester's establishment; he let lord Marlborough know, 'that he would send a list from abroad, of the servants he chose to have in the young duke's family. But he regarded not in the least, the message he had previously sent to the princess.' It was then represented to his majesty, 'that the princess upon the credit of his first gracious message, had engaged her promise to several persons; and it was to be hoped, his majesty would not give her mortification at a time when any trouble of mind might do her great prejudice, as she soon expected the birth of another child.'"[2]

The intelligence that his sister Anne was in the hopeful situation which might strengthen the protestant interest, far from obtaining for her the slightest indulgence, appeared to aggravate the acerbity of the royal temper; instead of sending the complimentary congratulations customary on such occasions, his majesty angrily exclaimed:—

"Anne shall not be queen before her time, and I *will* make the list of what servants her son shall have!" "The king remained so peremptory," continues the Marlborough, "that all my husband could do, was to get lord Albemarle to try to bring him to reason."[3]

The favourite took possession of the list drawn up by the princess, and promised that she should receive from

[1] Probably the Eton boy, who was sent for from the college by the princess to play with her son on his first visit to Windsor Castle.

[2] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough. [3] Ibid.

Holland a more satisfactory account of the appointments. He exerted himself so zealously in the cause of the princess, that her own list was returned to her with but few alterations. The king only made lord Raby's brother an equerry, and appointed to be "gentlemen waiters" two or three persons who had served queen Mary II. in like stations, and had pensions on that account; "and," adds lady Marlborough,[1] "it was to make savings in regard to such pensions that king William did so ungentlemanlike a thing as to force the princess to fail in such engagements." The king had evidently, on second thoughts, repented him of the leave he had given the princess Anne, to choose the attendants of her son, and thought that he could save all the pensions he most unwillingly had to pay to his late queen's servants, by giving them full pay in the service of the duke of Gloucester, and thus he should be able to "cut off another cantle" out of the 15,000*l.* Keppel very sagaciously proved to his master, that by making enemies of all the persons to whom the princess would be forced to break her promise, his saving would at the end prove a very dear one.

The poor princess Anne, while these disputes were in the course of settlement and progress, was forced to leave her grasping brother-in-law in full possession, for at least a year, of the income voted by parliament for the use of the duke of Gloucester, being unable to settle her son's establishment until the return of the king. The Flying Post announced the important facts, "that his majesty had paid their royal highnesses, since his return, a visit on December 17, 1698, and that his highness the duke of Gloucester hath had more domestics engaged in his service." The king, therefore, really obtained a whole year and a half's income of 50,000*l.*, almost clear of incumbrances, of this allowance, since the princess was unable to wrest it out of his unrighteous grasp.

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

Yet the temper of the times did not authorize William III. in putting any very remarkable slight on the princess. Since the peace of Ryswick, king William and his English subjects had not been on those terms which rendered it very safe policy. His principal vexation was, that the English parliament insisted on his standing army being disbanded, and his Dutch guards sent out of the country. William pleaded in person for the retention of his guards; but finding the parliament inexorable, he was forced to yield, being more than once reminded that this was partly the cause why his father-in-law was exiled. William remained in a black sullen fit for many hours, without speaking to any one: at last he broke into this exclamation—

"By heavens, if I had a son, these Dutch guards of mine should *not* go!"

This was the only time he ever was heard to regret his want of offspring: yet, notwithstanding all his saturnine gloom, he was fond of little children. An anecdote is extant of him, which places this propensity in a very pleasing light.

One of his secretaries was rather later than usual in his private closet at Kensington, when a tap was heard at the door. "Who is there?" asked the king.

"Lord Buck," was the answer. The king rose, opened the door, and there was displayed to view a little child, of four years old—young lord Buckhurst, the heir of lord Dorset, his lord high chamberlain.

"And what does lord Buck want?" asked the king.

"You to be a horse to my coach: I've wanted you a long time."[1]

With a more amiable smile than the secretary had ever supposed king William could wear, his majesty looked down on his little noble, and taking the string of the toy, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his play-fellow was satisfied. It was supposed that this was

[1] Horace Walpole.

not the first game of play he had had with little lord Buckhurst.

Another personal anecdote of William, was that connected with his lord-treasurer, Godolphin. This minister, who had ever been personally attached to king James, had entered into a plot for his former master's restoration. By one of those accidents which often befal persons who are in the receipt of a great many papers, Godolphin unwittingly put into the king's hands a packet of letters which most fully criminated himself. The king read them, and the next day placed them in the hands of lord Godolphin, who stood aghast at seeing what he had done. The king then said—

"My lord Godolphin, I am happy to say that I am the only person who knows of this treason; give me your honour that you will put an end to it. I think, after this, I may trust you."[1]

The first edition of Dryden's translation of the "Æneid," is somewhat oddly connected with the memory of William III. The celebrated Jacob Tonson, his publisher, designed that the work should be dedicated to William III. Dryden, who had been deprived of his pension and laureateship by queen Mary, swore that he would rather commit his manuscript to the flames than submit to pay that compliment to the Dutch sovereign. He insisted on dedicating every canto to a separate Mecænas of his own among the aristocracy. The extensive patronage thus obtained for the work induced the publisher to let the poet have his own way. Old Jacob, though baffled, was not foiled; having devised a notable plan for outwitting Dryden, and flattering William at the same time, for he directed the artist, whom he employed to illustrate the Æniad, to represent a lively portraiture of his majesty, for the beau ideal of the person of the pious Æneas. As the features of the hero of Nassau cannot possibly be mistaken whenever they

[1] Sir John Dalrymple's History of the Revolution in Great Britain, &c.

are seen, the likeness was staring, and the bookseller rejoiced in the success of his scheme. As for William himself, he no more cared for dedications by an English poet, than he did for compliments in Chinese; either way, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him; not so to Dryden, whose ecstasy of displeasure at the sight of the features of the pious Æneas,[1] vented itself in the following bitter epigram, the more bitter because founded on truth:—

"Old Jacob, in his wondrous mood,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On *poor* Æneas' shoulders.

"To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's something lacking,
One took his father pick-a-back,
The other sent his packing."

As before stated, king William had, from his childhood, suffered from bad health. In the course of three or four years after the death of queen Mary, his frame was sinking under a complication of diseases. During one of the attendances by Dr. Radcliffe, his majesty's physician, the king asked him what he thought of a complaint which had attacked his legs.

"That I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms," was the startling rejoinder.

King William thenceforth banished Radcliffe from court; but as the great physician was a Jacobite, this was no punishment.

The national songs of Scotland convey much statistic information; many, indeed, are the facts to be gathered from them which are well confirmed on inquiry, though utterly passed over in general history. The following popular song of that century shows that the accidents of the seasons, added to public misery, and to the unpopu-

[1] In the library of his grace the duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, is a magnificent copy of the first edition, the subscription folio adorned with all the luxury of type and engravings. On examination, this curious anecdote is fully verified by the fact, that every plate in which the pious Æneas figures presents a studied and staring likeness of king William.

larity of William in North Britain. It is part of the historical ballad of "O whurry Whigs awa," in the course of which the princess Anne is not forgotten:

"Next we gat owre an Orange king,
That played with parties baith, man,
A Hogan Mogan[1] foreign thing,
That wrought a world of skaith, man;
When he came owre, our rights to see,
His father, friend, and a', man,
By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,
Then swore he ran awa, man.

"The fifth day of November, he
Did land upon our coasts, man;
But those who lived his reign to see,
Of that they did not boast, man:
Seven years of famine did prevail,
The people hopeless grew, man;
But dearth and death did us assail,
And thousands overthrew, man.

"But Willie's latter end did come,
He broke his collar-bone, man;
We chose another, couthy Anne,
And set her on the throne, man.
O then we had baith meal and malt,
And plenty over all, man;
We had nae scant of sin or saint,
O, *whurry*[2] Whigs awa, man."

By this bitter Jacobite squib, we learn the statistical facts of the dearths that continued during the latter part of the reign of William, and this, though no fault of his, added to the deep hatred the common people bore him.

Another popular historical ballad alludes covertly and sarcastically to the reverse of the Episcopal church in Scotland; its title is "Willie the Wag,"—so it was printed —but it was sung "Willie the Whig."

"O! I had a wee bit mailin,[3]
And I had a good gray mare,
And I had a braw bit dwelling,
Till Willie the whig came here.
He whiggit me out of my mailin,
He whiggit me out of my gear,
And out of my bonny *black gowny*,[4]
That ne'er was the worse for the wear.

[1] A favourite epithet of reproach in Jacobite songs, a corruption of the Dutch title of honour, High Mightiness.
[2] Weary. [3] The provision for the episcopalian clergy.
[4] The canonical dress of the episcopal established church of Scotland.

"He fawned and waggit his tail,
Till he poisoned the true well ee,
And with the wagging of his fause tongue,
He gart the brave Monmouth die.[1]
He whiggit us out of our rights,
And he whiggit us out of our laws,
And he whiggit us out of our king,
O! that grieves me worst of a'.

"The tod[2] rules over the lion,
The midden's[3] aboon the moon,
And Scotland maun cower and cringe,
To a false and a foreign loon.
O! waly fu' fall the piper,
That sells his wind sae dear,
And waly fu' is the time
When Willie the whig came here."

These popular songs plainly show the unbroken spirit of Scotland; despite of the deep wounds of Glencoe and Darien, the Scottish lion was foaming at the bit, and ramping to break the reins that held him. A spirit of the strongest personal sarcasm pervades the lyric productions of the Scottish poets at that time; and the most magnificent of their national melodies were made to forget their plaintive character to accord with the rallying songs of the Jacobites.

In the spring of 1698, occurred an event, apparently of little consequence to the princess Anne, but which subsequently shook the throne to which she succeeded. Yet it was nothing more than the appointment of a destitute servant maid, a daughter of lady Marlborough's aunt, to a humble post in the palace of the princess. Abigail Hill,[4] was the name of this kinswoman of the haughty favourite, who had been a servant maid in the house of lady Rivers, of Chafford, in Kent.

When lady Marlborough was first established at the Cockpit, at the time of the marriage of the princess, a lady represented to her that she had near relations, who were in the most abject misery. At first, the favourite

[1] This allusion was unveiled in the publication of the Stuart Papers, by order of George IV.

[2] The *fox*. [3] Dunghill.

[4] Her servitude to lady Rivers is mentioned by Coxe, Life of Marlborough, vol. ii. p. 257.

denied that she had ever heard of such persons—a singular circumstance, for most persons in families, either high or low, have heard their aunts mentioned. She was, however, successfully reminded, that her father's sister had marrried an anabaptist, in trade in the city, who had become bankrupt; that this aunt was starving, with her husband; that her two young sons were in rags, and her daughters were servant-maids. The whole of this mortifying detail had, perhaps, been laid before the proud favourite, as a rebuke to her arrogance; fortunately for the afflicted persons, it impelled her to draw forth ten guineas from her purse, for the relief of her wretched aunt, who expired, as did her husband, directly after the relief arrived. The appeal had not been made, it seems, till their last extremity. Sarah began to consider, that to canton the orphans on the public would be more gratifying to her self-esteem than leaving them in the degree of house-maids and chamber-maids. Abigail Hill, the servant of lady Rivers, was withdrawn by her fortunate kinswoman, and given bitter bread, as her own nursery-maid.[1] Bitter, indeed, it must have been, if conclusions may be drawn from a very pert letter of one of her young charges, Anne Churchill, in which that vulgar term of reviling, "creature," as applied to her cousin, most odiously occurs. Abigail Hill, silent and suffering, became, if we may judge from the representation of lady Marlborough, morose, misanthropic, close, and designing, and of a temper so miserable, that it preyed inwardly on her health, so that no change of fortune could cheer her melancholy. What an autobiography could have been written by this woman! who appears to have possessed the shy, proud disposition, often noted in persons who have seen better days, and yet have sunk to the last wretched-

[1] The duchess of Marlborough, in her reviling letters, frequently speaks of her cousin as her nursery-maid, as in her Correspondence, (vol. i. p. 257,) where, though she has blundered in the use of the relative, she means Abigail Hill.

ness to which a virtuous person can fall,—that of common servitude?

Meantime, her brothers, the ragged boys—lady Marlborough especially points out their rags—were caught from the street, clothed and provided for from the rich harvest of patronage, at the Marlborough command, which opened at the Revolution. The elder Hill was placed in the customs—the younger, Jack Hill, as a page to prince George of Denmark. When the household of the young duke of Gloucester was established, lady Marlborough slipped her cousin, Mary Hill, into the snug place of laundress, with 200*l.* per annum; but for her white slave, the melancholy superintendent of her nursery, Abigail, she reserved the place of bed-chamber woman to the princess Anne, and thus was enabled to have a deputy, who could perform all her own offices, when she chose to absent herself, apprehending no danger of being supplanted by a person so reserved and unattractive.

Abigail had another connexion at court, a climbing politician. This was Robert Harley. According to lady Marlborough's statement, the father of Abigail Hill was in the same degree of relationship to Harley that his wife was to her. She adds "that Harley never did anything for his uncle or his distressed family, or owned the kindred,[1] till Abigail was likely to become a prosperous gentlewoman."

Since the advancement of lord Marlborough to the high office of governor to the duke of Gloucester, his lady had begun to lose the caressing devotion she had

[1] There is something wrong in this statement of lady Marlborough; for Robert Harley's mother was not *Abigail Hill*, but Abigail Stephens; neither had he an aunt whose maiden name was Hill. The only trace of family connexion with the chivalresque pedigree of Harley is the family name of Abigail, with which some of its ladies were afflicted in the 17th century. We should believe all connexion of the Harleys with the anabaptist Hill, who married lady Marlborough's aunt, the pure invention of that person, were it not for the abuse which the lampoons of that time level at Robert Harley's father, as a *fanatic* who had tasted the good things of Cromwell's outrageous taxation.

hitherto manifested for the princess Anne, and now and then permitted her to taste a spice of that audacious and overbearing arrogance with which she treated the rest of her contemporaries. Sometimes the aggrieved princess would let fall a word or two of complaint before the sympathizing and silent substitute of her haughty favourite. When the princess found that no evil consequences ensued, no tale was carried to Abigail's principal, and, above all, that no gossip story was raised in the court, the confidence was extended, and some condolences regarding the fiery temper of the "dear Mrs. Freeman," were received gratefully, and agreed upon by both with impunity. Such was the commencement of the intimacy between the princess Anne and the humble Abigail Hill: and such the domestic politics of the palace of St. James.

Her royal highness continued to keep court that year with some degree of splendour. She frequently bestowed patronage on the theatres. Among other entertainments of the kind, she approved of the English Opera. The Postboy[1] announces, "That her royal highness was pleased to see, this day, April 27, 1699, the opera called, 'The Island Princess,' which was performed by her command, at the Theatre Royal."

The education of the duke of Gloucester had proceeded formally under the surveillance of his preceptor Burnet, according to the account of the latter, since his highness's ninth birth day. As usual, the princess and her consort took their son to Windsor Castle, July, 1699; the birthday of the young prince, and the wedding-day of the princess, were celebrated with balls and great splendour, the whole concluded with fireworks for the duke of Gloucester—a circumstance which is never omitted in any public announcement of these rejoicings.[2] The course of study which Dr. Burnet thought best for the

[1] Collections Brit. Museum.
[2] The Postboy, ibid., July 24, 1699.

little prince of ten years old, is remarkable for its dry and abstract nature, the child's docility was greatly commended, but the lively spirit that carried him through many severe attacks of illness, supported him no longer; two years' attention to the studies described by his right reverend preceptor, would have been sufficient to subdue the petulance and break the health of a stronger individual than the little heir of Great Britain. No more of his lively sallies are reported after he was consigned to the tuition of Burnet. There is a beautiful picture of the prince at this period of his existence, at Hampton-Court; "melancholy seems to have marked him for her own." He looks like a young man of seventeen, too sensitive and delicate for this work-a-day world: the blue veins on the fair high temples, the pearly complexion, the mournful regards of the mild blue eyes, and the expression of premature care and thoughtfulness are altogether unlike the merry sprite described by his faithful Lewis Jenkins.

The princess gave receptions and held her court at Windsor Castle during the summer of 1699, to which the nobility occasionally travelled from London to present themselves. The month of August brought her a visitor of no very reputable cast, being the notorious lady Dorchester, the unworthy rival of her hated step-mother. Mary Beatrice. As this person posted to Windsor to make her obeisance at the court of Anne, when she thought proper to own her marriage with sir David Collier, it may be supposed that the princess kept up some intimacy with her, either as acquaintance or partisan. The incident is thus sarcastically mentioned by the marchioness of Halifax.[1]

[1] Letter in Devonshire Collection from the marchioness of Halifax, dated August 22, 1699. Copied by permission. In the same series of letters, the marchioness mentions as news, that the first duke of Devonshire had purchased Berkeley House, so long the residence of the princess Anne, and that he had paid the first instalment August 3, 1699. This incident strengthens the tradition mentioned in Knight's London, that Berkeley House occupied the present site of Devonshire House.

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"I see marriage is still honourable by your cousin Savill, in the country, and my lady Dorchester in this town, who now owns hers to sir David Collier, and hath been at Windsor on purpose to kiss the princess Anne's hand upon it."

The consort of the princess Anne continued to live an easy and luxurious life with her, neither causing nor conceiving jealousies: either as prince or husband, had he displayed the slightest tendency to ambition, all parties would have hastened to attack him with envenomed libels. Inoffensive as he was, they would not permit him to remain at peace, but satirized his very peacefulness. One wicked wit[1] thus mentions him.

"'They perceived another king[2] hard by in the same quarter, much concerned for the loss of a brother, whom many years ago he had disposed of extremely well, yet nobody since ever heard one word of him. Momus laughing, said, 'the good prince was not quite dead, though forced to breathe hard to prevent being buried, because nobody perceived any other sign of life in him.' Some of the gods smiled and said, 'It were well for the good of mankind if all other princes were as quiet as he was.'"

This picture was drawn by a rival, the marquess of Normanby. It was well that the harmless prince had not afforded reason for severer satire. The brother alluded to was the king of Denmark, whose death in 1699, gave prince George some share in the troubles of this world, by plunging him into the deepest affliction. Christiern V. had been loved by him with enduring affection, which had caused him to perform, when fighting by his side, acts of generous and romantic valour, worthy of Bayard or Philip Sydney. Probably it was the esteem the Danish prince obtained in Europe for rescuing his royal brother from captivity by a desperate charge when taken by the

[1] Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii. p. 139.
[2] The king of Denmark, brother of prince George.

Swedes, at the lost battle of Varna, that obtained for him the hand of the heiress in reversion of the British empire, which the princess Anne then was. Prince George had, since his settlement in England, frequently visited his brother at Copenhagen, therefore the love between them had not failed from entire absence. The king of Denmark died[1] Sept. 4, 1699; prince George of Denmark was in the depth of his mourning habiliments, and had not mastered his sorrow, when the birthday of William III. occurred, November 4. On this account, the prince expressed his wish that his majesty would permit the princess and himself to congratulate him without doffing their sable weeds; fancying that liberty might be taken, "because the late kings Charles II. and James II. never wished any persons in recent mourning for their relatives to change it for coloured clothes on such occasions." King William's ideas, on the subject of death and "mourning dool," were more consonant with those of Henry VIII. His Dutch majesty, although king Christiern was a relative of his own, and an ally withal, signified his pleasure that their royal highnesses were to visit him in gay court dresses or to keep away;[2] the prince of Denmark was both angry and afflicted at this message.

Other causes of disquiet relative to the death of the king of Denmark were felt by Anne and her spouse: the successor of Christiern V., his son Frederic IV. had, in the course of his travels in France, visited St. Germains, and had, despite of the rival interests of his uncle's consort, professed himself deeply interested in the exiled queen and her children, and withal mightily disposed to espouse their quarrel against the advancement of his young cousin Gloucester. An absurd dispute with Louis XIV. put a stop to this enthusiasm; that monarch would only address his despatches to the king

[1] Calamy's Life and Diary, vol. i. p. 418.
[2] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

of Denmark as "serenity" and not "majesty;" in retaliation, king Christiern directed his papers to the high and mighty majesty of France only as "serenity;" which proceeding did not produce much serenity in the tempers of either royal correspondent, for the king of France, in a great rage, bade his ministers address Frederic IV. only as *cous*.[1] Such were the childish matters that occupied the attention of sovereigns at the close of the seventeenth century, nor were they much amended in the commencement of the eighteenth, for we shall see that the princess Anne, when queen, was insulted by the emperor in the same manner, after millions of treasure and oceans of blood had been wasted by England in the cause of his son.

Notwithstanding the verbal skirmish with the *grand monarque* regarding the dignity of Denmark, the princess Anne and her consort had the vexation of finding that their nephew, Frederic IV., did his utmost against the government of Great Britain, and consequently against the succession of Anne and her son. Sir George Rooke forthwith bombarded Copenhagen with the English fleet; but the king of Denmark, after the reverses he sustained from the young Swedish hero, Charles XII., was compelled to make peace. William III., when the early successes of Charles were described to him by Keppel, was heard to say, with a heavy sigh, "Ah, youth is a fine thing!"[2]

Their family griefs and troubles detained the princess and her consort later than usual, in the autumn of 1699, at Windsor; there is no notice in the Gazette or Postboy of their attendance at the king's birth-day that year, 1699—therefore the prince and princess probably took his majesty at his word, and kept themselves and their mourning from the royal presence. The princess did not

[1] Despatches of the earl of Manchester, edited by Christian Cole, addressed to the earl of Jersey, p. 64.

[2] White Kennet's Perfect History, vol. iii.

arrive at St. James's for the winter, until December, when her cortège is thus described in one of the newspapers of the day:[1]

"1699, Dec. 2. Thursday, about four in the afternoon, their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark, with his highness the duke of Gloucester, came to the palace of St. James's, from Windsor, having eleven coaches, with six horses each, besides some others that attended them. Yesterday they were complimented by the nobility on their arrival. A curious ode is prepared[2] to be sung, as usual, this morning, and *there's* to be a ball at St. James's, to conclude the solemnity of the day."

The princess expected another accouchement, in the spring of 1700; she was again destined to disappointment, her infant did not live to be baptized; during its private burial, in the night of January 27th, in the vault in Henry VII.'s chapel, an odd circumstance took place. Some robbers stole into Westminster Abbey, and lurking among the recesses of Henry VII.'s chapel, contrived to break open the tomb of Charles II., and rob his wax effigy of its regal array, and succeeded in carrying off all the ornaments. So far the information of the *Flying Post*. But it requires a little explanation: Charles II. had no tomb, but probably something of a hearse was placed on the spot where he was buried, on which was extended his wax effigy, in the same dress in which it was carried at his funeral; for want of a better, the people called this his tomb; thousands went to see it, and an additional charge was made for the sight. Since the robbery, Charles's wax statue has been dressed in a dark velvet costume, which was probably one of his old court dresses.

Among the few incidents which remain of the residence of the princess Anne at the palace of St. James,

[1] Flying Post, Dec. 1699. Collections Brit. Museum.
[2] Written by Hughes, author of The Siege of Damascus.

is the memory of a freak of bishop Burnet, who it appears united the office of almoner to the princess, with that of preceptor to her son, since he usually preached at St. James's chapel. Here he perceived, or fancied that the ladies of the princess's establishment, did not look at him while preaching his sermons—"his thundering long sermons," as queen Mary called them. Nay, bishop Burnet suspected, that the ladies preferred looking at any other person. He, therefore, after much remonstrance on this impropriety, prevailed on the princess Anne to order all the pews in St. James's chapel to be raised so high, that the fair delinquents could see nothing but himself when he was in the pulpit. The princess could not help laughing at the complaint, but she complied when Burnet represented that the interests of the church were in danger. All traces of these high barricaded pews have long disappeared from the royal chapel; but the whim of bishop Burnet was imitated in many churches which had not been pewed until that era, and are, at this hour to be seen in remote country parishes.[1] The bishops and clergy of our church at the present day are, we have heard, by no means partial to these high boxes as inducements to pious demeanour.

As for the damsels for whose edification they were first devised, they were transported with the utmost indignation, which was only surpassed by the rage of the cavaliers of the court and household of the princess. One of them vented his wrath by the composition of a satirical ballad on the intermeddling of Burnet, the gist of which was,—that if the ladies of the princess had no better reason to restrain their eyes from wandering at church, than a pew higher than their heads, their forced attention would do little good. This squib[2] has some

[1] Shorne Church, in Kent, is, or was, an instance of Burnet's alterations. A lady must be tall even to see over the side of a pew when standing. The whole of the church is parcelled out into these high boxes.

[2] The Earl of Oxford's MS. Collection of Tory and Jacobite Verses. Lansdowne Papers, 825, pp. 236.

historical utility, because it preserves the description of the principal ladies domesticated with the princess Anne :

"When Burnet perceived that the beautiful dames,
Who flocked to the chapel of Holy St. James,
On their lovers alone their kind looks did bestow,
And smiled not at him when he bellowed below,
To the princess he went,
With a pious intent,
This dangerous ill in the church to prevent.
'Oh, madam,' he said, 'our religion is lost,
If the ladies thus ogle the knights of the *toast*.'[1]

"'Your highness observes how I labour and sweat,
Their affections to raise and attention to get;
And sure when I preach all the world will agree,
That their eyes and their ears should be pointed at me;
But now I can find
No beauty so kind,
My parts to regard or my person to mind;
Nay, I scarce have the sight of one feminine face,
But those of old Oxford or ugly Arglass.

"'Those sorrowful matrons with hearts full of ruth,
Repent for the manifold sins of their youth;
The rest with their tattle my harmony spoil,
And Burlington, Anglesey, Kingston, and Boyle,
Their minds entertain
With fancies profane,
That not even at church their tongues they restrain;
E'en Henningham's shape their glances entice,
And rather than me they will ogle the *Vice!*'[2]

"'These practices, madam, my preaching disgrace,
Shall laymen enjoy the just rights of my place?
Then all may lament my condition so hard,
Who thrash in the pulpit without a reward.
Therefore pray condescend,
Such disorders to end,
And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send,
To build up the seats that the beauties may see
The face of no brawling pretender but me.'

"The princess by the man's importunity prest,
Though she laugh'd at his reasons, allowed his request.
And now Britain's nymphs in a protestant reign,
Are lock'd up at prayers like the virgins in Spain."

It was provided, among the other regulations of the duke of Gloucester's education, that four of the governing

[1] So written; but perhaps it means the courtiers, who brought beauties into celebrity, by toasting them at their drinking orgies. Montague, lord Halifax, had the names of the court beauties written on drinking glasses, accompanied by quaint descriptive rhymes, which were repeated when the health was drunk.

[2] The princess's vice-chamberlain.

junta should examine his progress in learning, every quarter. The child had gone through this somewhat arduous ordeal, in the summer of 1700, with great credit.[1] He was considered a prodigy of juvenile attainment, and surely the mind of the poor child must have been crammed with extraordinary mental diet, for his answers on jurisprudence, the Gothic laws, and the feudal system, perfectly astonished the four deputies from the governing junta. Nevertheless, all that the young boy answered on these abstract subjects, must have been on the parrot system of education, painfully committed to memory, and pronounced without a concomitant idea. Clear and luminous ideas on jurisprudence and the diverse laws which the communities of mankind have agreed to observe, can only be obtained by the exertions of riper intellect, as inferences drawn from the historical statistics of various nations, and the knowledge of their customs and manners. A very small share of such information appertained to the preceptor, —the pupil was more to be pitied, into whose tender mind, sapless and incomprehensible verbiage was unwholesomely thrust—the languages and sciences to which young Edward VI. fell a victim, were infinitely preferable, because they were connected with facts and ideas. The young duke of Gloucester's mind was chiefly occupied by this abstruse pedantry, added to which, were those branches of the mathematics of use in sieges and fortification, together with the manœuvres of field days, all tending to train him for that injurious ruler to England, a regimental sovereign.

A circumstance happened, just before the princess and her household left St. James's Palace for Windsor Castle, which was supposed to have ultimately occasioned very injurious effects on the duke of Gloucester's health, by removing from him the physician who had successfully studied his constitution from his infancy.

[1] Roger Coke.

The princess Anne had always been remarked for her devotion to the pleasures of the table, but as life advanced, her digestion weakened, and, very often, she suffered under the re-action of the stimulants she took to improve it; she then became low spirited, and apprehensive regarding her health. One evening, she sent for the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, at an inconvenient time, just as he had opened his second bottle of sack. He affected unbelief concerning the illness of the princess, and positively refused to prescribe any medicine for her, but bade her attendants put her to bed, declaring that she would be well in the morning. In a few days, he was again summoned, at the same inconvenient time, but he refused to leave his bottle. "Pooh, pooh!" said he; "tell her royal highness, nothing ails her but vapours, she needs neither physic nor physician." The princess was, of course, very angry, and struck him off her list of physicians,[1] with which, Dr. Radcliffe was much delighted; for, as he said, "he hated the whig sovereigns, so unfeignedly, that he should certainly have the credit of poisoning them; therefore, he wanted none of their custom, not he!"

The hostility between the princess Anne and her physician, had commenced as early as her flight from her father, in 1688; when the bishop of London sent for him to come to Nottingham, to see after the health of the princess, which showed some dangerous symptoms. Radcliffe indulged in much coarse vituperation on her conduct, and finished, by assuring her messenger, "that he would not come." Radcliffe had been appointed physician to the princess Anne, by the king, her father, in 1686.[2]

The following intelligence heralded the preparations for the departure of the princess from St. James's, that

[1] This is one of Horace Walpole's anecdotes; it is besides related by the biographers of Radcliffe.

[2] Bio. Brit.: article, Radcliffe.

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summer. "May 21.—We hear their royal highnesses and the duke, design for Windsor, next week. Her royal highness has distributed a great deal of money among the poor of St. James's, St. Ann's, this Whitsuntide, according to her annual custom."[1]

The princess Anne and her household removed with the duke of Gloucester to Windsor before the expiration of the month of May. The languishing health of king William occasioned all politicians to be on the alert. The earl of Marlborough and his lady, although reckoned among the leading tories of the day, were perfectly certain that their political power would be limited to the mere personal influence they had over the princess, in case of her accession, if they remained in the tory ranks. On the accession of Anne, it was anticipated that such men as the uncle of the princess, lord Rochester, the duke of Ormond, and other personal friends of her father, would govern the country under her reign, according to the economical plans of an earlier day. Well did the Marlboroughs, husband and wife, know that such statesmen would shrink from co-operation with them, for most of them were aware of the reiterated treacheries of their renewed correspondence with the court of St. Germains, and the second betrayal of its interests, when the coalition with the party of king William took place after the death of queen Mary. But the Marlboroughs had planned a great family alliance, which they truly foresaw would render them too strong for the old-fashioned statesmen, who scrupled the daring anticipation of the funds of the country, according to the Dutch mode of finance, introduced by king William. Lord Marlborough and his lady, therefore, asked a long leave of absence from the princess, and hastened to hold a convention at Althorpe, with the old, serpent-like politician, Sunderland. They were joined in the organization of their family scheme, by lord Godolphin, whose only son

[1] Flying Post, Brit. Museum.

had, the year before, married their eldest daughter, Henrietta.

The hatred lady Marlborough had borne to lord Sunderland (which, it may be observed, flamed through the despatches of Anne to her sister Mary, in 1688) when they were driving on the revolution, vanished, and the favourite, who had joined with her mistress in denouncing him to the late queen as "the *subtlest workingest villain* on earth," now gave her second daughter in marriage to his eldest son. The princess had previously portioned the eldest daughter, having humbly craved permission in the following letter:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

"I have a request to make to my dear Mrs. Freeman; it is, that whenever dear lady Hariote (Henrietta) marries, you would give me leave to give her something to keep me in her thoughts. I beg my poor mite may be accepted, being offered from a heart that is without any reserve, with more passion and sincerity, my dear Mrs. Freeman, than any other can be capable of."[1]

The mite was 5000*l.*; the same was now given to Anne Churchill:[2] thus did the princess rivet the chains the weight of which was to crush her very soul, during the chief of her remaining years.

The princess Anne kept the eleventh birth-day of her son, the duke of Gloucester, with great rejoicings, little anticipating the result. The boy reviewed his little regiment, exulted in the discharge of cannon and crackers, and presided over a grand banquet. He was very much heated and fatigued, and probably had been induced to intrench on his natural abstemiousness. The next day he complained of sickness, headache, and a sore throat; towards night, he became delirious. The family physician of the princess sought to relieve him by bleeding, but this operation did not do him any good. There was a general outcry and lamentation in the young duke's household that he would be lost, be-

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 285, 287.

[2] The princess offered ten thousand pounds to each bride; if lady Marlborough is to be believed, she only accepted 5000*l.* for each daughter.

cause Dr. Radcliffe was not in attendance on him, owing to the affront the princess Anne had taken. Dr. Radcliffe was, however, sent for by express, and though unwilling, he was prevailed on to come. When he arrived at Windsor Castle, and saw his poor little patient, he declared the malady to be the scarlet fever; he demanded who had bled him? The physician in attendance, owned the duke had been bled by his order. "Then," said Radcliffe, "you have destroyed him, and you may finish him, for I will not prescribe." The event justified the prediction of the most skilful physician of the age, but he was as much abused by the people, who clung to the last scion of their native princes, as if he had wilfully refused to save the child.

The unfortunate princess attended on her dying child tenderly, but with a resigned and grave composure, which astonished every one.[1] She gave way to no violent bursts of agony, never wept, but seemed occupied with high and awful thoughts. In truth she was debating, with an awakened conscience, on the past, and meditating on the retributive justice of God.

Lord Marlborough was summoned from Althorpe to the sick-bed of his young charge; but arrived only in time to see him expire. The death of the young duke took place, July 30, 1700, five days after his birthday.

The thoughts of Anne were, at this crisis of her utter maternal bereavement, wholly and solely fixed on her father. All she felt as a parent, reminded her of her crimes towards him. She rose from the bed where was extended the corpse of her only child, with an expression of awe and resignation on her features, which made a solemn impression on the minds of all who saw her, and sat down to write to her father, pouring out in her letter her whole heart in penitence, and declaring her conviction that her bereavement was sent as a visible

[1] Burnet's Hist. of his Own Times.

punishment from Heaven, for her cruelty to him. It does not appear that Anne had ever felt the slightest compunction at any previous period.[1]

[1] Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. ii., p. 223. Her letter, which seems to have been dictated by sincere feelings at the time, has not yet come to light, yet its tenour is clearly to be ascertained in documents connected with the era. The princess positively promised, moreover, "that she would use her utmost power to effect the restoration of her brother, if ever she came to the throne, and that she would only accept that dignity in trust for him." Lamberty and Carte affirm this, although neither had the slightest connexion with each other.

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LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

OF

Queen Anne ratifying the Union

VOL. IX.

LONDON,
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1840

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,

PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY

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TO

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria,

THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

ARE BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION INSCRIBED,

WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND LOYAL AFFECTION,

BY HER MAJESTY'S FAITHFUL SUBJECT

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

AGNES STRICKLAND.

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PREFACE.

THE "Lives of the Queens of England" necessarily close with the present volume, which contains the regnal Life of Queen Anne, and concludes with her death. She is the last queen of Great Britain, of whom historical biography can be written—at least, consistently with the plan of a work based on documents, and illustrated with original letters and other authentic sources of information. We have been warned "not to judge as the world judgeth, but to judge righteous judgment." How are we to do this, unless we can examine the evidences on which, alone, we can rely for the elucidation of the characteristics of the queens of the present dynasty, and for the explanation of actions which appear inscrutable till the motives, or impelling causes, are laid bare by correspondence and domestic state papers, which are of course locked up in the family archives of their illustrious descendants? Lives of the Brunswick queens, written without the fullest reference to those papers, would be an imposition on the public, as they could amount to nothing more than a compilation of frivolous gossip unworthy of a place in any library. In fact, personages so near our own times are not proper or popular subjects for historical investigation.

These considerations have induced us to limit this series of royal biographies to the Lives of our mediæval queens, commencing with the consort of William the Conqueror, and occupying that most interesting and important period of our national chronology, from the death of the last monarch of the ancient Anglo-Saxon line, Edward the Confessor, in the year 1066, to the demise of the last sovereign

of the royal house of Stuart, Queen Anne, in 1714. In this series of queens, thirty have worn the crown-matrimonial, and four the regal diadem of this realm.

What changes—what revolutions—what scenes of civil and religious strife—what exciting tragedies are *not* involved in the details of those four-and-thirty lives! They extend over six hundred and fifty-two years, such as the world will never see again—the ages of feudality, of chivalry and romance—ages of splendour and misery that witnessed the brilliant chimera of crusades, the more fatal triumphs of our Edwards and Henrys, in their reiterated attempts to annex the crown of France to that of England, and the national destitution and domestic woe that followed the lavish expenditure of English blood and treasure in a foreign land—the deadly feud of the rival Roses of York and Lancaster, which ended in the extinction of the name and male line of Plantagenet—the stupendous changes of public opinion that followed the accession of the house of Tudor to the throne, effecting first the overthrow of the feudal system, and then of the Romish theocracy, leaving royalty to revel unchecked in a century of absolute despotism—the crisis of the Reformation and the emancipation of England from the papal yoke—the struggle of the middle classes for the assertion of their political rights and national importance overpowering royalty at last, and establishing a democracy under the name of a Commonwealth, ending, as all democracies sooner or later must, in a military dictatorship, followed by the restoration of the monarchical government and a fever of loyal affection for the restored sovereign—the slow but sure reaction of democracy and dissent against royalty and the established church, assisted by a no-popery panic—the Orange intrigues, encouraged by a pope, against the Roman-catholic sovereign James II.—the conflicting passions of the revolution of 1668—and the expulsion of the male line of Stuart—the triumph of an oligarchy—the Dutch reign, and the era of Continental wars, standing armies, national debt, and universal taxation—the contests between selfish parties and rival interests during the reign of Anne—and, finally, the happy establishment of a Protestant succession, in the peaceful accession of the illustrious House of Brunswick to the throne of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.

With this progressive chain of national events and changes, have the royal ladies in our series of queenly biographies been inextricably linked. To use the words of Guizot, "great events have acted on them, and they have acted according to the events."

"There is something," observes an eloquent contemporary, "very peculiar in the view which we obtain of history, in tracing the lives of queens-consort. The great world is never entirely shut out. The chariot of state is always to be seen—the sound of its wheels is ever in our ears. We observe that the thoughts, the feelings, the actions of her whose course we are tracing are, at no time, entirely disconnected with Him by whose hand the reins are guided;" and we not unfrequently detect the impulse of her finger by the direction in which it moves.

Whether beloved or not, the influence of the wife and companion of the sovereign must always be considerable; and, for the honour of womankind, be it remembered that it has, generally speaking, been exerted for worthy purposes. Our queens have been instruments in the hands of God, for the advancement of civilization and the exercise of a moral and religious influence. Many of them have been brought from foreign climes to plant the flowers and refinements of a more polished state of society in our own; and well have they, for the most part, performed their mission.

William the Conqueror brought the sword and the feudal tenure. He burned villages and turned a populous district into his hunting-ground. His consort, Matilda, introduced her Flemish artisans to teach the useful and profitable manufactures of her native land to a starving population. She brought her architects and set them to build the stately fanes, which gave employment to another class, and she encouraged the arts of sculpture, painting, and needle-work. Her daughter-in-law, Matilda of Scotland, familiarly designated by her subjects, "Maude, the goode quene," occupied herself, not only in personal works of piety and charity, and in improving the morals and manners of a licentious Norman court, but exerted her influence with her royal husband to obtain the precious boon of a charter for the people, which secured to them the privilege of being governed by the righteous laws of Alfred and Edward the Confessor. Her graceful successor, Adelicia of Louvaine, was the

patroness of poetry, and did much to improve literature and the fine arts, besides affording a spotless example of purity of conduct. Our third Matilda, the consort of Stephen, was the founder of hospitals, the friend of the poor, and a model of conjugal tenderness and heroism. Eleanora of Acquitaine, though defective in a moral point of view, was, nevertheless, a useful queen in her statistic and commercial regulations. Nothing, it is true, can be said in praise of Isabella of Angoulême, and very little for Eleanor of Provence, though, as a devoted wife and mother and a patroness of history and poetry, she had her good points. What heart, however, does not warm at the name of Eleanor of Castile—of the good, the great, the benevolent Philippa; and of Katharine Parr, the preserver of our universities and the nursing mother of the Reformation?—and here it is impossible to refrain from referring the reader to our life of that illustrious lady,* as a sufficient refutation of the ridiculous accusation put forth in letters, which have been addressed to the editors of daily and weekly papers, complaining of our unjust partiality "in having made angels of all the popish queens, and demons of all the protestant queens," as if it were in the power of biographers to make historical characters anything but what they were, or just to blame them for recording facts for which authentic authorities are given. Our affections are naturally on the side of the queens of the reformed church, to which we ourselves belong. It is a church which enjoins truth, and we do not pay her so ill a compliment as to imply that she requires the sophistries of falsehood to bolster up her cause. It is impossible for any rational person to draw controversial inferences from the relative merits of Roman-catholic and protestant queens, since no two of them have been placed in similar circumstances. Our earlier queens were necessarily members of the church of Rome, and there are only the biographies of five avowedly protestant queens in this series. Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, and Anne of Cleves, died in communion with the church of Rome. Katherine Parr is, therefore, our first protestant queen, and an honour to our church. There is only another protestant queen-consort, Anne of Denmark, in this series, and our three queens-regnant, Elizabeth, Mary II., and Anne. No one

* See Lives of the Queens, vol. v.

can deny that these princesses would have been better women if their actions had been more conformable to the principles inculcated by the pure and apostolic doctrines of the church of England. No sincere friend of that church can blame those who transfer the reproach, which political religionists have brought on their profession, from her to the individuals who have violated her precepts under the pretext of defending her interests.

Enough of sin, enough of sorrow, have surely been related of queens of the Romish church, to satisfy any candid reader that they have been portrayed, not according to the ideal perfections of angelic beings, but with all the follies, the inconsistencies, the frailties to which fallen and corrupt human nature is heir. If we had represented them otherwise, we should have acted as absurdly as those who argue, after the fashion of stultified heathens, by raising a clamour and reiterating cries of, "Great is the Diana of the Ephesians."

Even an author of fiction, as the most distinguished living writer in that department of literature has wittily observed, "cannot make characters amiable, great, or good, by describing them as such, but must make actions define the character in order to produce a proper effect on the reader's mind."* Biographers have no licence to invent actions, neither can they, conscientiously, omit facts which militate against preconceived opinions. The queens of England were not the shadowy queens of tragedy or romance, to whom imaginary words and deeds could be imputed to suit a purpose. They were the queens of real life, who exercised their own free will in the words they spoke, the parts they performed, the influence they exercised, the letters they wrote. They have left mute but irrefragable witnesses of what they were in their own deeds, for which they, and not their biographers, must stand accountable. To tamper with truth, for the sake of conventional views, is an imbecility not to be expected of historians. Events spring out of each other: therefore, either to suppress or give a false version of one, leads the reader into a complicated mass of errors, having the same effect as the spurious figure with which a dishonestly disposed school-boy endeavours to prove a sum that baffles

* Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

his feeble powers of calculation. Ay, and it is as easily detected by those who are accustomed to verify history by the tests of dates and documents. It is, however, the doom of every writer who has had the fidelity to bring forward suppressed evidences, or the courage to confute long-established falsehoods, to be assailed, not only by the false but by the deluded, in the same spirit of ignorant prejudice with which Galileo was persecuted by the bigots of a darker age, for having ventured to demonstrate a scientific truth.

What was the result as regarded Galileo and his discoveries? Why, truly, the poor philosopher was compelled to ask pardon for having been the first to call attention to a fact, which it would now be regarded as the extreme of folly to doubt! Neither the clamour of the angry supporters of the old opinion, nor the forced submission of the person who had exposed its fallacy had in the least affected the fact, any more than the assertion that black is white, can make evil good or good evil. Opinions have their date, and change with circumstances, but facts are immutable. We have endeavoured to develop those connected with the biographies of the queens of England with uncompromising fidelity, without succumbing to the passions and prejudices of either sects or parties, the peevish ephemerides of a day, who fret and buzz out their brief term of existence, and are forgotten. It is not for such we write: we labour in a high vocation, even that of enabling the lovers of truth and moral justice, to judge of our queens and their attributes—not according to conventional censure or praise, but according to the unerring test, prescribed not by "carnal wisdom, but by heavenly wisdom coming down from above," which has said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

We have related the parentage of every queen, described her education, traced the influence of family connexions and national habits on her conduct, both public and private, and given a concise outline of the domestic, as well as the general history of her times, and its effects on her character, and we have done so with singleness of heart, unbiassed by selfish interests or narrow views. If we have borne false witness in any instance, let those who bring accusations bring also proofs of their assertions. A queen is no

ordinary woman, to be condemned on hear-say evidence; she is the type of the heavenly bride in the beautiful 14th Psalm—"Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are pure, and of good report" in the female character, ought to be found in her. A queen regnant occupies a still higher position—she is God's vicegerent upon earth, and is therefore to be held in reverence by his people. In proportion to her power, so are her responsibilities. Of the four queens-regnant, whose lives are narrated in this series of biographies, one only, queen Elizabeth, was possessed of absolute power. Her sister Mary I. had placed herself under the control of a cruel and tyrannical husband, who filled her council and her palace with his creatures, and rendered her the miserable tool of his constitutional bigotry. The case of the second Mary was not unlike that of the first, as regarded the marital tutelage under which she was crushed. Anne, when she designated herself "A crowned slave," described her position only too accurately.

The Lives of the Tudor and Stuart female sovereigns, form an important portion of this work; there is much that is new to the general reader in each, in the shape of original anecdotes and inedited letters, especially in those of the royal Stuart sisters, Mary II. and queen Anne. The biographies of those princesses, have hitherto been written, either in profound ignorance of their conduct on the part of the writer, or else, the better to work out general principles, in the form of vague outlines full of high-sounding eulogiums, in which all facts were omitted, as if by particular desire, (impressing the disappointed reader with the idea that there was much ado about nothing.) We have endeavoured to supply the blanks, by tracing out their actions, and compelling them to bear witness of themselves by their letters—such letters as they permitted to survive them. Strange mysteries might have been unfolded, if biographers had been permitted to glance over the contents of those which queen Mary spent a lonely vigil in her closet in destroying, when she felt the dread fiat had gone forth: "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." The great marvel regarding the secret correspondence of royalty at such epochs, is not that so much is destroyed, but that any should survive.

The biographical value of the inedited letters and other important documents, connected with the personal history of our queens, to which we have been so fortunate as to obtain access, through the courtesy of M. Guizot, and other distinguished statesmen and antiquarians, as well as the representatives of the ancient historical families in England and Scotland, has necessarily led to the extension of this work to nearly double the number of volumes at first projected. It is needless to speak of the labour and time expended in making a proper use of such materials. Documentary historians, alone, can appreciate the difficulties, the expense, the injury to health, and the sacrifice of more profitable literary pursuits, that have been involved in these royal biographies. The hope that "The Lives of the Queens of England" may be regarded as a national undertaking, generally useful to society, has encouraged us to persevere to the completion of the task.

Meantime, it appears anything but fair that the fruits of so many years of unremitting labour should be no sooner published, than appropriated by compilers, who, possessing no other information on the subject than the materials derived from these volumes, have put forth mutilated versions of various of our biographies with such verbal alterations, as a due regard to consequences suggested, but without favouring the public with an iota of fresh information.

It is unnecessary to remind our readers, that the Lives of several of the Queens whose memories we have had the honour of rescuing from oblivion, had never before been written; that every biography in these volumes contains much original matter, based on documents to which the parties who have availed themselves of our quotations and deductions, never had access; and that in the progress of the work, we have succeeded in eliciting facts which had escaped the research of our popular historians. Yet these, which formed peculiar and distinctive features in our royal biographies, have been as coolly paraded with the rest of the plunder, by the persons to whom we allude, as if they had themselves traced, verified, and restored those broken and widely scattered links to their proper places in the chain of history; nay, more, in the structure of Lives which had never before been made matter of history.

If the same unscrupulous parties were, in like manner, to

abridge, transpose, and paraphrase the works of any popular writer of fiction, the attempt to impose such fabrications on the world would cover them and their publisher with obloquy, and would be treated, not only as an unfair, but an illegal infringement of literary property. Why should the rights of historians be regarded as less sacred than those of the poet or the novelist?

A narrative based on facts, more especially facts not previously blended with historic evidences, is no less an original literary production, than a narrative founded on imaginary events. Historians, it is true, expect to be quoted; it is their pride to be cited as faithful witnesses, their delight to supply information; but quotation and piracy are essentially different.

Some literary pirates there are who plunder the book and attack the author in the same page. Others with greater subtlety, have ostentatiously quoted it for trifles that required no references, while they assumed to themselves the credit of everything that had involved peculiar research, and might therefore be esteemed of value. We have heard of an ingenious appropriator in another line, who politely returned a lady a pin which she had dropped, and while she was curtseying her acknowledgments, took quiet possession of her watch and seals.

But enough of this unpleasant subject. Our readers are fortunately too numerous not to be aware of the use that has been made of our work in every instance where the obscurity of the offender has not concealed the offence.

We have now to repeat our grateful acknowledgments to the noble and learned friends who have assisted us in the previous volumes of the "Lives of the Queens of England," by granting us access to national and family archives, and favouring us with the loan of documents and rare books, besides many other courtesies, which have been continued with unwearied kindness to the conclusion of the work. Nor must we omit this opportunity of returning thanks to our unknown or anonymous correspondents, who have favoured us with transcripts and references, which have, occasionally, proved very useful; and if they have not, in every instance, been either new to us, or available in the course of the work, have always been duly appreciated as friendly attentions, and tokens of good will.

We cannot take our leave of the gentle readers who have kindly cheered us on our toilsome track, by the unqualified approbation with which they have greeted every fresh volume, without expressing the satisfaction it has given us to have been able to afford mingled pleasure and instruction to so extensive a circle of friends—friends who though personally unknown to us, have loved us, confided in our integrity, brought our Queens into their domestic circles, associated them with the sacred joys of home, and sent them as pledges of affection to their dear ones far away, even to the remotest corners of the world.

We should be undeserving of the popularity with which this work has been honoured, if we could look upon it with apathy, but we regard it as God's blessing on our labours and their sweetest reward.

Reydon Hall, Suffolk,
March 15*th*, 1848.

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ANNE,

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The princess Anne's conduct and feelings on the death of her only child, the duke of Gloucester—She remains at Windsor during his funeral—She exasperates William III. by writing to her father—The princess receives no condolences from William—Her mortification at this neglect—Annoyed at his omission to notify her son's death to Louis XIV.—Disgusted by his meanness in regard to her son's attendants—Resolves to continue their salaries herself—The princess observes the increasing insolence of lady Marlborough—Overhears her unqualified hatred and abuse—Keeps secret her knowledge of it—From this incident commences the princess's dislike to her—Princess receives news of her father's death—Goes in deep mourning for him—Conscious of the failing health of king William—Supposes that her own reign approaches—Commences the study of history—Soon tired of it—Plot to hinder her from succeeding to the throne—Fatal accident to the king—Princess Anne visits him with her consort—Attainder of her brother urged on—This measure effected by her party—The princess is rudely denied access to king William's sick chamber—She receives half-hourly bulletins of his failing breath—She watches all the night with lady Marlborough, expecting his death—Many persons waiting to bring her the news of her accession—William III. dies March 8, 1702—Succeeded by the princess Anne.

The contest between good and evil does not affect the human mind so powerfully as the struggle between rights. The lives of the daughters of James II., placed in contradistinction to the Jacobite cause, present strong illustrations of this axiom of ethics. On either side, right has been loudly pleaded. In behalf of the daughters may be urged, that they found it requisite to support the interests of protestantism against their father and his religion. Many who believed in the actual danger of the church of England have sympathized with them, and will continue so

to do. Others will judge them according to the standard of common humanity and moral duty. It is this contest which invests the Jacobite cause with its undying interest.

Wheresoever the influence of royal personages has effected great changes in national property, the light of truth, respecting their private characters and motives, is prevented from dawning on historical biography for centuries after such persons have passed onward to eternity. The testimony of either losers or winners becomes suspicious; vested interests bias the recording pen, for which causes certain characters have remained enveloped like veiled idols, to which were offered clouds of incense, in the semblance of baseless panegyric, or they were hooted at through countless pages of vituperation, in which facts are concealed with sedulous care.

Slowly and surely, however, time does its appointed work; royal personages, in stirring epochs, cannot always give their orders *viva voce;* letters and autographs are kept in self-defence by their agents; and these given to the public long after the persons they would compromise—nay, even after their great grandchildren—have passed away, cast the required light on characters purposely concealed. Lo! the veiled idols cast aside their mysterious shrouds, and assume the semblance of humanity—erring and perverse humanity, perchance—but yet more attractive and interesting than the mere abstract idea the political historian has given. They are thus seen, not as expediency has painted them, but as they were in life, subject to the same passions and infirmities as ourselves, and acting according to the impulses of anger, generosity, ambition, grief, tenderness, disappointment, revenge and avarice. These impulses, of course, produce varied and even contradictory actions, which, however, when related according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, as much as possible in their very words, are found to blend together into a course of narrative, by no means outraging probability, when one fact is viewed according to its connexion with another. Yet, there are two adverse parties in this country, each imagining that the continuous narrative of facts must be prejudicial to their present interests; each have chosen their political idols or their reprobated characters from the royal personages that have existed from the days of Henry VIII. It is most curious to

watch the attempts of these parties, to force the inexorable past to comply with fancied expediency—conduct which has had the natural effect of hitherto exiling many important characters from their proper stations on the pages of historical biography: one party wholly refusing to listen to any wrong of its idol, and the other to any right of its victim. Now, if the one faction insists upon snatching all the black yarn and the other all the white, which, mythological metaphor affirms, make the blended thread of human life, where is an honest narrator, willing to present that mingled twine, to look for any material?

Away with these childish wranglings with the unalterable past! Facts regarding the queenly sisters, both of Tudor and of Stuart, remain extant, defying all attempts to stifle them, guarded in manuscript among our archives, or those of France. Incidents may be told maliciously or apologetically—in both cases, the author's comment may stand in absurd contradiction to quoted authority; but these deviations from the majestic simplicity of rectitude will have the consequence of disgusting the public, and will ever render a narrative unreadable. Can a more absurd spectacle exist than when the comments of writers appear at open war with the facts they have just cited from documents?

Judging merely by the princess Anne's outward demeanour, it has been said, that she bore the death of her son, the duke of Gloucester, with the characteristic apathy of her nature—a nature supposed to have been devoid of the tenderer emotions of the female heart. She gave, however, one proof of sensibility on this melancholy occasion,[1] which affords indubitable evidence that feelings of a more poignant nature than maternal grief were awakened in her heart by the unexpected blow that had made her house desolate. Temporal judgments were according to the spirit of the theology of that century, and the conscience of Anne Stuart brought them home to herself. The daughter who had assisted in dethroning and driving her king and father into exile, for the sake of aggrandizing her own offspring and supplanting her brother, was rendered

[1] Lamberty's Memoirs for the Seventeenth Century, vol. i. p. 121.

childless. Her sin was called to remembrance by the death of her son. He, the desire of her eyes, has been taken from her by a stroke.

In that dark moment, when the object of all her sinuous policy was in the dust, the princess Anne felt a yearning and desire for the sympathy of that injured parent, who had so often mourned with her over her blighted maternal hopes on former occasions; and she despatched an express, but very secretly, to St. Germains, with her letter, to inform king James of the calamity that had befallen her in the untimely death of her son and his grandchild, the duke of Gloucester.[1]

Upon lord Marlborough, the duke of Gloucester's governor, had devolved the duty of announcing to the king the death of his near relative. The demise of the duke of Gloucester took place in July, and the information to king William was sent as soon as it occurred; but it was October before his majesty condescended to reply.

The princess Anne pertinaciously remained at Windsor Castle, although the body of her only child lay in state in the suite of apartments which had been devoted to his use there. On the 4th of August, the earl of Marlborough and Mr. Sayer escorted the corpse from thence, by torch-light, through the Little Park and Old Windsor, and by Staines and Brentford, to Westminster. The body of the young prince arrived at the place of destination, being the "prince's robing-room," Westminster Hall, at two o'clock the same morning; where it lay in state until the night of solemn interment in the vault, near Henry VII.'s chapel, on the night of August 9th.[2]

The reason of king William's unexampled neglect of the communication announcing the death of his heir was, be-

[1] Christian Cole, the author of Memoirs of Affairs of State, endeavours to controvert this assertion, which he affects to consider highly derogatory to Anne's *duty* to her brother-in-law, William III. He even says that the contrary is proved by the earl of Manchester's Letters, edited by him. He could neither have read the work he edited himself, nor could he ever have expected any other person so to do, for the earl of Manchester says positively, "that his first intelligence of the death of the duke of Gloucester came from St. Germains." These are his words: "Yesterday morning, *they had an express at St. Germains from England*, with news that the duke of Gloucester is dead. I fear it is too true. My letters are not yet come."—(Letter of the earl of Manchester to Mr. Blathwayte, in Christian Cole's Affairs of State, p. 193.)

[2] Pyne's Palaces. Roger Coke and Toone's Chronology.

yond all dispute, because the princess Anne had written, in her grief, to her father. As some historians have bestowed great pains in clearing the princess of this *crime*, it is only proper to verify the fact from documentary sources.

Lamberty, whose evidence is indisputable, as he had been the confidential secretary of Portland and William III., thus declares his knowledge on the subject:[1] "The duke of Gloucester, who was the hope of the English, happening unfortunately to die, the princess Anne, his mother, sent very clandestinely an express to the court of St. Germains, to notify his death there. The earl of Manchester, who was ambassador from England at Paris, and who watched that court, was advised of it. He despatched his secretary, Chetwynd, under *other pretences*, to Loo, to inform the king of it." This person was actually sent to Loo, to communicate to William the particulars of a new plot for poisoning him. "It was because," pursues Lamberty, "such a sort of step—so contrary to what the princess Anne had always shown—made it appear that she had ill designs; we shall see it by a secret writing, which was found when she was dead."[2] William's coldness and contempt to the feelings of the princess Anne and her consort, in regard to the mourning for the young prince, their son, though he had always professed affection for him, afford confirmation of this statement. In fact, his conduct, on that occasion, was not commonly humane, considering the nearness of the relationship of the boy to himself, independently of his being the nephew of queen Mary. Court mournings are lightly passed over in these days of utilitarianism; but the state of feeling in that age was different —everything being then regulated according to the solemn *régime* of state etiquette on funereal matters.

Vernon, one of William's secretaries of state, writes on the subject of young Gloucester's death: "We have very little news at present, after having had too much last week. The prince and princess are as well as can be expected under their great affliction. The duke of Gloucester's body was brought up last Thursday night, by my lord Marlborough and Mr. Sayers, and deposited in the Prince's

[1] Lamberty's Memoirs for the History of Seventeenth Century.

[2] Ibid., vol. viii. Much curious information has been found regarding Anne in these Memoirs of Lamberty, but not the paper here alluded to.

Chamber at Westminster." This letter is dated August 5. The earl of Manchester says, in his next:

"August 18.

"You may easily imagine the great concern I was under when I received yours of the 1st inst., that being the confirmation of what I had heard before from St. Germains, they having had expresses both by way of Rouen and Calais; the latter was sent by Pigault, a merchant there. I desire the favour of you, as you think it proper or have an opportunity, to express my great sense of the loss to their royal highnesses.

"I suppose," pursues the perplexed ambassador, "I shall soon have orders how I am to act, which, I fear, if from Loo, will not be so full as I could wish. First, if my coaches and servants must be in mourning; in what manner I must notify the duke of Gloucester's death, whether in a private audience of the king [of France], or publicly of the whole court? If so, I must have letters to them, as I had at my first coming.

"I am told for certain that the court of St. Germains will go into mourning, and that they are already preparing. I need not say how pleased they are, and confident of being soon in England.

"Yesterday," pursues his excellency, "I was at Versailles, where the king [Louis XIV.] asked me privately if the news of the duke of Gloucester's death was true."[1]

No one could be placed in a more embarrassing position, as regarded royal etiquette, than was William III.'s unlucky representative, at the court of the most ceremonious monarch in the world, by the perversity of his royal master, in giving him no intimation in what manner he was to announce the demise of his heir. In fact, William III. was in one of his long-lasting fits of silent rage, occasioned by the certainty of the renewed communication between the princess Anne and her father, nor did he perceive any possible way of awakening in her mind a contrary interest to that of her nearest relatives. As far as was apparent to his perception, his sister-in-law had no object of affection likely to stand between the yearning of her heart towards her father, brother, and sister in France. In this he was, perhaps, deceived. Quiet and retiring as he was, prince George of Denmark had exercised from the first the most unbounded political influence over his wife, of any person in the world. His religious feelings were far more earnest than those of the king, although he made little show of them, and had long ceased raising any political cry concerning his protestantism. He by no means despaired of future offspring, since his princess had, within the last few months, been the mother of an infant; while prince George lived, king William need have had little apprehension of the feelings of

[1] Letters of the Earl of Manchester, in Cole.

Anne towards her own family being other than evanescent. But then unfortunately William hated and loathed Anne much, but George still more, and he could only endure the least communication with them, while he looked upon them as the passive and submissive tools of his despotic will. There was assuredly, as shown on a particular occasion, soon after, an involuntary yearning of remorse and even of unconscious affection in the recesses of his heart towards his uncle James, but no circumstances, however calamitous they might be, could awaken the slightest feeling of sympathy in him for the bereaved parents of the duke of Gloucester, although they had repeatedly proved his most efficient allies in the attainment of his desires.

According to the foregoing despatch of the English ambassador in France, the whole court of St. Germains was actually paying the external mark of respect to the memory of the princely child who was the hope of protestant England, and whose birth had been partly the cause of keeping his young uncle in a state of expatriation, before king William could be induced to acknowledge, either to his own or to foreign courts, that he had ever heard of his demise. Yet the injured son of James II. had put off his sports out of respect for the death of his nephew, while William III. refused to show the least token of concern.[1]

Louis XIV., in token of his own near kindred to the princess Anne, professed himself ready to order his court to put on mourning and to assume it himself for his youthful cousin, her son, as soon as the notification of his decease should have been formally announced to him by the British ambassador. That unfortunate diplomatist, meantime, fretted himself into a fever from the awkward predicament in which he stood between William and his successor Anne, to say nothing of his old sovereign king James. Not only was he unable to signify the demise of the young prince to the king of France, but he was left in uncertainty what he and his suite were to do about their own mourning, till the 22nd of August, when Mr. Blathwayte, William's secretary at Loo, communicated his royal master's gracious pleasure in the following pithy terms, brought in at the end of various political notices about foreign affairs, "Your lordship will have found the

[1] Cole's Memoirs for Affairs of State, 199.

news of the duke of Gloucester's death too true. His majesty thinks that mourning for your person and such as are near you out of livery for three months all that need be on this melancholy occasion."[1]

Not a word, however, touching the important question of how the demise of the duke was to be communicated to his French majesty. More than a month had elapsed since his death; Anne and her husband had written letters themselves of formal announcement of their loss to Louis XIV., after long waiting for William to do so; but this only added to the dilemma of the ambassador.

"Last night," writes he to secretary Vernon,[2] "I received letters from their royal highnesses for this court, which will not be received here, unless there is a letter at the same time from his majesty; neither can I offer them without being empowered to do it, either by you or Mr. Blathwayt, as you see by the enclosed. I freely tell Mr. Griffith, whom I have desired to consult with you and my lord Marlborough upon this matter. There is so much time already past, that I wait with some impatience for your directions in what manner the duke of Gloucester's death is to be notified, the rather that I may prevent the discourses of some people, who would have it believed that this court is backward in paying us the respect of going into mourning on this occasion."

The same day the ambassador writes in more explicit terms, on this embarrassing topic, to Mr. Griffiths.

"Paris, Sept. 8, 1700.

"Sir,—I have received yours, with the letters of her royal highness the princess Anne and his royal highness the prince, and I shall be always ready to obey their commands, though in this case, upon inquiry, I cannot deliver the letters unless I had also one from the king to the French king. This court says, that it is usual upon these occasions that the prince and princess send a person on purpose, with a character, who would be received as if he came from a crowned head, as they think was done in the case of the duke of Cambridge.[3] If the prince and princess would avoid this, then, a letter from the king, to be delivered by me with those of their royal highnesses, will be sufficient to make this court go into mourning. And as for the other letters to the rest of the princes, they need not be delivered. This will avoid one inconvenience, as there is none for the dauphin. I am sensible of the reason why there is not; and I think it convenient not to make that matter so public as by consequence it would be, and cause various discourses.

"I desire you would assure their royal highnesses of my most humble duty. It will be convenient that you should inform my lord Marlborough and Mr. Secretary Vernon of this whole matter, since I have received from Loo no other orders than to put myself and family in mourning, which I have already done. I hope I may know as soon as possible what measures are taken.—I am, &c.,

"Manchester."

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[1] Cole's Memoirs for Affairs of State, 206. [2] Ibid. p. 207.
[3] Son of James II., when duke of York, deceased in the reign of Charles II.

As late as the 15th of September, the poor ambassador was still fretting in spirit, and writing to one or other of the English cabinet to complain that he had received no definite orders from king William, who certainly must have taken an ill-natured pleasure in the perplexity of his English officers of state on this occasion. Anne, piqued at the little respect that was paid to the memory of her only son, caused secretary Vernon to write to lord Manchester, to ask, "Why her letters to the king of France had not been delivered? and that court not in mourning?" "Since my illness," writes the ambassador, in reply, "my secretary has wrote to Mr. Cardonnel[1] to explain whether any notice is to be given this court?"

LORD MANCHESTER TO MR. SECRETARY VERNON.

"Paris, Sept. 15, 1700.

"M. Cardonnel desires my secretary to acquaint me, that there are no orders given to notify the duke of Gloucester's death to any court whatsoever. So you see how this matter stands. I must tell you, to remove any suspicions that this court might seem not inclined to go into mourning, that they are ready to do it whenever it is notified to them in form, but they do not take it to be regular that I should deliver the princess's letters, without any from the king; for you know, in all audiences that I have, my discourse is always in the name of the king, and cannot be otherwise, though I can at the same time make a compliment from their royal highnesses. They do still say here, that if this was the case of any of the children of monsieur, he would send, and not the king. So, likewise, they conceive their royal highnesses ought to do. I am apt to think the princess had not sent these letters, had she not thought that I had orders also from Loo. I shall readily obey what directions you give me, but I confess it is my opinion that, since there has been so much time lost, and unless it is generally notified in all courts, that it is better to let this matter rest. Besides, this court goes to-morrow sennight to Fontainebleau, and in a few days after *the late king and queen*[2] go. How long they are to be there is uncertain, but whilst they stay, I know not well how I can go thither. I must acquaint you that the *introductor* of ambassadors has been with me, and has sent me some precedents, those the duke of York[3] had sent to this court. I have enclosed a copy of his letter, that you may judge of it."

"September 17.

"I do not doubt but you have heard that the princess has sent me letters for this court, to notify the death of the duke of Gloucester. Unless I have also letters from the king [William III.] himself, I cannot present them, nor will they be received, as I am informed. I should think the princess should have known the king's pleasure in this matter. There is so much time lost, that, in my opinion, it is much better to let it alone, for though they should go into mourning, it would be for so little a time that it might not be well taken."

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[1] Secretary to lord Marlborough.

[2] James II. and his queen, Mary Beatrice.

[3] This must have been James II. before his accession, and relate to the deaths of his infant children by his first and second duchess.

It was not till the 1st of October, upwards of two months after the death of the young duke, that William condescended to empower his representative to announce his demise to the king of France, although the nearest male relative he had in the world, excepting his uncle James II. and his disowned son. A fortnight's mourning was ordered by that monarch, a result scarcely commensurate with the voluminousness of the correspondence it occasioned. The death of the king of Spain occurring soon after, William ordered the utmost respect to be immediately paid to his memory; his ambassadors had even their coaches covered with black. The court of France went into a three months' mourning for that potentate; but little more respect was paid by William to the feelings of his sister-in-law, on account of the death of her only child, than if he had been a kitten or a puppy deceased, which happened to have been a pet of royalty.

"October 9.

"I can now acquaint you," wrote lord Manchester, "that yesterday I had an audience of the king, at Fontainebleau, when I notified to him the death of the duke of Gloucester, and delivered their royal highnesses' letters. The king expressed himself 'as extremely sensible of the great loss,' &c. as is usual on such occasions. As to what related to their royal highnesses, he concluded with saying 'that he would take an occasion of letting them know the great share he took in their concern.' In short, all things went as could be desired, and on Wednesday next the court goes into mourning, which will be the day after the *late king* [James II.] leaves Fontainebleau. I have some reason to think that my going thither, whilst they were there, may have a good effect; for of late the St. Germain's people are so high, that they think it is now our time to court them. I find that though they heard a week before that I was to come, yet they could not believe it. I carried myself as if I thought there were no such persons, and my coach came to the great stairs, which is under the *late king's* [James II.] apartment there. Those that belong to them were cousins brought to see me, but it was also, I believe, no little mortification to them to see where I went, all the French making me all the compliments imaginable. I was a considerable time with M. de Torcy, and satisfied him both in relation to the delay and the king's not writing. *I was forced to lay the occasion of it on the lords justices,*[1] who (I said) the king thought, would have sent me orders, which was the reason I had them not sooner from Loo! This, I hope, *they* (the lords-justices or English regents) will pardon, *but when things are managed in such a way, one must make the most plausible excuse one can.*"

[1] This curious passage proves that the ambassador knew the fault did not rest with the *lords-justices* (meaning by them the English regency), but with William III. The apology Manchester makes for inventing this falsehood, and fathering the fault of his royal master's brutality "on the nine kings," is truly comic.

"Lord Manchester to M. Blathwayte.

"October 11.

"I have obeyed his majesty's commands in notifying the duke of Gloucester's death. The king [Louis XIV.] received it with great concern, and *bid* me assure the king, my master, 'that even at the time he first heard of it he took share in the loss, because he knew it would be a great trouble to his majesty.' With the other he sent compliments on such an occasion. I delivered the prince [George] and princess' [Anne's] letters. To that he said, 'he would take an occasion of letting them know the great share he took in their loss.' In short, all things went as well as could be desired, and I hope his majesty will approve of what I have done. The French court will go into mourning on Friday next. They were willing to have the court of St. Germains gone away first, which will be to-morrow."

About the same time arrived the long-delayed answer, from his gracious majesty, to the announcement of the death of his young kinsman and heir to his dominions. Many historians have quoted king William's letter—not one has pointed out the astounding circumstance, that although the death of the child took place as far back as July, yet the royal missive is dated in October! Months had elapsed since the death, and several weeks since the burial, of Gloucester, before the king condescended to notice that his heir was no longer in existence. No word of human sympathy, it may be observed, is vouchsafed to the wretched mother. The original is in French, and is addressed to lord Marlborough:

"Loo, October, 1700.

"I do not think it necessary to employ many words in expressing my surprise and grief at the death of the duke of Gloucester. It is so great a loss to me, as well as to all England, that it pierces my heart with affliction."[1]

The affliction of king William did not, however, hinder him from sending, by the same post, a peremptory order that care should be taken to cut off all the salaries of the duke's servants, to the very day of his death. It was with the utmost difficulty that the king's favourite, Keppell, prevailed on him to allow the payments up to the Michaelmas quarter-day.[2] Nor can there be a doubt but that the sole consideration of the approach of that pay-day, induced his gracious majesty to write his condolence, for he could not cut off the salaries without appearing conscious that the princess's son was dead. The princess Anne, shocked at the disgusting contest that ensued concerning the payment of her lost child's servants, determined to distress herself

[1] Coxe's Life of Marlborough, from the original French.
[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 220.

rather than cashier one of them. When it is remembered that parliament allowed William III. a sum for the duke of Gloucester's establishment more than thrice as much as he disbursed, his conduct appears the more revolting. It is said by the same authority that he murmured not a little at the pensions he allowed to the old servants of his late queen.

Once more there was some movement among the lower class of coffee-house politicians, who knew nothing of the king's habits of life, to persuade him into matrimony; they got up an address, on the death of the duke of Gloucester, earnestly petitioning him to marry for the good of the nation. The story was revived, which was current in 1697 that, while staying at Brussels, the king had "coquetted" so much with a German princess as to induce hopes of his serious intentions of taking a second queen—a princess of Denmark was likewise mentioned as a candidate for his hand.[1] The king remained, however, without any such intentions, sick and very sullen in his retirement at Loo. Towards the winter his kinswoman, the electress Sophia, visited him at Loo, accompanied by her daughter, the electress of Brandenburgh, for the ostensible purpose of seeking his assistance in elevating the country of Brandenburgh into the kingdom of Prussia; of course the people of England supposed that the visit was for the purpose of settling the reversion of the crowns of Great Britain and Ireland on the next protestant heir. It is certain that king William had urged some steps to be taken on her part, for a letter from the electress Sophia is existing, evidently in reply to a proposition of the kind. Her disinterestedness is evident therein, since she earnestly recommended to the consideration of the king and country, the expatriated prince of Wales. As her letter is addressed to Mr. Stepney, who had been envoy to Hanover, and was one of the under secretaries of state, this letter may be considered as official.[2] It had the effect of incensing king William, who showed his displeasure by paying the electress only one formal public visit on her arrival at Loo, and departed for England the next day; not very courteously leaving her directly she had commenced her visit to him.

Many weeks after the funeral of her only child, the

[1] Biographical Anecdotes, MS. fol. 58, vol. iv. p. 224.
[2] Hardwicke State Papers.

princess Anne continued still to reside at Windsor Castle, the place where she had seen him expire. She had left St. James's Palace, the previous May, a happy and proud mother; she returned to it with her bereaved consort in mourning, childless and desolate, November[1] 25, 1700. Her grief was still deep and enduring; bishop White Kennet observes, with more feeling than is usual, in his narrative: "But grief upon this sad occasion seemed to be confined to within the Palace of St. James, and to centre in a more sensible manner in the breasts of the prince and princess of Denmark, who mourned not only for themselves but for the whole nation. For never was so great a loss so little lamented, which may be ascribed to the different parties then dividing England, two of which, I mean the Jacobites and the Republicans, looked upon that hopeful young prince as an obstacle to their future designs. The duke of Gloucester was a prince whose tender constitution bended under the weight of his manly soul, and was too much harassed by the vivacity of his genius to be of long duration," —an acknowledgment that the species of tuition to which he had been subjected had injured his health. "He had," continues bishop White Kennet, describing the boy according to what he considered a proper pattern rather than from fact, "early sucked in his mother's piety, was always very attentive to prayers, but he had a particular averseness to dancing and all womanish exercises—in a word, he was too forward to arrive at maturity."[2]

Formal visits were exchanged between the princess and William III. after his return to England in the winter of 1700-1;[3] they merely observed the terms of conventional civility in their intercourse.

Scarcely had the bereaved mother recovered from the teasing and irritating series of vexations which her cruel brother-in-law contrived to mingle with her cup of sorrow, than she began to experience how much the death of Gloucester had changed her worldly importance, even in her own household. It will excite no surprise in those who have followed this narrative from the first rise of her favourite, when the fact is shown that this change was first manifested

[1] Flying Post Newspaper, Nov. 1700. Brit. Museum.
[2] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 784.
[3] Flying Post Newspaper, Collections of Brit. Museum.

to her by the intolerable insolence of that most ungrateful woman: Sarah of Marlborough had just formed the strongest alliances, had strengthened her hands, and prepared herself to rule imperiously over a monarch *fainéant*, as did the "mayors of the palace" over some king of the Carlovingian dynasty in France; she was an exulting mother, glorying in a promising heir, and she had just married her two beautiful girls to the heirs of two statesmen of the ancient blood of England. In the contemplation of her boundless prospects, she wholly forgot what was due to her who had raised her. Anne's manner had become more humble than ever to her imperious ruler: her style in writing lower in its prostration. When the favourite was absent, her royal highness wrote to her four or five times every day. "Your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley," was now her form of signature, having adopted the two first epithets to mark her own sense of her forlorn and helpless state since Gloucester's death. Whatsoever wrong the princess Anne might have done, nothing but unbounded kindness and indulgence had ever been shown by her to Sarah of Marlborough and her family, therefore a heart of marble must that person have borne when she added her insults to the other sorrows of the princess. From no person did Anne receive such visible indications that the death of her son had indeed reduced her to the state of a "poor unfortunate" helpless shadow of reversionary royalty, than from the graceless *parvenue* whom she had puffed up by her own absurd condescensions. This person's arrogance became absolutely maniacal, after the princess lost all prospect of being otherwise than a queen without heirs. If she had gloves to present, or any other office of the kind to perform, lady Marlborough was often seen to turn up her nose as she presented them, and avert her face as if there was something inexpressibly disgusting in the person of her too indulgent friend.[1] Such proceedings could not long continue unobserved, even by Anne's dense perception, and it was known, by those most skilled in the politics of the backstairs, that the bonds which held her and lady Marlborough still united were only those of early intercourse.

It was mere accident, however, joined to lady Marlborough's extreme recklessness, in regard to the terms of insult

[1] Horace Walpole.

in which she indulged, when not immediately in the presence of the princess, which revealed to her royal highness the real nature of her favourite's feelings towards her. The story is but traditionary, and though generally known among all ranks of the people, has, perhaps, never before been circumstantially related, which it now is, from the reminiscences of a venerable countess who had passed half a century at the court of her late majesty queen Charlotte. The family of this lady had been fast friends of the royal house of Stuart, both of those individuals on whom the crown devolved, and those deprived of it; and the tradition certainly came from Abigail Hill herself.

"One afternoon, not many weeks after the death of the duke of Gloucester, the princess Anne noticed that she had no gloves on; she therefore told Abigail Hill, who was in attendance on her toilet, to fetch them from the next room, as she remembered that she had left them on the table. Mrs. Hill obeyed her royal highness, and passed into the next room, where she found that lady Marlborough was seated reading a letter, but the gloves of the princess were not on the table, for lady Marlborough had taken them up by accident, and put them on. Abigail most submissively mentioned to her 'that she had put on, by mistake, her royal highness's gloves.' 'Ah!' exclaimed lady Marlborough, 'have I on anything that has touched the odious hands of that disagreeable woman!' then pulling them off, she threw the gloves on the ground, and exclaimed violently, 'Take them away!' Abigail obeyed silently, and retired with her usual stealthy quietude, carefully closing the door after her, which she had previously left ajar; directly she entered the room where she had left the princess, she plainly perceived that her royal highness had heard every word of the dialogue. But neither discussed the matter at that time, and the incident remained a profound secret between them; for it so happened that the princess had had no one but Mrs. Abigail Hill in the room with her. Lady Marlborough soon left the adjoining saloon, and certainly remained for ever unconscious of what her mistress had overheard."

Anne had hitherto borne daily insults with patient humility, when they had only cast contempt on her mental capacity; but this unprovoked manifestation of personal disgust and ill-will, she never forgot or forgave. The

whole story is completely in keeping with Sarah of Marlborough's own descriptions of her usual sayings and doings; it is withal, in some degree, corroborated by the incertitude perceptible in all her subsequent contests with Anne, in which she seems, in a puzzled manner, to seek for the original cause of offence she had given, without ever finding it.[1] Late in life she received vague hints, that the whole was connected with some story about gloves, yet it is evident that she had not the least clue to the truth, as the following passage appears in one of her letters, dated nearly half a century subsequently:[2] "Mr. Doddridge writes a good deal to me, and expresses his satisfaction at reading *the book*,[3] but wishes I had added more to the clearing of my character, as the king of Prussia has written a book in which he imputes the ruin of Europe to have happened from a quarrel between queen Anne and me, *about a pair of gloves*. I did once hear there was such a book printed, and that his majesty said, 'that the queen *would* have her gloves made before mine, which I would not suffer the glover to do.'" Sarah of Marlborough proceeds to deny the story entirely, but the very passage shows that there was some tale circulating in Europe, that the division between her royal mistress and herself, originated with some trifling occurrence regarding a pair of gloves. It may be believed that she was wholly ignorant of the real incident, having forgotten her petulant and injurious words as soon as uttered, at the same time being totally unconscious that Anne had been within hearing of them. Her royal highness, contented with the insight she had gained, by this slight accident,[4] into lady Marlborough's real feelings to-

[1] An erroneous version of this incident was current in France, and is thus recorded by that caustic historical essayist, Voltaire; after speaking of the insolence of the duchess of Marlborough to her royal benefactress, he says, "A pair of gloves of a particular fashion which she refused the queen, and a jar of water that she let fall on lady Masham's gown by an affected mistake, changed the destinies of Europe."—Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV., Smollett's Translation, p. 262.

[2] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. ii. p. 458, April, 1742.

[3] Conduct by the Duchess of Marlborough, printed in 1742. By the "book," Doddridge means the Conduct.

[4] This court tradition has been preserved orally, from the narrative of the late countess of Harcourt, of the elder line, the widow of Simon, earl of Harcourt. This noble lady was nearly a centegenarian, and had every means of knowing correctly the internal history of the English court since the days under discussion.

wards her, never brought the matter to discussion. As for Abigail Hill, she was the most silent and secretive of human creatures, and in all probability never detailed the anecdote until her courtly life and all concerning it had for ever passed away.

Perhaps it is as well to mention, that lady Marlborough's disgust and loathing at having touched the gloves of the princess Anne, had no rational foundation, excepting perhaps some degree of feminine envy of the chief beauty her royal highness possessed. The hands and arms of Anne were like those of her mother, very fine, and considered the most perfect in Europe, in regard to delicacy and form.

At this period, was renewed the extraordinary offer of adoption of the son of James II. by William III. which had formed one of the secret articles of the peace of Ryswick; it was well enough known to be mentioned in all histories, even in those which asserted the most strenuously the fiction that this unfortunate prince of Wales was not the son of his own mother. Perhaps, the justice of the step had been urged to the Orange king in the letters of the noble-minded protestant heiress of the crown of Great Britain, Sophia, electress of Hanover, at the period of her recent visit at Loo, which has been mentioned. There is every reason to suppose, that Sophia would write to the king, concerning the exiled prince,[1] at least as fully and freely as she did to his ministers, for she had known William from his youth upwards, had carried him in her arms in his infancy, and seen him daily in his boyhood, when she lived with her mother, the queen of Bohemia, at the Hague. Many circumstances combined to sway the mind of William towards his unfortunate kinsman,—his failing health—the movements of an awakened conscience, which from time to time are seen to glimmer through the anecdotes his contemporaries have preserved of him—and above all, his abhorrence of the princess Anne, his hatred to her husband, and his ardent wish to exclude her from the succession.

Notwithstanding her recent profession of penitence, it is not probable that the princess Anne would have approved of William's determination in behalf of her brother, for her

[1] Vol. IX., Life of Mary Beatrice, where the evidences are discussed. See likewise Dalrymple's Appendix, and Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi.

feelings of this nature seldom lasted longer than a few weeks. In fact, neither herself nor her husband despaired of becoming the parents of a numerous family. Either the "Jacobite letters," as they are called, of the high-minded electress, or some opinion of hers that had transpired about the period of her visit to Loo, had inspired Anne with the greatest apprehension concerning her, and had exasperated lady Marlborough into excessive enmity, which exhaled in unlimited abuse.[1] Sophia openly avowed that the young son of James II. had been atrociously injured by the calumnies on his birth, and that, deeming him, as she did, a true representative of the elder line of her illustrious ancestors, she nobly considered that he had a right, as a free agent, to renounce at once the crowns of his kingdoms and the liturgy of the church of England, as a Roman catholic, before he ought to be superseded by her son or grandson. Now, while young James was branded as a spurious child, he could not exercise that free will. It is probable that the electress knew that this stigma was thrown upon him by the instigation and connivance of the princess Anne and her favourite, Sarah of Marlborough, a fact that is undeniable from the letters of the princess Anne.

The renewal of William's offered adoption of the exiled prince, occurred directly after the visit of the electress to him, at Loo; but no little difficulty presented itself, as to how the English people were to be induced to forego the prejudices which had been so carefully inculcated concerning this prince? As the father had been driven out of the country partly by the agency of the ribald ballad of "Lillabulero," so the people were to be reconciled to the son by similar means; the public pulse was felt, and preparation was made for the change, by songs written to the old English tunes prevalent from the days of the Plantagenets. The venal pen of the song-poet, D'Urfey, a very remarkable character, who had been an active writer of political ballads, during the regencies of Mary II., was put into requisition by the ministry of William III., in 1701.

Just at the period when the reports were popular and prevalent, that king William meant to adopt the son of his

[1] See many passages in the Correspondence of the duchess of Marlborough, published by Colburn, 1836, and many more yet in MS. in Coxe's Collection, Brit. Museum.]

uncle, the Whig songster favoured the public with the following lay of his own devising, adapted to the metre and tune of the popular old English melody of "Gillian of Croydon," the original of which, perhaps, dates as far back as the frolicsome days of prince Hal. As many Jacobite lyrics have been quoted, it is but fair to give a specimen of the poetic powers of the opposite party.

"Strange news, strange news! the *Jacks*[1] of the city
Have got," cried Joan, "but we mind not tales—
That our good king, through wonderful pity,
Will leave his crown to *the prince of Wales*,
That peace may be the stronger still,
And that they no longer may rebel."

"Pish, 'tis a jest!" cried Gillian of Croydon—
Gillian, fair Gillian, bright Gillian of Croydon,
"Take off your glass!" cries Gillian of Croydon—
"Here's a health to our master Will!"[2]

It appears that some hints had transpired among the people of the adoption offered by William III. at the peace of Ryswick; that such proposal was made is equally mentioned by the royal historiographer of his own times, (James II.,) and the Whig writers. Tindal, who is rather an important authority, being a contemporary controversial author, much connected with the revolutionary government, thus marks the date of the last proposal:—"The earl of Jersey avowed to king William III. his attachment to James II., and on that account was sent ambassador to France, for the purpose of advancing a reconciliation with the exiled king, who was, by lord Jersey, entreated to listen to king William's overtures to make his son successor to the crown. This was after the death of the duke of Gloucester." Tindal adds, that king William "renounced all *these errors* before he died." He did so; but not until king James had positively refused to confide his son to him, as he himself records, in his autobiography,[3] which is in complete coincidence with Tindal's printed history. It is likewise remarkable, that king James dwells as much on the impossibility of trusting the life of his child with William III., as his does on difference of religion.

[1] The Jacobites are always called "Jacks," in the political slang of that day.

[2] *William III.* Gillian was a fair hostess of Croydon in ancient times. D'Urfey has another of these Gillian parodies on Anne's accession: the refrain of which is, "Here's a health to our mistress Nan."

[3] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 510, date 1701-2.

The vengeance of William, for his uncle's contemptuous rejection of his offered adoption of young James, occupied his last hours; but in the intermediate time he was forced to be content with leaving his hated sister-in-law in possession of all the hopes which parliament had authorized. It has been strongly asserted that king William meant to supersede Anne, by using his influence to place Sophia or her son, George of Hanover, as his immediate successor to the throne. He might wish to do so, but all events prove that neither Sophia nor George considered the advantages offered worth engaging in a course of base intrigues. It is certain that neither the mother nor son liked Anne, although they never took any step against her prior claims to the succession.

The princess Anne had scarcely laid aside her mourning for her only child, when the death of her father caused her to resume it.

Mary Beatrice of Modena, the widow of her father, wrote to her, in compliance with his death-bed injunction, communicating his paternal forgiveness to her for her conduct, and charging her, on his blessing, to make reparation to her brother for the injury she had done him. If Anne ever replied to this letter, her answer will be found among the sealed documents of the royal Stuarts in her majesty's collection at Windsor. It was probably the letter of the royal widow of James II. which is mysteriously alluded to in the following passage:—[1]

"It was commonly reported at this juncture," says a contemporary,[2] that on his death-bed, king James charged his daughter not to accept the crown at the death of William, but as she was childless, to make way for her brother; and that king William demanded to see this letter, which Anne, refusing to show him, he vowed that he would do the utmost to exclude her from the succession. It was averred that papers to this effect were found in king William's closet. The house of lords thought proper to inquire into this report, and pronounced it unfounded, and that its repetition was *scandalum magnatum*.[3] Nevertheless, such discovery was in the strongest coincidence with the foregoing passages; and with the course of events

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Cunningham, the Whig historian, strongly authenticates the proposed adoption, but *excuses* it as done to deceive.

[2] See Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena, vol. ix.

[3] Roger Coke, vol. iii. p. 132.

during the decline of William, and the first two or three years of the reign of Anne; when it appears most apparent that a jealous rivalry had succeeded to the remorse that touched her mind at the death-bed of Gloucester. To her husband's powerful but quiet influence may be attributed her change. The demise of her father gave her no apparent sorrow, or her feelings would not have been made a question by a contemporary who narrowly watched her, and who had, at the same time, a relative domesticated near her person.[1]

"How far the death of her father, king James, affected the princess," says Roger Coke, "I never could tell." He thought it needful, however, in his history, to make an apology for her going in black for her unfortunate father, by saying "that decency and custom obliged her to do so," and adds, "that she was actually in mourning for him when she ascended the throne."

As a preparation for that event, which the failing health of king William showed could not be very distant, the princess Anne commenced the study of history; a science inconsistent with a brain pre-occupied with cards, court gossip, and trifling particulars of etiquette. The princess soon became fatigued with her new studies, and reverted to her former occupations.

When the news of the death of James II. arrived in London, public curiosity was greatly excited regarding the cognizance which would be taken of it by his nephew and daughter. King William was absent at Loo, entertaining as his guests the duke of Zell and his young grandson,[2] (afterwards George II.) Since the firm refusal of James II. to let him have the young prince of Wales for his heir, William had ostentatiously patronized the young German prince as the reversionary heir of Great Britain; being the son of the hereditary prince of Hanover, (George I.,) and the wretched daughter of the duke of Zell, Sophia Dorothea. They were present when the news was brought to William of the demise of his long suffering uncle, James II.

It seemed as if the message of forgiveness sent by James II. to "his son," William of Orange, had been one of

[1] Thomas Coke, who had been in the household of the princess Anne; we shall afterwards find him in the important office of her vice-chamberlain.

[2] Correspondence of Laurence, earl of Rochester. Letter dated Sept. 16, (O. S.) 1701.

those awful summonses from the injured, of which such wondrous tales are told in the histories of the middle ages. William heard it at his dinner-table at Loo, with flushing cheek and down-cast eyes, then pulled his hat over his brows, and sat in moody silence the livelong day. If he were wrestling with a yearning heart, which told him that his earliest friend and nearest relative was gone where treachery could never find him more, he won the victory, as the subsequent attainder of his young cousin, a boy of twelve years old, fully proved. But from the afternoon when he heard of his uncle's death, William of Orange never looked like a man long for this world.

Yet he was full of schemes for new wars and slaughters, (luckless as he ever was in battle, whenever he was opposed by any species of equal force,) he only seemed to live when homicide was around him.

Among other struggles in the mind of William III. was whether he should go in mourning for his uncle. This was not decided when his minister, Auverquerque, wrote to England concerning the news, forbidding new clothes to the royal livery servants at Hampton Court, until the king's pleasure was known.[1] As James II. had worn no mourning for the death of his daughter Mary, and prevented a court-mourning for her in France, it was a matter of surprise when it was found that king William assumed sables for his uncle, not only on his own person, but his footmen and coaches were clad in the same hue. He intimated that he did not expect the nobles and court of England to do the same.[2] Fashion, however, made his subjects imitate the proceedings of himself and his "sister Anne," therefore the outward token of respect was almost universally paid by all ranks of the people to the memory of king James.

The princess Anne went through all the pageantry of sable, as if she had meant to be considered as a modern Cordelia. Her intention of going into mourning was announced in the Gazette of September 13. St. James's was hung with black. She appeared in all the insignia of filial woe, at chapel, the Sunday after the news of her father's death reached London. The establishment of the queen-

[1] Correspondence of Laurence, earl of Rochester. Letter dated Sept. 16, (O.S.) 1701.

[2] Ibid. p. 288. Dangeau and the duke de St. Simon declare that William wore violet as mourning for his uncle.

dowager, Catherine of Braganza, (still retained at Somerset House,) and all the individuals in her service, assumed mourning, by the orders of the dowager's chamberlain, lord Feversham. In short, the mourning in England for the exiled sovereign was a general fashion.

The career of William was very brief after this event. His asthma increased. He felt the decay of the feeble body which the active mind disavowed. He consulted, under feigned names, all the most noted physicians in Europe, and among the rest the celebrated Fagon, assuming the character of a *curé*. Fagon, who was the favourite physician of Louis XIV., seems to have suspected the real rank of his patient; he inexorably sent word to the *curé*, "that he must prepare himself for death." The bad news augmented the malady; William consulted him afresh, under a new name. The skilful Fagon recognised the case of the pretended *curé*. He changed not his opinion, but conveyed it in more considerate terms. He prescribed for him medicines likely to alleviate, if not to cure. The remedies were followed, and some relief experienced; but the time had arrived when William was compelled to feel the nothingness of this world, in the midst of his new projects for a general war.

The Gazette of September 17, 1701, has the following announcement: "'Tis said their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark will return to St. James' palace a week before the king's return, which 'tis said will be about the latter end of the next month."

William accordingly arrived as usual at the end of October, his first care being to open his parliament, and take measures for attainting his uncle's orphan child, the young hapless James Stuart, and his widowed mother likewise, and to set every means in agitation to induce the English nation to enter into a new war.

The newspapers of the period were replete with their observations on the bountiful distribution of alms afforded by the princess Anne, the same Christmas, to poor-housekeepers in the parishes of St. Margaret, Westminster, St. James, and St. Anne, and elsewhere in London. The people at large looked forward to change with some anticipation that their cruel burthens would be ameliorated at the accession of the princess, who was indeed their idol. Meantime the king's party were agitating a scheme for

her exclusion from the throne; some declared that the king meant to imprison the princess for life,[1] and send for the heir of the house of Hanover, as his successor; all coffee-houses swarmed with political orators, who made the most disrespectful mention of her royal highness. Some affected to believe that she would refuse to sanction the coming war, out of regard to her father's last injunction; others, with more probability, asseverated that the extraordinary measures then filling the senate with stormy debates on the expediency of attainting a child not yet out of his legal infancy, and his mother, (who was forced to protect and do her best for him,) were wholly at the instigation of Anne. It was further affirmed that she had said "that she dared not mount the throne, until these bills were passed!" It is possible that one clause was inserted on account of her alarms, which was an act to make conspirators, endeavouring to injure or destroy her, liable to the same penalties as against the heir-apparent.[2] In regard to the attainder of her young brother and of her stepmother, Mary Beatrice, there is no other evidence that the measures originated with the princess Anne than the positive assertion of one of Louis XIV.'s ministers, Dangeau,[3] corroborated by the fact that her friends were among the most persevering in the house of lords, in their persecuting bills, against the unfortunate widow of James II., which the house of commons threw out as indefatigably as they were presented under new forms.[4]

The same house of commons were then employed in tearing from William III.'s favourites the enormous grants with which he had invested them; among others, they made his friend, lord Portland, surrender the revenues of the future princes of Wales, given him, truly, with hereditary entail to his progeny! Elizabeth Villiers, the king's mistress, had been obliged to surrender the estate of James II. in Ireland, with arrears of an income of 17,000*l.* The English people saw no reason why this woman was to be heiress of their late sovereign's private property in preference to his children.

Whilst the inquisition concerning these grants was

[1] Lidiard's Life of the duke of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 146.
[2] White Kennet's History, Jan. 22, 1701, vol. iii. p. 850.
[3] Dangeau's Memoirs.
[4] Ralph's History, last pages of vol. iii.

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going on, lady Orkney (Elizabeth Villiers) entered into treaty with the friends of the princess Anne, and promised, that if she might be permitted to keep her spoil, she would, by her influence with the king,[1] obtain the expulsion of their great enemy, lord Somers. There was no need of making so dear a bargain for this lady's offices; for lord Somers was too deep in the corruptions and misgovernment relative to the infamous partnership with captain Kidd,[2] the pirate, to be able to look the public in the face as a minister of state just then.

King William seldom came to London during the winter of 1701. He felt convinced that death was at hand; yet he still mounted his horse for his favourite diversion of hunting, or rather, what we should call in the present day, coursing. He came but on council-days to Kensington Palace, and kept himself as much as possible in retirement at Hampton Court, where his time was spent superintending the digging of the ugly longitudinal canals, with which he was cutting up the beautiful lime-tree glades, planted by his grandsire, Charles I., in the Home Park, rendering Hampton Court as like a Dutch *hof* as possible, both in aspect and atmosphere. It was in the gardens of Hampton Court that he confided to lord Portland his positive conviction, that he should not survive till the end of 1701; but he charged him "not to mention it before his death to any one, lest the war should be prevented."[3]

"The king took the diversion of hunting last Saturday, and returned at night to Kensington." Many notices of the same kind occurred during the winter months of 1702.[4] When in London for a few hours, the king usually dined with his favourite, Keppel, at his lodgings in Whitehall, the Cockpit, where the business of government was carried on."

It is necessary to mention, as briefly as possible, the circumstance which plunged Europe into a war, that was deeply connected with the future disquiet of the princess Anne. Don Carlos II., the imbecile and invalid king "of Spain and the Indies," had sunk into a premature grave, leaving no children to inherit his dominions. The lineal

[1] Bibl. Birch. 4224. MS. Biographical Anecdotes.
[2] See Shrewsbury Papers; although edited by a most partial historian, Coxe, no one can read them without indignation.
[3] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 826.
[4] The Postboy, Jan. 27, 1701-2.

heir was the dauphin duke of Burgundy, the young grandson of Louis XIV., and his consort, the infanta of Spain, Maria Teresa. It is true, that by the marriage treaty of this princess, she had relinquished all claims on the Spanish succession for herself and her heirs—an abrogation treated as a mere formula by the partisans of her grandson in Spain. William III., as the generalissimo of the emperor and the confederated princes of Germany, determined to oppose this inheritance, and under the plea that Louis XIV. would become too powerful by his influence over his grandson, they formed a coalition to divide the dominions of Spain in three parts, of which England was to take one share, Austria another, and Holland a third.[1] Such was the precursor and precedent of the partition of Poland, which was actually effected at the end of the same century.

As soon as the design of the Spanish partition was known, the English parliament strongly opposed it, expressed horror at the iniquity, and wanted to impeach the contrivers. Another plan had to be found to raise effectually the tocsin of war, and this was to place Charles of Austria, the brother of the emperor, on the throne of Spain, as the next male heir. The Austrian prince was about twenty-three, while young Philip of France was a minor. Moreover, as in the present day, the northern half of Spain, the Basques, the Catalans, and Arragonese,[2] were loth to acknowledge the line of the females, till every male heir failed. The allies, therefore, took advantage of internal division to foster a civil war in Spain; the north for the heir-male of Ferdinand of Arragon, Charles of Austria, while the south of Spain remained loyal to the next heir of Isabella of Castile,[3] Philip of France. The valuable prize of the Spanish Netherlands laid perfectly convenient to be fought for between the confederated armies

[1] This scheme was peculiarly unrighteous in regard to William III. He had been, from his youth upwards, the hired general of Spain, and now to turn and rend the vitals of the realm that had so long paid him with her treasure, seemed scarcely consistent with moral justice.

[2] This is according to the ancient constitution of Arragon, to which the proud Arragonese still cling.

[3] The truth is, that the ancient laws of Arragon and the north of Spain militate strongly against female succession, while Castile has, from the earliest times, acknowledged female heirship. Arragon and the north was, as now, always in a state of revolt during the reign of Joanna, (the mother of Charles V.,) although her son, the most powerful mind among the royalty of Europe, reigned as regent.

of England and Germany, and the military power of France: it had been the object of all William's battles and sieges for nearly thirty years. It was to prove the fighting ground of Marlborough's subsequent victories. After William III.'s partition-scheme had sunk amid the execrations of all who were expected to be concerned in it, the object for which England was to be induced to enter into war seems indistinct. A rich slice of the Netherlands, howsoever dishonest the acquisition might have been, was something tangible; but to win the Netherlands for Charles of Austria, if more morally honest, was a very Quixotic excuse for manslaughter by wholesale. As for the aggravation given by Louis XIV., by his acknowledgment of the son of James II. as king of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland, *de jure*, it would be difficult to prove what made it a greater injury than recognising the title of the father, which was equally done since the peace of Ryswick?

A real historian must repudiate with scorn the false plea of religious warfare, the alleged support of the protestant cause against Roman-catholic cruelty, clearly because, with all his bigotry, Louis XIV. was a less culpable bigot than any prince of the Spanish-Austrian line; and the worst persecutions of protestants in France had not, in the worst of times, equalled the common proceedings every year of the inquisition in Spain. As there is no intention of suffocating the biography of queen Anne with her continental warfare, our readers must be contented with reference to this rapid statement of its original causes.

William III. had amused and gratified his departing spirit by laying the train for this European conflagration, which only waited the usual campaigning season to burst into a blaze. The king had (perhaps to keep him out of political mischief at home) given the earl of Marlborough the command of his military preparations in Holland, and, in case of his own death, had expressed his opinion that the talents in war of that general ought to entitle him to command the allied forces. Thus, without the least bellicose propensities on her own part, every circumstance tended to make foreign warfare and the reign of Anne commence simultaneously.

It had been well known in England that king William had been dangerously ill at Loo the preceding autumn of 1701; but his state of health had been carefully concealed

from the public. He rode into the Home Park, at Hampton Court, the morning of February 21 to look at the excavation making, under his directions, for a new canal, which was to run in another longitudinal stripe by the side of that which now deforms the vista, and injures the air of Hampton Court-gardens. His majesty was mounted on sir John Fenwick's sorrel pony, when, just as he came by the head of the two canals, opposite to the Ranger's Park pales, the sorrel pony happened to tread in a mole-hill, and fell. Such is the tradition of the palace; and it must be owned, that after a careful examination of the spot, the author prefers its adoption to the usual assertion of historians, "that the king's pony stumbled when he was returning from hunting," especially when the mischievous effects of the subterranean works of moles in that soil are remembered. For an officer of rank, who resides in the vicinity, asserted that he had twice met with accidents which threatened to be dangerous, owing to his horse having plunged his fore-foot to the depth of more than fifteen inches in mole-hills at Bushy Park and the Home Park. There, too, may be seen the half-excavated canal, which has remained without water, and in an unfinished state. None of William III.'s successors being Dutch, all taste for straight stripes of still water ceased to be fashionable with the life of the crowned Hollander. The account that the king himself gave of his accident agrees with the Hampton Court tradition. "Riding in the park at noon," he said to Dr. Bidloo, "while I was making my horse change his walk into a gallop, he fell upon his knees; upon that I meant to raise him with the bridle, but he fell forwards to one side, so I fell with my right shoulder on the ground. 'Tis a strange thing," added his majesty, musingly, "for it happened on smooth, level ground."[1]

King William thus took his death-hurt within sight of the entrance of Hampton Court Palace. From the first weeks of his arrival in England, he had always had plans in agitation to make that favourite seat of his royalty as different in outward semblance as possible to its aspect when, in his youth, he had visited his uncles there. He was occupied in the same object when the accident, he thought so utterly

[1] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 831; and Lamberty, who likewise speaks as from the king's lips.

unaccountable, befel him. The workmen busy at the neighbouring excavation raised the overthrown monarch, and assisted him to the palace. He affirmed, that he was very slightly hurt; but Ronjat, his surgeon, who was there, found he had broken his right collar-bone. On what trifles do human plans and projects depend, and what mean agency is sufficient to tumble the ambitious schemes of military pride and glory literally in the very dust? The purblind mole, that was obeying the first call of spring to repair his fortification, and set his subterranean house in order, did what Louis XIV. and all his engineers never could effect: he prevented William III. from heading Europe in battle-array against France.

The angry Jacobites found more than one circumstance of exultation in this accident, which proved so fatal to William III. "The little gentleman in black velvet" became one of their party toasts, and they wrote many eulogies on the sagacity of Sorrel, who had been the favourite pony of the unfortunate sir John Fenwick, and had taken an opportunity of thus revenging the illegal death of his master. Pope has followed this example in the contrast he drew between the preservation of Charles at Boscobel, and the accident at Bushy:

> "Angels, who watched the guardian oak so well,
> How chanced ye slept when luckless Sorrel fell?"[1]

When Ronjat had set the fractured collar bone of the king, he earnestly recommended to him rest and medical regimen. William refused to submit to any such discipline, he made light of the accident, declared the injury was nothing, that he must go to Kensington that night, and go he would despite of all remonstrance. On the journey, the jolting of the carriage displaced the fractured bones, and he was in a state of great pain and exhaustion when he arrived at his palace of Kensington. Bidloo, his household physician, received him there, and making many remonstrances regarding the wilfulness of royal patients, the injured collar-bone was re-set by Ronjat, under his superintendence.

The public papers announced the accident under which the king was suffering, in their own peculiar manner; like-

[1] This couplet was among the passages suppressed until the editions after Pope's death.

wise, they record the movements of the prince and princess of Denmark during the important week while the recovery of his majesty hung in suspense.

"As the king was taking the divertisement of *hunting a deer*, near Hampton town, on Saturday last,[1] (21 Feb.,) his horse slipt, so that his majesty fell, and had the misfortune to *hurt* his collar-bone; after which he dined at Hampton Court, and at night came in his coach to Kensington, where he rested well that night, as he did on Sunday morning. Their royal highnesses, princess Anne, and George of Denmark, have been to Kensington to visit his majesty, who is, *blessed be God!* in a very good state of health, and in no manner of danger from the accident.[2] The princess and her consort, on February 24, paid a visit at Kensington to his majesty, who God be thanked, is in perfect health; their highnesses went on to Windsor.[3] His majesty is very well, notwithstanding the fall he got on Saturday a hunting. Yesterday, (Feb. 26,) their royal highnesses paid the king a visit, on their return from Windsor."[4]

The king sent a message to the united houses of parliament (28th of February), for promoting the union with Scotland, in which he mentioned the mishap of breaking the collar-bone, "as an unhappy accident;" meantime he advised expedition in passing the bill for the attainder of young James Stuart, which had been in agitation in parliament since the preceding January.

It is just possible that when the act passed parliament, March 1st, against a child, who was his nearest male relative, some agitation might take place in the mind of the invalid king, for that self-same hour he was struck with his mortal malady, which appeared in the shape of spasmodic cramp. He recovered a little by the use of stimulants, and, on the 6th of March, walked for exercise in the gallery of Kensington-palace; he felt fatigued, and sat down on a couch near an open window, and fell fast asleep; he slept two hours; no one dared waken him, for his pages and personal attendants dreaded the effects of his positiveness and peevishness. Shiverings

[1] The Postboy, Saturday, Feb. 21 to Feb. 24, 1701-2. Brit. Museum.
[2] The Flying Post. Ibid.
[3] The English Post, Monday, Feb. 23, to Feb. 25. [4] Postman, Feb. 26.

and spasms seized him when he awoke from this unhealthy slumber; he was carried to bed in great misery. Sir Richard Blackmore, the poetaster-physician, attended him, but did him no good. It may be judged how little the public papers knew of his majesty's malady, or were permitted to communicate concerning it, by these passages:—"The king continues very well, but it not being advisable that his majesty should *yet* go abroad, the act for attainting the pretended prince of Wales, and the act for further punishing deserters and mutineers, received the royal assent."[1] Notwithstanding the assertion of the public prints, the attainder of the young prince, James Stuart, had *not* received the royal ratification, for the king fell into fits whenever he attempted to sign the act[2] which was finally effected by being stamped by his ministers, on the Saturday afternoon, with his initials, when his death was approaching.[3] A dead silence was maintained in the newspapers regarding the state of William, until his death; but stocks fell every day, and from this occult bulletin, the monied world formed accurate inferences on the subject.

All this time, the king's breath became more and more oppressed—a fatal symptom, which was soon observed by lord Jersey, the lord chamberlain of his household. This courtier immediately despatched a trusty messenger with the news to the princess Anne, at St. James's Palace. Likewise, ever and anon, during the agony of king William, did lord Jersey despatch intelligence to the expectant heiress that the breath of the royal patient "grew shorter every half hour." The princess had sent, in the course of that day, to Kensington Palace, a dutiful message to the king, entreating permission to see him in his bedchamber. It

[1] Postman newspaper, March 3, 1702, which contained, in the same week, the following advertisement:—"The true effigies of Georgius Augustus, (and not Gulielmus Ernestus, as was by mistake mentioned in a previous Postman,) prince of Hanover, grandson to the most illustrious princess Sophia, duchess-dowager, daughter to Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, sister of Charles I., declared to succeed to the crown of England, &c., by the late act for settling the succession in the protestant line. Done from the original brought over by the earl of Macclesfield, and humbly dedicated to the lord Mohun. Sold by E. Cooper, at the Three Pidgeons in Bedford-street, price 1*s.* 6*d.*" This was one of the signs of the times on the attainder of the unfortunate James Stuart. The prince represented was afterwards George II., then a boy about the same age with his cousin, the expatriated prince of Wales.

[2] Coxe's Walpole Papers, vol. i. p. 17.

[3] See vol. x., Life of Mary Beatrice.

was answered by the dying king himself, who collected his strength to pronounce a short and rude "No!"[1] The prince of Denmark actually made many attempts to enter the king's chamber, but met with as many downright repulses. The newspapers of the day affirm that the king was kept alive all the Saturday night by the use of "Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial." Lamberty, who was in the palace with his patron, Lord Portland, that night—and therefore is indisputable evidence—declares "that the king was supported entirely by spirituous liquors." Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial was a strong spirituous compound. His majesty had desired to see his friend Bentinck, lord Portland, who, it is well known, never came to court since the period of the peace of Ryswick, excepting on a special message. This nobleman was sent for, and was momentarily expected during the Saturday evening. The king was likewise anxiously looking for the arrival of his favourite, Keppel earl of Albemarle, from a mission on which he had sent him to Holland; he just arrived before the king lost his speech, and was in his travelling boots when he came to his majesty's bed-side. The king was very desirous of saying something in confidence to Keppel; he gave him the keys of his escritoir and bade him take possession, for his private use, of 20,000 guineas—all the private property his majesty had at command; he likewise directed him to destroy all the letters which would be found in a cabinet which he named.[2] Keppel was extremely eager to give his royal master information of the rapid progress of his martial preparations for the commencement of war in the Low Countries, and, for the first time, the departing warrior listened to the anticipations of battle with a cold dull ear; all the comment he made was comprised in these impressive words, the last he uttered distinctly: "*Je tire vers ma fin*"—"I draw towards my end!"

His old friend, Bentinck earl of Portland, entered the chamber of death early on the Sunday morning; the king was speechless, but had not then lost memory or consciousness. He took the hand of Bentinck, pressed it to his heart, and held it there while the pangs of death were dealing with

[1] Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 1623.

[2] Macpherson, vol. ii. p. 207. The historian considers that these papers, if preserved, would have thrown very important lights on his biography.

him. Lamberty, the secretary of Bentinck, expressly declares that no English lord was admitted into the royal chamber until the king had lost all consciousness. Burnet and others give an account of his reception of the sacrament as administered by archbishop Tennison, a fact which Lamberty positively denies.

Just as the clock struck eight, William III. drew his last breath; he expired very gently in the arms of his page, Sewel, who sat behind his pillow supporting him. The lords in waiting, the earls of Scarborough and Lexington, no sooner perceived that the spirit had departed, than they told Ronjat, the surgeon, to unbind from the wrist of the royal corpse a black ribbon which fastened a bracelet of queen Mary's hair, close on the pulse.[1] It was an outrage to tear from the arm of the breathless warrior this memorial so long cherished and so secretly kept. If William had not through life scorned the language of poetry, his newly separated spirit might have sympathized with the exquisite lines of that true poet, Crashaw:—

> "Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
> Or question much
> The subtile wreath of hair about mine arm:
> The mystery, the sign, thou must not touch!"

William III. was fifty-one years, four months, and four days old when he died, he had reigned thirteen years, three weeks, and two days. More than one prelate and other persons of rank were waiting, either in Kensington Palace or in the environs, to carry the news of her royalty to the princess, now queen Anne.

[1] Cunningham's History of Great Britain.

ANNE,

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Accession of queen Anne—Tidings brought her by bishop Burnet of king William's death—She refuses audience to her uncle Clarendon—He refuses to take the oath of allegiance to her—Compliments of her courtiers, lords Normanby and Dartmouth—Queen's first council—Visit to houses of parliament, &c.—Takes possession of Kensington Palace—Negotiation with bishop Ken to crown her, and receive back his prelacy—He refuses to take the oaths, or to crown her—Queen Anne proclaimed at Edinburgh queen of Scotland—Singular abnegation of the prince-consort—Queen sits to Kneller for her Windsor portrait (*see frontispiece*)—Coronation of Anne, queen of Great Britain and Ireland—Queen's infirmity of lameness—Her protestant coronation-oath, ceremonial, &c.—Anecdote of the queen and her consort on the coronation night—Commencement of war with France—Queen's letter for mercy to deserters—Great power given by the queen to lady Marlborough as mistress of her robes, &c.—Queen's expression of enmity to lord Brandon—Queen abolishes sale of places at court—Anecdotes concerning this measure—Queen alarmed at the asthmatic illness of her consort—Accompanies him on a western progress to Bath—Her royal reception at Oxford—Curious adventure of her consort prince George at Bristol—He dines with John Duddlestone, the bodice-maker—Queen Anne invites John Duddlestone and his wife to Windsor Castle—Queen knights John Duddlestone, and gives her gold watch to his wife—Queen receives a letter from a Saxon duke, on naming his son Anne—The queen's name-children.

Anxious vigils had been held at St. James's Palace since the last rude repulse had been given by the dying king to the visit of his heiress-expectant and her husband, when they came to see him, during his last illness, at Kensington; agents in their interest were, however, very busy about his death-bed. Throughout the preceding Saturday night and early morning of Sunday, March 8th, the princess Anne and her favourite, Sarah of Marlborough,

sat in momentary expectation of the dawn of the royalty of the one and the dictatorship of the other—receiving, ever and anon, hurried notes from lord Jersey, the king's lord-chamberlain, describing "how the breath of William III. grew shorter and shorter."[1] The lady Marlborough, according to her own account, was seized with a qualm of horror while these half-hourly bulletins were coming in. She thus mentions the circumstance, to the exaltation of her own sensibility, and the depreciation of every one else concerned in the matter: "And now, after all I have related of the king, and after so much dislike as I have expressed of his character and conduct, I shall be hardly believed in what I am going to say. Yes, your lordship[2] *will* believe me, for you will judge of *my* heart by your own. When king William came to die, I felt nothing of that satisfaction which I once thought I should have had on this occasion; and my lord and lady Jersey's writing and sending perpetually to give account as his breath grew shorter, filled me with horror; I thought I would lose the best employment at court sooner than act so odious a part."

But there was another personage who had, likewise, stationed himself as a watcher of the failing respiration of king William—a volunteer in that service, who meant to run a race with Anne's chosen agents, and be the first in with the intelligence of death; he did so, and won it too, for he brought the queen the earliest tidings of her royalty.

"As soon as the breath was out of king William," says lord Dartmouth, "by which event all expectations from him were for ever at an end, off set Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, and drove hard to bring the first tidings of the king's demise to St. James's Palace, where he prostrated himself at the new queen's feet, full of joy and duty; but he obtained no advantage over the earl of Essex, (the lord of the bedchamber, then in waiting, whose proper office it was to communicate the event,) besides being universally laughed at for his officiousness."[3] Burnet must have received some signal scorn, on this occasion, from her majesty, which hurt his self-love too much to permit him

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 120.

[2] Lord Cholmondeley, who is supposed to be the person to whom the duchess addressed her "Conduct."

[3] Lord Dartmouth's Note to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 309.

to dwell on it, since he omits to record that he was the first voice that hailed Anne queen of the British empire. But the fact is undeniable, since it is told by friend as well as foe. "On the queen's accession to the throne," wrote the spy Mackey, "the bishop was the first that brought her the news of king William's death; yet he was turned out of his lodgings at court, and met with several affronts."[1]

Every succeeding minute of that memorable Sunday morning brought some other applicant for audience with the queen, from her intimate friends or near relations. All was business and bustle; the sun was as bright and glaring as ever shone on a clear March morning; the bells called from all the steeples in London and Westminster to morning-prayer—few heeded the summons. The queen was receiving those, among the crowds of politicians besieging her presence-chamber at St. James's, whom she considered entitled to an interview at the private levée she held before the important public business began of her recognition by the privy-council. Among others, her uncle, the earl of Clarendon, was seen pressing through the throngs, in the ante-chamber, that besieged the cabinet of newly-ascended majesty. The queen guessed his errand only too truly. He desired of the lord in waiting "admittance to his niece." The message was delivered to her majesty, who sent word to him:

"That if he would go and qualify himself to enter her presence, she would be very glad to see him."

[1] Mackey's Characters, p. 140. This man, who passed the principal part of his life as a paid spy, has left a curious collection of written characters of the nobility composing the court and senate of William and Mary, and Anne. He was a particular friend of bishop Burnet, and appointed his executor, which office he fulfilled; but his own standard of moral rectitude was so low, that he printed some remains of Burnet which scandalized all Christendom. Lord Dartmouth is thus described by the spy Mackey, who drew the characters of the court of queen Anne rather according to their polities than their qualifications. The characters are retouched by the remarks of Swift. Lord Dartmouth neither being a Jacobite nor a republican, met with the approbation of neither. So much the better for our purposes, because the truth of the statements of that nobleman can be the better relied upon. "Lord Dartmouth," says Mackey, "sets up for a critic in conversation, makes jests, and loves to laugh at them; takes a deal of pains in his office, and is in a fair way of rising at court; is a short thick man, turned of thirty-four years." —"*This is fair enough writ,*" comments Swift, "*but lord Dartmouth has little sincerity.*" That is, he was not prepared to go all lengths to bring in the chevalier St. George as James III., on the death of Anne, as that prince remained inflexibly a Roman-catholic.

Her meaning was, "that if he chose to take the oath of allegiance to her, as his legitimate sovereign, she was willing to admit him."

In fact, her lord in waiting demanded, "if he was willing to take the oaths to queen Anne?"

"No," replied Clarendon; "I come to talk to my niece; I shall take no other oaths than I have taken."

How this uncompromising relative meant to talk to her, may be judged by his conversations with her at the period of the revolution. Queen Anne refused to see her uncle without he took the oaths, whereby he recognised her as his sovereign. "And," observes our authority, Roger Coke, "that wretched man remained a non-juror to the day of his death."[1]

Queen Anne was thus obliged to begin her reign with an act of hostility to her nearest relative in England. Clarendon's errand was evidently to recall the promises the queen had made to her father after the death of her son. Her other uncle, lord Rochester, was more complying; he had been one of the state-ministers of her sister, queen Mary, and was destined by queen Anne to have the chief share in the government of her empire.

Scarcely was the queen's uncle excluded for the crime of persisting in his non-juring principles, when her former lover, the marquis of Normanby, presented himself. With the same Jacobite affections as lord Clarendon, the marquis possessed that perfect indifference to religion which permitted him to take as many contradictory oaths as were, in the seventeenth century, considered needful for the public weal. When this elegant courtier had made his homage to the new sovereign, her majesty, who was a person of very few words, and of still fewer ideas, had recourse to her usual theme[2] of conversation, by remarking, "that it was a very fine day." "Your majesty must allow me to declare, that it is the finest day I ever saw in my life!"—a speech which obtained for him from the court the laudations due to a bon-mot, as well as to an elegantly-turned compliment, in which happy allusion was made to the beautiful weather. In fact, superstition is never more active than in remarks relative to the serenity or tempes-

[1] Detection, by Roger Coke, vol. iii. p. 330.
[2] Swift's Journal to Stella.

tuousness of the air, at a period when any remarkable event happens; there are few of the annalists of the reign of Anne that did not comment on the bright day of her accession, on the glorious shining forth of the sun, and predict a happy reign from the pleasantness of the weather. The contrast was the greater from the long years of inclemency which had marked the reign of William and Mary, and had continued during the solitary reign of the former, adding famine to the evils of his continuous wars.

Another early courtier, at this royal levée, was lord Dartmouth, who affected no grimace of sorrow for the decease of the queen's predecessor. He had not forgotten or forgiven the death of his father, in the grim fortress of the Tower, where he had been immured on the mere warrant of queen Mary, who suspected him of attachment to his old admiral, her deposed father; although he had given greater proof of his love to his religion and country, by surrendering the fleet without bloodshed, when the English nation declared against James II. Lord Dartmouth, the son, was certainly not a partisan of James; for he has not spared him, although he exposed the falsehoods told by his enemies. He recognised queen Anne as constitutional sovereign, by telling her "his joy at her accession was, indeed, without the least alloy." The queen replied, "that she did sincerely believe him."[1] All these visits to royalty took place, while the privy-council was collecting, in which the new queen was solemnly recognised, and at which she presided, about noon the same day, her majesty being dressed in deep mourning for the demise of her father.

The members of both houses of parliament met that morning, although it was Sunday; and Mr. Secretary Vernon notified the death of William III. to the house of commons. Mr. Granville rose, after the secretary had finished his announcement, and commenced what Anne's opponents called a Tory gratulation, beginning with—"Sir, we have lost a great king, and we have got a most gracious queen."[2] When all the speeches, proper for the occasion, were spoken, the houses of lords and commons went up with

[1] Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 11.
[2] Speaker Onslow's Notes on Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 2.

addresses of congratulation to the queen, on her accession.[1]

Anne received these august assemblies with much grace and dignity, and her greatest accomplishment was displayed in the answers she gave. As constitutional queen, of course, the matter she spoke was in the words of her ministers: her manner and tone of voice were her own. The sweetness of her voice in utterance had, when a girl, so much pleased her uncle, Charles II., that he ordered Mrs. Betterton, the famous actress, to teach her to speak; "which had been done," says lord Dartmouth, "with such success, that even, on this occasion, it was a real pleasure to hear her, though she had a bashfulness that made it very uneasy to herself to say much in public." "I have heard the queen speak from the throne," observes speaker Onslow, (long after she had passed away, therefore the commendation could not be flattery,) "and she had all that bishop Burnet and others have noticed of the sweetness of her voice and manner. I never saw an audience more affected: it was a sort of charm."[2] There was no little tact in king Charles's directions to have the sweet voice of the princess, his niece, cultivated for the science of elocution, rather than for singing, since a royal personage sways more hearts by speaking than by singing.

Notwithstanding the multifarious employments and agitations of that memorable Sunday of her accession, the queen attended divine service at St. James's Chapel, and heard a long sermon preached by Burnet.[3] Her majesty was, in the afternoon, proclaimed before the gates of St. James's Palace, at Temple Bar, and in Cheapside.[4]

The day of the queen's accession would have been one of great trial to a woman of a more sensitive nature, for she had to retire to the suite of apartments once occupied by her son, the young duke of Gloucester, at St. James's Palace, while her private apartments were hung with black, as decent mourning for king William. A general mourning was ordered by her privy council for the recently deceased king.[5] To mark the difference between the black she wore

[1] According to "The Postboy" newspaper (Brit. Museum), these addresses were offered the evening of Anne's accession.

[2] Speaker Onslow's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 2.

[3] Gazette. [4] Ibid.

[5] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii.

for her parent, and the court-mourning she assumed for her brother-in-law, the queen chose to mourn for her predecessor in purple;[1] and she accordingly assumed a dress of that hue on the day after his decease.

The queen went in solemn state to the house of lords, March 11; she was attended in her coach by the countess of Marlborough and two other ladies. Her majesty wore a star on her breast, and seated herself on her throne in her royal robes; it is said by the prints of the day that she wore the crown of St. Edward on her head, but this was a mistake.[2] The commons were sent for, and the queen addressed them in that sweet, thrilling voice which has before been described. Her speech, as constitutional queen, being the composition of her ministers, there is no occasion to load her personal life with the whole substance. The only remarkable points in it were, that it slid dexterously past all mention of her brother, and earnestly recommended the attainment of union between England and Scotland. She concluded with these words—"As I know my own heart to be entirely English, I can very sincerely assure you there is not anything you can expect or desire from me which I shall not be ready to do for the happiness and prosperity of England, and you shall always find me a strict and religious observer of my word."[3]

There is in the corridor gallery, at Windsor Castle, a picture of queen Anne opening her first parliament. Lady Marlborough stands nearly behind her majesty, and the great officers of state are, as now, ranged round the throne; but it does not appear that the custom had begun, of admitting ladies into the body of the house to view the pageant—at least, none appear to grace the scene. Her majesty returned in her coach, accompanied by his royal highness, prince George, to her palace of St. James; the sword was carried before her by the earl of Marlborough. The queen, out of respect to the memory of her predecessor and the season of Lent, ordered the theatres to be shut till after her coronation.[4] It was not until March 14, that an order was issued by council to change the royal names in the prayer-book; and

[1] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii., and London Gazette and Postboy.
[2] Postboy, March 12, 1702. [3] Ibid., March 12, 1701-2.
[4] Boyer's Annals of queen Anne, 1702.

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instead of "our sovereign lord, king William," to insert "our sovereign lady, queen Anne."

Scotland was still a separate kingdom. The Scotch council was summoned, March 13, and Anne was proclaimed queen of Scotland by the lord Lyon, king at arms, as Anne I. The churches in Edinburgh were hung with black for William's death. The queen went to Windsor[1] while St. James's Palace was completely hung with black.[2] She announced her coronation for April 23, the anniversary of that of her unfortunate father; declaring, at the same time, that the very deep mourning was to cease after that ceremony.[3] "For the encouragement of our English silks, called a-la-modes," says a periodical of the day, "his royal highness, the prince of Denmark, and the nobility, appear in mourning hat-bands made of that silk, to bring the same in fashion in the place of crape, which are made in the pope's country, whither we send our money for them."[4] Before the first week of queen Anne's reign had expired, her majesty took the opportunity of fulfilling her oft baffled intention of causing the earl of Marlborough to be elected a knight of the Garter.

The commons voted her majesty the same revenue that had been granted "to king William, of blessed memory;" and the speaker and the members of the house of commons took the oath to her, repudiating the hopes of the pretended prince of Wales, for the security of her majesty's person and that of the crown in the protestant line. The queen went to the house of lords, March 30, with the usual ceremonies, and gave her assent to the bills for her household, revenue, coin, &c., on which occasion she made the following remarkable speech: as the retrenchments she alluded to were wholly personal, it may be considered the speech emanated from her own will:—

"I will straiten myself in my own expenses, rather than not contribute all I can to my subjects' ease and relief. It is probable the revenue may fall short of what it has formerly produced; however, I will give directions that 100,000*l.* be applied to the public service in this year out of the revenue you have so unanimously given me."[5]

The thanks of the house of commons were highly laudatory, as may be supposed, on such a foundation.

[1] Postboy. [2] Ibid.
[3] London Post. [4] The Postman, March 19, 1701-2.
[5] Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne, 1702.

The body of king William had been, meantime, privately removed from the palace where he breathed his last, to the prince's chamber at Westminster, where it was embalmed and laid in state. The queen and prince George of Denmark having taken immediate possession of the royal apartments at Kensington Palace,[1] the measure was murmured at by the household of William; there certainly was something repugnant to delicacy in the proceeding. The room where the king died was, however, left just in the same state as when he breathed his last, for many years of the eighteenth century.

All the Dutch colony at Kensington Palace were in a state of high discontent, almost amounting to mutiny; they were excessively displeased at everything done in regard to their king's remains, in which bishop Burnet entirely concurred. Although in his history, he threw disgusting scandals and reproaches on the character of the royal defunct, he, too, vented his discontent at the accession of Anne, by grumbling at William III.'s funeral; in his usual phrase, "'Twas scarce decent." Perhaps the ire of the departed monarch, could he have expressed an opinion on his own obsequies, would have been chiefly excited at the fact that his despised and detested kinsman, George of Denmark, thought proper to officiate as chief mourner—a function from which, although his due place, he had been sedulously debarred by king William, at the funeral of queen Mary.

Great debates had previously taken place in the privy council, whether the late king should be publicly or privately buried; the latter was decided on. The burial took place on Sunday, April 12, at midnight. The procession began from Kensington as if the royal corpse had actually been there; the funeral train followed an open chariot with the wax effigy (still in Westminster Abbey) seated as if over the corpse and coffin, which were only introduced when the mourners arrived at Westminster Palace. The pall was borne by six dukes; his royal highness, George of Denmark, was chief mourner, supported by two dukes. The body was deposited in Henry VIII.'s Chapel while the service was performed, and afterwards interred in the same vault with his late consort, queen Mary II., near the coffin of their uncle, Charles II.[2]

[1] Pyne's Palaces. (Kensington.)

[2] Life of King William III.

Queen Anne, two days afterwards, appointed the duke of Devonshire her lord-steward of the household, an office he had held in her sister's reign; the earl of Jersey, lord-chamberlain; sir Edward Seymour, comptroller; and Peregrine Bertie, vice-chamberlain of her household. To her consort she gave the high office of generalissimo of all her forces by sea and land. Her majesty did not forget her old grudge to Bentinck earl of Portland. By the instigation of Sarah of Marlborough, who instantly stepped into his place, she expelled him from his appointment as keeper of her park at Windsor. Among the palace-appointments which took place at this period, great interest was made with the queen by lord Godolphin, "that she would be pleased to reinstate Dr. Radcliffe as her physician;" but her majesty manifested lively remembrance of his former delinquencies by replying, "No! Radcliffe shall never send me word again when I am ill, that my ailments are only vapours." Her ministers, nevertheless, often had Radcliffe consulted respecting the health of their royal mistress, and for his prescriptions they paid, without her knowledge, vast sums.[1]

It may be very well believed, from the specimens printed in the course of these biographies, that when the contents of the king's letter-box, left by him at Kensington, were looked into, strange rumours arose throughout the empire, raised by those who read the royal correspondence. Among other stories, one gained ground so far, that the prosperous accession of her majesty was made the subject of congratulation in various addresses, because a plan of William III.'s for her exclusion had been discovered. Perhaps this report was founded on the proffered adoption of the prince of Wales by William III. at the peace of Ryswick; it was, however, generally supposed that an invitation for the electress of Hanover and her son to take direct possession of the throne at his death was meant. Dr. Drake was called before the house of lords, to answer "for having written a pamphlet defending the right of the queen to the crown, as if the late king had endeavoured to deprive her of it; such assertion being a libel on his memory." Dr. Drake, on being questioned "why he wrote the book?" replied, "He considered that he had just reason to write what he had written, since he

[1] Biograph. Brit.

heard her highness talked of disrespectfully in every coffee-house." The lords declared that the report of the intended exclusion was false and groundless, and that her majesty's attorney-general should forthwith prosecute Dr. Drake, for writing a certain paragraph in the pamphlet.[1]

It was not the intention of the Jacobite party to wear mourning for William III., but they were already, as well as the queen, in the deepest weeds of sable for the death of James II. The Whigs, who had hitherto flaunted in the gayest colours, now followed the lord-chamberlain's mandate, and assumed mourning for William III., as if for a father; black, therefore, was the universal hue. The mourning either for a king or queen in England being, until the present century, worn for a whole year, as if for a parent. Some Jacobite poet, angry at the general garb of woe directly after the funeral of the Whig king, wrote the following address to the mourners, which being transcribed, various copies were found scattered in the streets a few days after Anne's accession. It presents a picture of the state of the times, but not charged to the utmost, for scarcely half of William's imposts[2] are mentioned, not even the cruel taxes on burials, wills, and property at death, inflictions which were imported from Holland, and which, it is said, gives the government nearly one-quarter of the property of every defunct who has aught to leave:

> "In sable weeds your beaux and belles appear,
> And cloud the coming beauties of the year.
> Mourn on, ye foolish fashionable things,
> Mourn for your own misfortunes, not the king's:
> Mourn for the mighty mass of coin misspent—
> Most prodigally given, and idly spent.
> Mourn for your tapestry, and your statues too,
> Our Windsor gutted to adorn his Loo.[3]

[1] Boyer's Annals, 1702.

[2] Among the other more familiar taxes of this era, the parliament of king William, in 1696, laid the following extraordinary property tax on all conditions of the people:—"They taxed all possessors of property according to the true value of their real and personal estates, their stock in trade or upon land, and their income upon offices and professions. But the most singular part of this cruel impost was a duty of one penny per week paid by all persons *not receiving alms*, likewise *one farthing per week in the pound of all servants* receiving wages amounting to 4*l.* per annum; those who received from 8*l.* to 16*l.* paid one halfpenny in the pound per week."—Smollett's History of England, vol. ix. p. 299.

[3] It is a corroborating coincidence that the histories of Framlingham Castle preserve the fact that its beautiful tapestry, once belonging to the duke of

Mourn for the mitre long from Scotland gone,
And much more mourn your union coming on.
Mourn for a ten years' war and dismal weather,
And taxes strung like necklaces together,
On salt, *malt*, paper, cyder, *lights*,[1] and leather.
Much for the civil list need not be said,
They truly mourn who are fifteen months unpaid.
Well, then, my friends, since things you see are so,
Let's e'en mourn on; 'twould lessen much our wo,
Had Sorrel stumbled thirteen years ago!
Your sea has oft run purple to the shore,
And Flanders been manured with English gore."

The muster-roll of wits and poets who were to combine for the support of the Whig junta, was described in an anonymous satirical poem of Parnell. These political lampoons were the oracles of that day, and filled the places of the "leading article" in the modern newspapers, and the political sermons of the preceding century. The subsequent *retreat* of the queen's uncle, lord Rochester, is predicted by Parnell, who describes the Whig oligarchy as mustering their forces on the night of the death of William; after sketching Sunderland under the name of Cethego, he makes Montagu, lord Halifax, boast of his literary influence in a speech which marks the position of most of the authors of Anne's reign, at the commencement—

"Congreve, for me, Pastora's death did mourn,
And her white name with sable verse adorn."

This was a mawkish elegy which Congreve wrote on the death of Mary II., whom he panegyrized under the affected name of Pastora. Authors of coarse worldly comedies are poor hands at elegies.

"Rowe, too, is mine; and of the Whiggish train,
'Twas he that sang immortal Tamerlane."

This is Rowe, the author of "Jane Shore," and "The Fair Penitent." Immortal "Tamerlane," in whom the revolutionists affected to recognise William III. is a ranting tragedy long defunct.

"I helped to polish Garth's rough awkward lays,
Taught him in tuneful lines to sound our party's praise."

Norfolk, condemned to death by Henry VIII., was seized for the use of Edward VI., and after remaining in one of the royal residences till this reign, was carried off by William III. for the adornment of Loo. Other antiquities of furniture and ornament, in which Windsor is so strangely deficient, were, according to this contemporary, abstracted by the same king for the same purpose, and may be found at his Dutch pleasure-palace.

[1] William III.'s window-taxes, usually supposed to have been invented by Pitt.

Samuel Garth was a political physician, who was more renowned for poems than pills; his name is still in the public memory, although his poems are utterly forgotten.[1] He was personally abusive to queen Anne during her reign, and drew the attention of her enemies to her excesses at the table.

> "Walsh votes for us, who, though he never writ,
> Yet passes for a poet and a wit."

The memory of Walsh chiefly survives in Pope's and Swift's letters; he was a member of parliament, with literary tastes.

> "Van's vulgar plotless plays were once my boast,
> But now the poet's in the builder lost."

Vanbrugh is here indicated, the author of "The Provoked Husband," and the Architect of Blenheim.

> "On Addison we safely may depend,
> A pension never fails to gain a friend;
> Through Alpine hills he shall my name resound,
> And make his patron known in classic ground."

Addison was then making a classic tour, being enabled to travel, by a pension allowed him by Halifax. His publication on that tour is one of his earliest works. He afterwards returned the obligation, by supporting, with his own pen and that of his ally, Steele, the ministry that had patronized him. Steele is not named in this list, which is surprising, since he was the most headlong of their party-writers.

Parnell proceeds to versify some known expressions of Halifax on the power of literary aid:

> "Princes but sit unsettled on their thrones,
> Unless supported by Apollo's sons.
> Happy Augustus had the Mantuan muse,
> And happier Nassau had his Montague's,
> But Anna, that ill-fated Tory queen,
> Shall feel the vengeance of the poet's pen."

No one among the list, however, personally attacked the queen but Garth, who alluded, in no measured phrases to her supposed propensity of imbibing more than did her good. Parnell himself concludes this singular poem with

[1] Garth has far better claims to immortality than his verses could give. He was the first physician of his age who suggested the idea of dispensaries where advice was given gratis to the poor. He may be considered the founder of those benevolent institutions, at least in *modern* times. His poem of "The Dispensary" was a satire on the interested quacks and apothecaries who opposed the charity.

an elegant tribute to the memory of the lately lost son of the queen, whom he terms the Marcellus of the English nation. He speaks highly of the queen's uncle, lord Rochester; and truly foretells that the queen's favourite, lady Marlborough, will dispossess him of all power.

> "I foresee his fate,
> To be supplanted by Sempronia's hate,
> (Sempronia, of a false procuring race,[1]
> The senate's grievance and the court's disgrace.")

Such was the first attack on lady Marlborough in the reign of queen Anne. The unmeasured hatred of this person to the family of Clarendon, especially to lord Rochester, was, for a long time, the leading principle of her life. The queen's natural affection towards her uncle, produced the first disputes between her and Sarah of Marlborough, who, strong in her alliance with the house of Sunderland, scarcely condescended to acknowledge herself to be the favourite of queen Anne; but hinted that her queen was a very humble-minded person exceedingly obliged to her. The career of lord Sunderland was, at the accession of Anne, nearly at its end. All his dark schemes had succeeded, and the unbounded power of the triumphant oligarchy was before him. The last turn of fortune's wheel had brought him to the top, but life is too short to work the complex machinery which it had been the employment of this statesman's subtle brain to devise. Just as all lord Sunderland's contrivances were perfected, he was forced to be occupied with nothing but infirmity, conscience, and death.

Queen Anne had scarcely ascended the throne, when, influenced, as it is supposed, by her uncle, Rochester, she manifested anxiety to effect a reconciliation with the venerable bishop Ken, who was considered the head of the Reformed Church of England. She sent a nobleman, his personal friend, who held a high place in her confidence, to seek the deprived bishop, to inform him that the conforming dissenter Kidder, whom her sister had placed in his bishopric, should be removed from his intrusion into the see of Bath and Wells, if he, Dr. Ken, would swear allegiance to her, and resume his prelatic state and revenues. The queen is said to have added, "that it was her intention

[1] This is another allusion to some mysterious blot on the lineage of the duchess of Marlborough.

if possible, to place him in the primacy of England." It is asserted that her majesty wished to be crowned by his hands. By some means her ministry had induced Kidder to accept the bishopric of Carlisle, then vacant, and to surrender Bath and Wells to its rightful occupant.

Surely the primitive Christian church never saw mitres and primacies, the consecration of crowns, and the benediction of sceptres placed at the disposal of a poorer man. The deprived bishop, being beloved by his people, had been required to perform all the spiritual duties of the see. Dr. Kidder, to whom the temporalities of bishop Ken had been given by William and Mary at the commencement of his career, having long officiated as a dissenting preacher,[1] and being reported still to hold the Socinian doctrines fashionable at the Dutch court, was equally distasteful to the true church-of-England prelate and his diocese. At the earnest call of his clergy and people, Ken struggled with his poverty and infirmities to perform the office of bishop of Bath and Wells. Well was his only coat, patched and thin as it was, known, when he went on his progresses from Salisbury, through Somersetshire, riding slowly on his old white horse,[2] almost as poor and infirm as its master. Thus would the bishop go forth to the confirmations or ordinations where his presence was entreated by his loving flock.

Since his degradation by queen Mary, this inspired poet and blameless prelate of our church, when driven by her from the palace of Wells, had continued to live on the charity of his nephew, prebend Isaac Walton, in Salisbury Close. Such was his winter retreat; but part of the summer he usually spent at Longleat, with his friend, lord Weymouth, a nobleman who had always refused to visit the court of William and Mary, but, with the duke of Beaufort, and several other noblemen attached to James II., had hastened to London to greet the accession of queen Anne. It was through the agency of lord Weymouth that her majesty opened the negotiation for her recognition by bishop Ken.

It has been stated that Dr. Ken suffered this negotiation to go on until he came to take the oath to queen Anne, and then refused (having all along intended refusal) in order to

[1] See biographies of Bishop Ken and Kidder, in the Biographia Brit.
[2] Bowle's Life of Ken.

make his renunciation of the queen's authority more striking to the world.[1] But the deliberate acting of such a farce was utterly inconsistent with the character and conduct of a man who lived meekly on charity, because he would not receive the rich revenues of Bath and Wells inconsistently with the oath he had taken on his induction to his dignity. His refusal would have created sufficient sensation at any period without having recourse to a theatrical renunciation. It is undeniable that he was willing, for the promotion of the peace and unity of his see, to take the simple oath of allegiance to Anne as queen of Great Britain. The man who had resisted threats of personal violence from William III. when prince of Orange,—had endured incarceration in the Tower from James II. (because he would not fulfil his despotic commands regarding the *illegal* abolition of the test and penal laws), and was finally hurled from his bishopric by Mary II., because he would not falsify his oath to her father,—would doubtless have scrupulously fulfilled any oath he could have conscientiously taken to queen Anne. The present crisis permitted him to do so consistently, since his old master, James II., was just dead. The oath of allegiance to queen Anne, was, however, preceded by an oath of abjuration of her young brother, which, as it implied the shameless falsehood regarding his birth, bishop Ken refused to take.

Here is a strong instance of the folly and wickedness of oaths of test and abjuration; they form insurmountable barriers which keep conscientious persons from serving their country, at the same time they admit to office, with frightful facility, all those to whom every denomination of religion is equally indifferent.

When bishop Ken had refused this oath, he was by no means certain that he had not incurred the penalties of *præmunire*, for he wrote to bishop Lloyd[2] to ask him "Whether that oath was to be enforced?" for, pursued the

[1] Kennet's History charges bishop Ken, most unjustly, with this piece of political diplomacy. Bishop Ken likewise has the honour of Dr. Burnet's unqualified abuse.

[2] Life and Letters of bishop Ken. Our authority does not explain whether he writes to Dr. Francis Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, who, like himself, had forsaken all, rather than wound his conscience by a second oath of allegiance, or Dr. William Lloyd, the fanatical bishop of St. Asaph. It is possible the last; since William Lloyd had been his fellow-prisoner, incarcerated by James II. in the Tower, and was now in favour with the court.

venerable prelate, "I will rather leave the kingdom—old, sick, and infirm, as I am."

No evil consequences of the kind followed his refusal. About the same time, many of the clergy, who had disowned William III. as head of the church, from his known antipathy to its doctrines and practice, became willingly liegemen to queen Anne, and accepted ecclesiastical dignities from her. A bishop, appointed by the queen, early in her reign, wrote to Dr. Ken, telling him "that his advice and presence were necessary to them all in London, at the delicate conjunction of affairs, which had taken place on the death of King William." The answer of Ken was as follows:—

"A journey to London is neither consistent with my health, purse, nor inclination; I have often been offered money, but have refused equally that and the oaths required. There is a way to heal the unhappy schism in the church, but it is needless for me to mention it."[1]

Thus was queen Anne disappointed in her wish of being consecrated by Dr. Ken; it is singular, that neither he nor his supplanter in the bishopric of Bath and Wells, appeared at the coronation to perform the offices therein pertaining to that prelacy.

Dr. Ken was permitted by the queen to withdraw himself once more into his poverty, and pursue his usual routine of life, unscathed by any political persecution for refusing the oath of abjuration. Instead of prosecuting him, she had the generosity to offer him the sums he alluded to, which he pertinaciously refused, while the man whose religious principles he deprecated held his see; and he persisted in signing himself as the bishop thereof.

The approaching coronation of the queen now absorbed every thought of the public; it was one of the most singular features of the times, that contrary to every precedent in British history, the consort of the queen was excluded from all participation in her dignities. Whether this exclusion emanated from the queen, from the parliament, or from the wishes of prince George of Denmark himself, has never been clearly analyzed; but popular opinion leads to the conclusion, that the prince himself declined sharing in the honours of regality.

[1] Life and Letters of Bishop Ken.

It has been surmised, that England having suffered most severely under the sway of Philip II., who during the illness of his regnant partner introduced the Spanish inquisition, had determined the people never to admit the sway of any king-consort. There is semblance of historical truth in this suggestion, yet it is contradicted by the fact, that the immediate precedent of William and Mary presented an example of usurpation of the king-consort, not only on the lineal rights of the nearest protestant heir, his queen, but on those of her sister Anne. The fact is undeniable, that the English never for an instant contemplated that consorts of their queen-regnants should hold rank no higher than that of prince George of Denmark. It was considered that royal children would not pay their father the natural duty of a parent, unless he retained not only the name but the power of a king. Thus Henry VII. reigned peacefully, many years after the death of his wife, the heiress of the English throne, and William III., childless as he was, followed his example. The law by which prince George of Denmark was excluded from ascending the British throne, has hitherto eluded our search, and it seems passing strange that a lawless precedent should be followed. However this may be, prince George of Denmark was only reckoned among the first of British peers, as duke of Cumberland, and he actually did homage to his wife as such.

At the coronation of William and Mary, prince George had been naturalized, and created baron Wokingham, earl of Kendal, and duke of Cumberland, with precedence before all other peers. After the violent disputes between the princess Anne and queen Mary, George of Denmark became a leader of opposition in the house of peers, he advocated a bill brought into parliament to exclude all persons enjoying places of trust and profit, from being members of the senate; for in 1692, such numbers of military and naval commanders were members of the house of commons, that it was called the Officers' Parliament; this bill was thrown out by a majority of only two, on the third reading; but protests were entered on the journals of the house, headed by the name of prince George. He used to make speeches, but in the drollest English that it was possible to imagine. Being a Lutheran, he was generally on the side of the dissenters, in the reign of his con-

sort, who is supposed to have been materially influenced by him.

Envoys, and ambassadors extraordinary, arrived daily at the court of queen Anne, in the months of March and April, to condole with her on the death of her brother-in-law, and to congratulate her on her accession to the crown. They came from Zell and Hanover, from Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and most of the German states. The etiquette of their introductions was, first, a private audience of her majesty, then a private presentation to prince George, after which they had their public reception at court.[1] In this manner count Wratislaw, envoy-extraordinary from the emperor of Germany, delivered his imperial master's condolences on the death of William, and then, congratulations for queen Anne's happy accession. It has been explained, that war was ready to break out between Great Britain and France, for the ostensible motive of expelling Philip V., the young grandson of Louis XIV., from the throne of Spain, (of which he had actually taken peaceable possession,) and replacing him by Charles of Austria, the son of the emperor. In fact, lord Marlborough, the commander-in-chief, commenced his Flemish campaign, April 16th, some days before her majesty's coronation.

The Polish ambassador, Niewscheritz, brought his congratulations in his monarch's name to the queen, the day before her coronation. He made her a very grand harangue in Latin, but he might as well have uttered it in his native Sarmatian tongue, it would have been equally intelligible to the newly ascended majesty of Great Britain.

Meantime, the public press disseminated the following reports concerning the preparations for the coronation:—

"We hear that the queen had lately her picture drawn by sir Godfrey Kneller, in order to grave an impress by, for the coronation medals and coin. And 'tis said, on the reverse of the medals is to be represented the goddess Pallas destroying a giant, with this motto— *Vicem gerit illa Tonantis;* but we are not sure that the same is actually agreed upon."[2]

It was at this period that the queen sat to Kneller for a portrait, an engraving from which is appended to this volume; the total absence of all ornament, excepting the simple medallion of the order of St. George, suspended by a broad, light-blue ribbon round the neck, makes it re-

[1] Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne, 1702.
[2] Postman, April 4, 1702.

CENTRAL

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markable; for the portraits of Anne, after her coronation, are rather vulgarly laden with crown, sceptre, necklaces, and heavy decorations. The original is inserted into the panels of the gallery of St. George at Windsor Castle. It is a fine and firmly painted specimen of Kneller's pencil. As the designs for the queen's medallion portraits were then executed, her costume partakes of classic simplicity of the numismatic art; her hair is arranged in the style of her well-known coinage profile. The portrait is sitting; the air and attitude are decidedly majestic, if not graceful; the dress is chiefly concealed by the flowing mantle of the order of the Garter, excepting the star on the side. The features are stronger and harsher than those generally recognised in the soft and comely visage of queen Anne; at the same time, they are indicative of far more natural energy, personal courage, and practical abilities. The only ornament on her person, the medallion of St. George, is partly concealed by the hand of the queen. It is traditionary, that Kneller pleaded with the queen to assume this attitude, in order to give him an opportunity of painting the most beautiful hand in England; and assuredly the hand in her Windsor portrait is a study worthy of any artist, both for the easy manner in which it rests on the medallion, and for its own elegance of form and pictorial finish. Anne's Kensington portrait is drawn in the same noble and simple style of art; but her hand is not raised, and the medallion of St. George is consequently entirely visible. In Anne's subsequent portraits, her vast profusion of chestnut hair is arranged in heavy falling curls on her shoulders and breast; the state crown surmounts it; the jewelled collar of the Garter supersedes the broad azure ribbon of the elder Garter order. There is, withal, an outspread of finery peculiarly unbecoming to a very fat woman.

The public prints resume their journalizing of the queen's movements, as follows:—

"London, April 11.—The queen took the divertisement of hunting on Wednesday, about Windsor, and returned on Thursday to her royal palace at St. James's."[1] This hunting was performed in her high-wheeled chaise.

"We hear there is struck to the value of 1200*l.* or more, in coronation medals of 50*s.* a piece, to be distributed in Westminster Hall among those of quality."

[1] Postboy, No. 1077.

The queen had again lost the use of her feet, from gout and corpulence; an infirmity which made the important ceremonial of her coronation very fatiguing, and even embarrassing to her; on this account, she was carried in some of the processions in a low arm-chair,[1] instead of walking. The coronation took place, April 23, O. S. 1702; St. George's day being the seventeenth anniversary of that of her father.

About eleven of the clock in the morning, her majesty came privately in a sedan-chair from her palace at St. James's,[2] to Westminster Hall, from whence she was carried to the Court of Wards, where she reposed herself, while the heralds set the preparations in order in the court of requests, the painted chamber, and the house of lords, marshalling the several classes of the nobility as they were to proceed down the Hall.

Prince George of Denmark was preceded in the entrance procession by the archbishop of Canterbury, and the lord-keeper of the great seal. He walked before his royal consort and her group of state attendants. These were, garter-king-at-arms, between the lord-mayor and the black rod, then the high steward of England; then the queen's majesty, with a circle of gold set with diamonds on her head, her train borne by the duchess of Somerset, assisted by four young ladies of the bedchamber, and the lord-chamberlain, entered Westminster Hall in procession, and after her first robing, seated herself under the canopy on the side of the table, where was provided her chair of state, cushion, and footstool, and a long table covered with rich tapestry. On this table was placed the regalia. The great officers—being the earl marshal (lord Carlisle), the lord high steward (the duke of Devonshire), and the lord high constable—stood ready there, at the command of her majesty, to distribute to its appointed bearers the various pieces which were placed thereon by the master of the jewel house.

The procession went through New Palace Yard into King-street, so along the broad Sanctuary,[3] into the west door of the

[1] Flying Post, No. 1086.

[2] Planché's Royal Records, edited from Bank's Collection, Brit. Museum; likewise from MSS. in the College of Arms, ably collated by Mr. Planché.

[3] Edward the Confessor's Sanctuary was then standing, according to the account of Dr. Stukeley.

Abbey church, all the way being covered from the steps of the throne at the King's Bench, to the steps of the royal platform in the church, with broad blue cloth two breadths in width, spread upon boards railed in on each side. This footway for royalty was as usual strewn with sweet herbs and flowers; the month was April, and the day of St. George is usually most redolent of the early glories of spring. Formerly the poor commonalty used to break in and cut away "the rayed cloth," almost as fast as the steps of the sovereign had passed over it, for it was considered the fee of the populace. But now blue cloth took the place of the striped or rayed cloth, and royalty *lined the way with guards*. Strange it was that when the prerogative of crown and church were many degrees higher, the populace of England surrounded their monarchs without an idea of harming them.

Queen Anne, like her father and uncle, retained the title of sovereign of France. As part of the pageantry she likewise retained, at her coronation, two gentlemen, dressed to represent the dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. This antique custom has been omitted in the latter coronations, with some wrong in regard to the dukedom of Normandy—at least, since our queen still enjoys a very goodly inheritance, in the beautiful Channel Islands, as rightful duchess of Normandy; more especially, as the high-spirited descendants of the Norman chivalry, inhabitants of the said islands, consider that England, and all its people and dependencies, appertain to them, and not they to us. When the representatives of Normandy and Aquitaine, (who, we are concerned to record, bore the homespun names of James Clark and Jonathan Andrews,[1]) were called by the heralds to take their places, they stood at the foot of the steps leading up to the queen's canopy, in Westminster Hall, but did not go up nearer to her throne.

It is certain that, on account of the queen's infirmities of the feet, she was relieved from the fatigue of walking in the procession from the Hall to the Abbey—"she took the conveniency of being carried in an open chair,"[2] says a contemporary, "from Westminster Hall along by the Broad Sanctuary, the houses on each side being crowded with

[1] They were two gentlemen of the privy chamber.
[2] Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne, April 1702.

spectators, who rent the air with cries of joy when they beheld their queen." Whether her majesty alighted from her chair, on entering the Abbey, and took her place in the procession, as it proceeded up the choir, or was carried to the foot of the platform, is not mentioned. The queen, whether she walked or was carried, had nevertheless a long train,[1] which was borne, according to ancient custom, by the peeress of the highest rank among the female aristocracy of England. The lady who was entitled to perform this office, on this occasion, was the personal friend of her majesty, the heiress of the illustrious house of Percy, and wife to the representative of lady Katherine Gray, called the proud duke of Somerset, who took his place as the nearest relative of the blood-royal, then in the country. Lady Elizabeth Seymour aided her mother in the office of train-bearer, with lady Mary Hyde (one of the queen's first cousins), and lady Mary Pierrepoint, then a girl of thirteen, only remarkable for the promise of surpassing grace and beauty, but afterwards still more celebrated as the first among the female literati of her country, under the name of lady Mary Wortley Montague. Even if the queen went in her chair up the choir, it need not excite surprise that her train was borne; for, at royal christenings, the baby always had a long train, with train-bearers, although carried in another person's arms.

The queen was escorted by the lord chamberlain, lord Jersey, she was supported by the bishop of Durham and the bishop of Exeter, and guarded by the late king's favourite, Arnold Keppel, earl of Albemarle, who was still retained as captain of the royal guard; he was the only person of king William's Dutch colony, who had ever shown any civility to queen Anne, who did not now forget his courtesy and humanity.

The mere ceremonial of the coronation proceeded, in all respects, according to the ancient precedents, which have been too often detailed in the course of this series of royal biographies to need repetition, our plan being only to enter into narration, where accidental or personal circumstances occasioned an alteration. The recognition was performed

[1] It must have been passed over the low back of the chair in which she sat, and so borne behind her by the duchess of Somerset, and the noble maidens, her assistants.

in the old accustomed manner, the queen rising and standing by her chair while Tennison, archbishop of Canterbury, presented her to the people with these words, turning her and himself to the four sides of the platform—east, west, south, and north, and repeating the query each time:

"Sirs, I here present unto you queen Anne, undoubted queen of this realm! Whereas all you that are come this day to do your homages and service, are you willing to do the same?"[1]

The people answered, with loud and repeated acclamations, all crying out, with one voice, "God save queen Anne." The trumpets sounded after the conclusion of the recognition, and the choir burst into this anthem—"The queen shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord: exceeding glad shall she be of thy salvation! Thou shalt present her with the blessings of goodness, and shalt set a crown of pure gold on her head."

While the anthem was singing, the archbishop went down from the platform, and put on his splendid cope before the altar, the bishops vested themselves, and the officers of the wardrobe spread the carpet and cushions on the floor and steps of the altar. The formula of the coronation, from the earliest times, appointed two bishops to support the person of royalty during the ceremonial; this office, if antique illuminated MSS. may be trusted, was that of supporting St. Edward's crown, on each side, if it did not happen to fit the royal head on which it had descended. Thus the stalwart warrior, Edward I., is represented with a bishop on each side extending a hand to sustain the crown of St. Edward by one of its ornaments. The bishops had probably held it over the heads of the crowned children. Henry III., Richard II., Henry VI., and Edward VI. The custom had been lost since, for when the large crown, which had been made, in the place of that of St. Edward, destroyed in the civil war, to fit the head of the queen's uncle, Charles II., tottered on the less powerful brow of her father, it was his false servant, Henry Sidney, supported it, and not his faithful, but ill-treated bishop Ken, of Bath and Wells. Queen Anne required the actual aid of sustaining hands to support her person in a standing position; singular as it is, she was the only infirm person ever

[1] Planché's Regal Records, p. 113.

crowned monarch of England, either before or since, and yet her majesty had only just completed her thirty-seventh year.

By the assistance of the bishops, the queen contrived to reach the altar, where she went through the ceremonial of the first offertory; unlike her immediate predecessors, William and Mary, when the exhortation was heard—"Thou shalt not appear before the Lord thy God, empty," queen Anne had provided wherewithal to put in the gold basons, and made all her oblations as required. The offering of the swords on the altar, and the chanting of the litany, according to the ritual of the church of England, followed in the usual order. It may be observed that the coronation ceremonial is, in effect, *an interlude* between the actual celebration of the holy communion; it commences after the Nicene creed and sermon, the eucharistical part of the rite not being administered until the sovereign, anointed, crowned, and enthroned, has received her homages. At the end of the Nicene creed, which was begun by the archbishop, and sung by the choir, the queen stood up. When the creed was concluded, Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, presented himself to preach the sermon, to which office the queen had, by express desire, appointed him. The pulpit was placed upon a pillar, at the north-east corner of the platform, very near the queen's chair. The sermon was short and impressive; it was printed by the queen's wish. The text was from Isaiah, xlix., "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers."

The queen heard the sermon, sitting in her chair, on the south side of the altar, over against the pulpit. On her right hand, stood the bishop of Durham, and beyond him, on the same side, the lords who bore the swords of state, Stanley earl of Derby, Vere earl of Oxford, and Gray earl of Kent. On the left side of the queen's chair, stood her other clerical supporter, Trelawney bishop of Exeter,[1] and lord Lindsay, who fulfilled that day the office of her lord *great* chamberlain. Such was the group round her majesty. On the north side of the altar, sat the archbishop of Canterbury, in a purple velvet chair, the bishops being placed on their bench along the north wall. On the south

[1] In the place of Kidder, the bishop of Bath and Wells *de facto*, who for some reason declined appearing; he was really a dissenter.

side, between the queen's chair and the altar of Westminster Abbey, stood the dean of Westminster and the prebendaries. The protestant coronation oath, which was permanently established at Anne's inauguration, was preceded by the following dialogue and declaration.

The sermon being ended, the archbishop of Canterbury rose and went to the queen; standing before her, he said:—"Is your majesty willing to make the *declaration?*" The queen answered, "I am willing." The archbishop having provided himself with the required declaration, written on a roll of parchment, read it, as follows:—

"I Anne, by the grace of God, queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith,[1] &c., do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testifie, and declare, that I do believe that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever. 2ndly, That the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the mass, as they are now used in the church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. 3rdly, And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testifie, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read to me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person, or without any hope of such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking I am, or can be, acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration, or of any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or power whatsoever, should dispense with, or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

"The queen audibly *made* and repeated the same, and afterwards subscribed it."

Then the archbishop asked the queen—

"Is your majesty willing to take the coronation oath?

The queen replied, "I am willing." Her majesty at the same time had a book in her hands, by the which she fully understood the nature of what she undertook.

"Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this kingdom of England, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes of parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same?" asked archbishop Tennison.

"I solemnly promise so to do," replied queen Anne.

[1] The important words, "head of the church," are either omitted, or supposed to be included in the "&c."

"Will you, to your power, cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all your judgments?" asked the archbishop.

"I will," replied queen Anne.

"Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the *protestant reformed* religion established by law, and will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?" asked the archbishop.

"All this I promise to do," replied queen Anne.

Then the queen, arising out of her chair, supported as before, and assisted by lord Lindsay, the great chamberlain, the sword of state being carried before her, went to the altar, and there made her solemn oath, in sight of the people present, to observe these premises, laying her right hand upon the holy gospel in the great Bible, brought to her from the altar by archbishop Tennison, which had been carried before her, in procession, by Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester.

As the queen knelt on the steps of the altar, with her hand on the gospel, she said these words:

"The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep, so help me God!" Then her majesty kissed the book. Having thus taken her oath, the queen returned to her chair, and kneeling at the faldstool, the Veni Creator was sung by the choir.

The anointing and all the ceremonies connected therewith proceeded according to the ancient form. The queen's infirmities did not cause her to dispense with the ceremony of standing, to be solemnly girt with the sword of St. Edward, or from going with it to offer it at the altar. It was redeemed, according to the usual form, for one hundred shillings; the noble who bore it was the last of the De Veres, earl of Oxford. The sword was forthwith unsheathed by him, and carried before her majesty during the rest of the ceremonial. The spurs were, however, only presented; they were sent by the queen directly to the altar. Her majesty was then invested with the ring and staff.

The coronation ring put on the fourth finger of Anne's right hand was, indeed, a balass ruby, with the cross of St.

George engraved thereon; but it was not the ancient jewel of Edward the Confessor, "the wedding-ring of England," as it is quaintly called by the old heralds and chroniclers. The queen's deposed father had, in his dire distress at Feversham, made a struggle with his reason, then veering under his filial calamities, to preserve that precious jewel, which he effectually did; therefore neither of his daughters ever had that inestimable gem. But a report exists, that cardinal York, the last surviving grandson of James, sent it to the present royal family of England, and that it has been worn by the last three sovereigns of Great Britain. The address with which Anne received her coronation-ring seems to have been unaltered from the ancient formula:

"Receive this ring, the ensign of kingly dignity and of defence of the *Catholic* faith, that as you are this day consecrated head of this kingdom and people, so being rich in faith, and abounding in good works, you may reign with him, who is the King of kings, to whom be honour and glory for ever. Amen."

The archbishop, after the investiture of the ring, standing before the altar, on which were the staff, sceptre, and orb of sovereignty, took the crown, which represents that of St. Edward, in his hand, and placing it again before him on the altar, made the following invocation:—

"O God, the Saviour and rewarder of them that faithfully serve thee, who alone dost govern them with mercy and loving-kindness, bless and sanctify this thy servant Anne, our queen, who now in lowly devotion boweth her head to thy divine majesty."

The manuscript has a marginal direction in this place. "*Here the queen must be put in mind to bow her head*,"—little needed, indeed, if Anne had the least appreciation of the sense of this beautiful aspiration:

"And as thou doest this day set a crown of pure gold upon her head, so enrich her royal heart with thy heavenly and abundant grace, and crown her with all princely virtues which may adorn the high station wherein thou hast placed her, through him who is the King immortal, invisible, Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be honour and glory for ever."

Then, queen Anne being seated in her chair, the archbishop, assisted by the other bishops, came from the altar, and the dean of Westminster brought the crown; the archbishop took it reverently, and put it on the head of the queen, at which sight the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cried "God save the queen!" The trumpets sounded,

and the Tower guns answered a signal made from the turrets of Westminster Abbey by thundering discharges.

When silence had succeeded to this joyous uproar, after a solemn pause, the archbishop's voice was heard in address to the queen:

"God crown you with a crown of righteousness and virtue, of victory and honour. The Lord himself be unto you for a crown of glory, and a diadem of beauty; and may you also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of your God. Be strong and of a good courage; observe the commandments of God, and walk in his ways; fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold of eternal life, that when you have finished your course, you may receive a crown of glory, and honour, and immortality that fadeth not away, which God, the righteous judge, shall give you at that day."

The choir then broke into a short but rejoicing anthem, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;" the peers and peeresses put on their coronets while it was singing.

One of the prebends of Westminster then brought the Holy Bible to the dean of Westminster. The dean, after first placing it on the altar, brought it in procession to the archbishop, who, attended by the bishops, presented it, with great reverence, to the queen, with this address:

"Our gracious queen, thus saith the Lord of old to his peculiar people, by the hand of his servant Moses, When thy king sitteth upon the throne of the kingdom, he shall write him a copy of this law in a book, and it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life, that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, and so keep all the words of this law to do them, and that he turn not aside to the right hand nor to the left, to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he and his children."

Which passage must have seemed like a denunciation to the childless queen, who had so recently put off her mourning for her only son.

"And accordingly," continued the archbishop, "afterwards, when they made Josiah king, they not only anointed and crowned him, but they gave him the testimony also, that is, the book of the law of God, to be the rule of his whole life and government.

"To put your majesty in mind of this rule, and that you may follow this example, we present you with this book, the most valuable thing this world affords.

"Here is wisdom; this is the royal law; these are thelively oracles of God; blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this book, and keep and do the things contained in it, for these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world—nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever."

And now queen Anne having been anointed and crowned, and having received all the ensigns of royal dignity, the archbishop solemnly blessed her; and at each clause of the benediction, the peers and bishops, who stood round about her, joined "in a loud and hearty Amen."

"The Lord bless and keep you; the Lord make the light of his countenance to shine ever upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord protect you in all your ways, and preserve you from every evil thing; the Lord prosper the works of your own hands upon you; the Lord prosper your handy work."

To which the peers and bishops responded, "Amen!"

"May all the blessings of heaven and earth plenteously descend upon you," continued the archbishop: "the Lord give you of the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth, a fruitful country and healthful seasons, a faithful senate and a quiet empire, wise counsellors and victorious armies, a loyal nobility and a dutiful gentry, and an honest, peaceable, and obedient commonalty."

"Amen," responded the peers and bishops, very heartily and devoutly: and there were some points in this aspiration wonderfully suited to the urgent necessities of the times; for the most dismal weather in winter and summer, attended by famines and agues, had plagued the British empire, since the accession of William III., and greatly added to his unpopularity with "the honest, peaceable, and obedient commonalty," who laid the whole blame upon his majesty; insomuch, it is traditionary in the Highlands, "that, on the 8th of March, a cottager going out to trench his kail-yard, and seeing the first fine day he had beheld for twelve or fourteen years, threw down his spade, gave a Highland fling in the air, and an exclamation in Gaelic, "The wicked king is dead to a certainty!"

"The Lord preserve your life and establish your throne," continued archbishop Tennison, "that your reign may be prosperous and your days many; that you may live long in this world, obeyed, and honoured, and beloved by your people, ever increasing in favour both with God and man, and leave a numerous posterity to rule these kingdoms after you by succession in all ages."

"Amen," responded queen Anne's surrounding peers and bishops; but this clause, like more than one in the coronation-rite, must have brought remembrance of her recently-lost Gloucester sorely to the memory of the bereaved and hopeless mother.

The peers performed their homage to the queen as soon as she was enthroned; her husband, prince George of

Denmark leading the way and offering his homage as duke of Cumberland. The archbishops and the prelates did their homage *as temporal peers* after prince George, preceding the temporal peers; they *seemingly* kissed her majesty's left cheek,[1] and afterwards touched her crown; meantime her gracious pardon was read, and her coronation medals of gold and silver thrown about among the people, "as her majesty's gracious largess and donative," says the Bankes' manuscript;[2] and while the homage of the lords was performed, the grand final anthem was sung by the choir with instrumental music of all sorts. At the end of the anthem, the trumpets sounded, and all the people shouted, "God save queen Anne! Long live queen Anne! May the queen live for ever!"

The royal family, acknowledged by the country, had dwindled to a small and distant span indeed, for the childless and Roman-catholic widow of Charles II. was the only person, besides the sovereign, remembered by name in the prayers of the church of England.

"O Lord our God, who upholdest and governest all things in heaven and earth, receive our humble prayers, with our thanksgivings, for our sovereign lady queen Anne, set over us by thy grace and good providence to be our queen, and so, together with her, bless Catherine the queen-dowager, and the whole royal family."

Catherine of Braganza, was then reigning as queen-regent in her native country, with some éclat. It seems singular that she should be remembered in the prayers at the coronation, and that queen Anne's protestant consort should not be named in the first protestant coronation that had occurred in this country, of a queen acknowledged as entirely sovereign-regnant, which her sister and predecessor could scarcely be considered, unless at times when she was formally invested with the regency.

The retirement of the queen to St. Edward's chapel, (called in coronation language the recess,) her divestment of her consecrated crown, robes, and regalia,—termed those of St. Edward,—and the offering of them on the shrine of the regal saint and lawgiver, her collateral ancestor,—her assumption of the state-crown, and purple velvet robes,

[1] London Gazette. It is not certain whether this word "seemingly" applied to the perception of the writer of the Gazette, or that the peers only made believe to salute queen Anne.

[2] Brit. Museum.

which she was to wear at the banquet in Westminster Hall, proceeded, according to the usual routine, without any variation peculiarly personal to queen Anne. Her majesty's day's labour was only half performed; she could not avoid appearing at the banquet, lest the Jacobite portion of the community might say that she dared not suffer the champion, Dymoke, to perform his challenge, as that had proved a remarkably awkward step in the coronation-ceremonial[1] of her predecessors, William and Mary.

Queen Anne, therefore, went through all her ceremonials pertaining to her coronation banquet, from the entrance of the *dilligrout* to that of the champion, without any of the perverse accidents which had marked her sister's and brother-in-law's coronations. Every proceeding was as regular as if her title had been as perfectly undisputed and indisputable as that of her present majesty.

At the banquet, his royal highness prince George of Denmark dined at the table of the queen-regnant, his consort; "he sat at the end thereof, at her majesty's left hand." The parliament being sitting, the members of the house of commons were assigned seats in the Abbey, in the north-cross, and at the banquet, in the gallery at the east end of Westminster Hall. At the foregoing coronation, the commons, who had taken to themselves, in the preceding century, almost every function of crown and church, had been not a little astonished and offended, at finding that a specific place of entertainment had been provided for every estate of the realm, excepting their own important body. William and Mary, who were nearly penniless themselves, rather ungratefully followed the ancient regulation, and the commons, although they had proved the means of crowning their majesties, went dinnerless at their coronation-banquet; Lamberty discusses the fact drily, as if he thought privately that it was a mighty good joke. Queen Anne treated her commons with more hospitality, and they were regaled with a good dinner in the Exchequer chamber.[2]

It was past eight in the evening, before all the services and ceremonials of the coronation-banquet were finished by her majesty, who, after resting and disrobing at the Court

[1] Life of Mary II., vol. xi. of this series.
[2] London Gazette, April, 1702.

of Wards, was carried back to St. James's Palace in her close sedan, exceedingly fatigued. The palace, with the rest of the metropolis, was in a tumult of joyous excitement, and prince George of Denmark, with a circle of the private friends of royalty, was disposed to do what most persons that night were doing, which was, passing a considerable portion of it in a carouse, drinking their sovereign lady's health. Her majesty was, however, disposed to seek repose from all her fatigues of regality, on her pillow. The lord-chamberlain noticed that the queen was exceedingly tired, and would be glad if his royal highness would propose going to bed. "*I* propose," replied the prince, jovially, "*I* cannot, I am her majesty's *subject*—have done and sworn homage to her to day; I shall do nought but what she commands me." "Then," replied queen Anne, laughing, "as that is the case, as I am very tired, I do command you, George, to come to bed."[1]

Her majesty was obeyed.

Altogether, this coronation proceeded prosperously, and gave general satisfaction to all classes of society, not excepting the very worst, for the thieves, who were numerous and audacious, beyond all modern computation, stole the whole of the plate used at her majesty's banquet in Westminster Hall, together with a vast quantity of pewter, and valuable table linen.[2]

The coronation medal of Anne bears the impression of her profile representing her as very fat and swollen, her throat exceedingly short and thick; on the reverse of the medal is a heart crowned amidst oaken foliage, surrounded by a legend of the words, ENTIRELY ENGLISH, from her speech on the opening her first parliament. An altar in front bears an inscription in Latin which means "Descended from a race of kings." Another medal bears the queen's head, depicting her still fatter and thicker; it was struck on the appointment of her husband prince George, as high admiral; his likeness occupies the other side; the lower part of his face is enormously thick; yet his profile would have been handsome, but for a very odd expression of face, as if he were turning up his mouth at his own nose.

[1] This is one of those floating anecdotes which may be almost considered oral; it is, however, printed in Hutton's Visit to London, being a tour through Westminster Abbey, the Tower, &c., published in the Freemason's Magazine, 1792 to 1795.

[2] Malcolm's Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London, p. 54.

There were several different designs in the medals given, or thrown, at the queen's coronation, but the principal was the "Entirely English" heart. In the queen's great seal, she is, like her ancestors, represented on horseback, crowned with the arched crown, from which flies a most elaborate ribbon or scarf; her hair flows in curls on her neck, which is uncovered, all but a throat pearl necklace; the royal mantle, lined with ermine, flows over her shoulders. She holds the sceptre in her hand and the globe in her lap. She sits full in front, as if on the step side-saddle. The other side presents her in the same dress, but enthroned. After the union with Scotland, this seal was superseded by another, in which the equestrian reverse was replaced by a figure of Britannia seated on the ledge of a rock which towers above the head; her shield bears the arms of England and Scotland parted per pale; before Britannia are a rose and thistle growing on one stem, with the state crown of Britain suspended over them. Among the emblems around the enthroned queen on the front of the medal, is the unicorn supporter of Scotland, holding the national flag, on which the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George are intersected.

The following important address was voted to the queen, a few days after her coronation:—

"May 5, 1702.—This day it was resolved in the house of commons, that an address of thanks be presented to her majesty, for her great zeal for the succession of the crown in the Protestant line, in directing, by an order of council, the princess Sophia to be prayed for. On Sunday last the princess Sophia was prayed for in all the churches of London and Westminster."[1]

Her majesty went from St. James's to Windsor, on the 2nd of June, where she knighted Simon Harcourt, and appointed him her solicitor-general. Prince George of Denmark went forward to Portsmouth the same day; he was there received with all the distinction due to "the dear consort of her majesty." The mighty naval preparations of England for the war were reviewed by the queen's consort, before sailing from Portsmouth. He sailed the

[1] Somerville, who deals in generalities, in his Reign of queen Anne, vol. i. p. 79, hints that the house of commons, dissolved by the queen, in April, 1704, had done great things to secure the Protestant succession; it may be supposed this was one, as it occurs in the Whitehall Gazette of the current year, among the Stepney papers. Brit. Museum. Likewise, in Toone's Chronology, is a notation of the above date.

next day to the Isle of Wight, where all the newly raised forces were encamped—a very excellent situation, as they could not easily desert, which great numbers of them attempted to do. The prince, in quality of her majesty's generalissimo, pardoned several of these unfortunate men, at the moment when they were led out to death.[1] The contrast, in this action, to the military and naval cruelties which will render the reign of William and Mary ever remarkable, was believed to spring from the merciful disposition of queen Anne, which, of course, augmented the love that the common people bore to her.

In illustration of the queen's clemency, there exists, to her credit, many little autograph letters, proving her majesty's personal interference in these cases. One of them, which is un-dated, as is usually the case in Anne's correspondence, was, perhaps, written on the foregoing occasion; and even if placed a little prematurely, is true evidence of her feelings on such occasions.

QUEEN ANNE TO SECRETARY SIR CHARLES HEDGES.[2]

"Monday night.

"I have been soe often found fault with for interposing in the case of deserters, that I am almost afraid to do it, but the enclosed *payper* seems to me to be soe moving, that I can't help sending it to you, and desiring you would take care that execution may be *stoped* till you can inquire further into the matter.

"I am, your very affectionate,
"ANNE R."

The queen had the more pity for these unfortunate deserters, since the maintenance of large standing armies perennially employed in foreign warfare, was a new infliction on the British population. Such had not been usual since the invasions of France under the Plantagenets, and at that era, the military code of St. George, adapted to a high-spirited yeoman or franklin class of soldiery, was essentially different from the discipline enforced by the Mutiny Bill. There was, it is true, a severe clause threatening boring tongues for blasphemy; but then blasphemy being neither a want nor luxury, presents, after all, small temptation to human nature, howsoever perversely disposed.

The political history of the reign of queen Anne (from which the pages of her biography will be kept as clear as

[1] May, Boyer's Annals.

[2] Copied from the original series, lately in the possession of James Montague, Esq.; they were never printed, until printed in the Monthly Magazine, 1803.

perspicuity will permit) appears to the eyes of readers in general, to consist of violent and interminable contests between two classes, into which the whole kingdom was divided; the names of these two parties are frequently heard in the present times, yet it has never been satisfactorily proved from whence the name of either Whig or Tory was derived. Each was undeniably one of those nicknames in which party malignity especially delights, springing from the same feelings which occasioned the ugly sobriquets of Lollard, Quaker, and Papist to have been, in turn, accented with peculiar rancour. But the derivation of these terms of polemic venom are not so far-fetched and mysterious as Whig and Tory. Whig is said to have been derived from the Anglo-Saxon word signifying war and contention; the term was found thus oddly spelt and sounded by Cromwell's soldiers, when they invaded Scotland and defeated the Scotch at Dunbar; and they seem to have imported it into the south to denote persons they found more impracticable and contentious than themselves. Yet it soon after designated their own party throughout the island as systematic opposers to royalty. It was thus used by the piper of Dundee, who so bitterly aggravated the insurgents at Bothwell Brigg, by playing and singing the following stave, just as the battle joined:—

"Awa, Whigs, awa!
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
And do no good at a'!
Awa, Whigs, awa!"

The poor piper was sent tumbling down the banks of the Clyde[1] into the stream by a whig bullet; but the refrain of his song was taken up, and has been echoed by a powerful English party ever since. Thus one great division of English politicians were named from a civil war in Scotland; and they, not to be found wanting in similar courtesies, becalled their opponents from some predatory guerillas who distingished themselves when the Jacobite civil war was fought in Ireland; these were Rapparees, or Tories. The duchess of Marlborough, in her unpublished writings,[2]

[1] Jacobite Relics.

[2] Coxe MSS., vol. xlvi. p. 197, which contain the Marlborough's original lucubrations, widely differing from the printed publications. Many anecdotes, hitherto inedited, are presented from them in this volume.

always calls them *Rapparees*, and very often, like her royal mistress (neither being remarkable for skill in orthography) spells Whigs as *wigs*.

The Whigs, in the time of queen Anne, chiefly contended for the policy and propriety of keeping up a perpetual war against France, ostensibly in order to prevent the re-establishment of the son of James II. Their opposition to the reformed catholic church of England (vulgarly called High Church) was really more violent than to the church of Rome, and the chief object of their opposition was to prevent the sovereign of England (who bore the awful responsibility of head of the church in the eyes of her people) from naming those of the clergy she approved, to any sees or benefices that became vacant. The Whigs chose that these places should be the gift of the prime minister who could command most votes in the house of commons, whatsoever his belief might be.

The Tories supported the prerogative of queen Anne to name the dignitaries of the church; they resisted the predominance of the Calvinistic or Geneva party in the church of England, vulgarly termed Low Church. They were for an economical government, and for naval war instead of continental regimental war, and advocated the extension and protection of the noble colonies planted by the Stuart kings. They had exposed the enormous corruptions of William III. and his party in the house of commons; they were generally considered Jacobites;—they would have gladly been so, if the son of James II. had been of the same religion as his grandfather, Charles I.; they appear to have been unwillingly, but sincerely, convinced of the impossibility of a Roman Catholic being the head of the church of England.

There is reason to believe that the restoration of the church of England to the vital rights of electing her spiritual dignitaries was meditated by the queen and by her uncle, lord Rochester, whom she chose for her prime minister, when she ascended the throne, and declared him as such soon after. With the assistance and co-operation of her uncle, queen Anne carried into effect an act of benevolence, which will make her name for ever gratefully venerated by our church. Her majesty, at her accession, was entitled to the first fruits of every benefice or dignitary

conferred by the crown. With praiseworthy self-denial, instead of appropriating these gains to the amplification of her personal power or magnificence, queen Anne formed with it a fund, to augment the miserable livings, or rather *starvings*, which too often fall to the lot of some of the most excellent of the clergy. The fund bears the expressive name of "Queen Anne's Bounty." Words would be wasted in dwelling on it with panegyric; it speaks for itself, being still in operation, and having effected immense good. A plan of similar beneficence was first carried into effect from the savings of his preferments, by the noble and self-denying archbishop Sancroft. Queen Anne followed his example, on the most extended scale of royal munificence, and her generosity has placed her name high on the list of royal foundresses in the Christian church.

Lady Marlborough was now at the pinnacle of her long anticipated glory, and she had reigned supremely over the formation of the newly-formed royal household, disposing of all places therein as it seemed good in her eyes. From the mighty Dutch magnate Portland, down to the humble clear-starcher Abrahal, Sarah of Marlborough placed and displaced whomsoever she thought fit.[1] Very unceremoniously, at her instigation, did the queen eject lord Portland from the rangership of Windsor Park. At the same instant he had the vexation to behold the avowed object of his hatred, lady Marlborough, leap into the place.[2] The queen, too, testified some of her hoarded hates and antipathies; Charles, earl of Macclesfield, was discharged by her from all the rich offices and sinecures with which he had been loaded by her sister and her spouse. Her majesty's reasons are best known by his complaints, from which may be ascertained that she said that "she did so because he had thrown blood in her father's face"[3]—a startling metaphor, whereby queen Anne indicated her remembrance of his being the chief instigator in the calumny that loaded her father with the death of lord Essex, who destroyed himself in the Tower, at the explosion of the Rye-House Plot. He was at that time lord Brandon; he had been banished for slaughtering a poor sentinel, who only did his duty, by stopping him and another nobleman from entering the palace of Whitehall

[1] Coxe MSS., Lady Marlborough's Statemen [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

by the stairs that led from St. James's Park to the Long Gallery, when returning from their orgies. The transaction was a cowardly one, for the two titled ruffians, setting upon the poor youth together, flung him over the balustrade, and broke his bones miserably on the pavement.[1] For this detestable murder, lord Brandon was justly condemned to die, but his punishment was unwisely commuted by James II. to banishment. While in Holland he became the author of the numerous attacks on king James, charging him with the death of lord Essex, to which queen Anne alluded. He returned as a *patriot* with the prince of Orange; he became a minister of state, and when earl of Macclesfield enjoyed an immense share in the enormous grants which William III. bestowed on his supporters.

Queen Anne, about the same time, abolished, by order of council, publicly announced,[2] the injurious practice of permitting the sale of places in the royal household. It was a very bad French custom, brought in with the Restoration, but openly and officially transacted since the Revolution, when places at court were purchased of the former possessor, exactly as officers buy their commissions in the army at the present time. Thus the sovereign was deprived of the prerogative of choosing his or her own servants, nor could any remarkable degree of fidelity be expected from the purchasers. The proverb says, "what a man buys he may sell;" too many of the retainers of royalty in those days did not limit their sales to their offices.

"The master of the horse," says the Marlborough MSS., "the groom of the stole, and the comptroller of the household—in short, everybody who had the disposal of places in these departments, claimed the right to sell them, and were no more ashamed of taking the proceeds than of receiving their salaries or their rents out of the country."[3]

It may be observed that lady Marlborough in her memorials, either edited or inedited, takes the credit of every generous action done by her royal mistress while she remained in favour;—if an old servant were pensioned, she audaciously asserts that she continued his salary, although

[1] Trial of lord Brandon for murder. Howell's State Trials.
[2] Toone's Chronology, July 10, 1702.
[3] Coxe MSS., vol. xliv. Inedited letter of the duchess of Marlborough.

the cost was paid from the privy-purse. When queen Anne issued her palace-ordinance to the public, "that no more places were to be sold in her household," lady Marlborough records the fact; but, after indulging at length in the warmest flow of self-praise on her own generosity, assures her friends, public and private, "that the command was really issued by herself." It is dubious whether queen Anne's master of the horse, her comptroller of the household, and her groom of the stole, would have obeyed any orders but those of the queen, which obliged them to relinquish the profits of the sale of places under them, which they were "no more ashamed of taking than they were of receiving their rents of landed property." The queen actually followed the impulse of her own bountiful temper, and her favourite made the best of the royal orders for the exaltation of her own consequence, by holding a sort of tribunal in the palace, something like the court of requests, where, with great pomp, she heard petitions and grievances. Her account of her own doings, at the accession, affords some information regarding the establishment of the royal household of queen Anne.

"The first thing of the kind," says the Marlborough,[1] "that comes into my mind, is in relation to sir Edward Lawrence. Some time after the death of king William, he desired leave to speak with me; on being admitted, he addressed himself to me with this complaint: he had given eight hundred pounds for a place in that king's household, lord Jersey being lord chamberlain, but by the death of his majesty, and his servants not being paid by the queen, he had lost his money and his salary too, 'and hoped *I* would consider his case.' I told him 'that he came too late, for the queen had appointed all her family; however, I would do what I could for the queen to take him on the next vacancy,' which I accordingly did, without receiving anything from him, and he still enjoys the place. The pages of the backstairs are places so considerable, that I have been told several grooms of the stole have sold them for a thousand guineas each, but I gave them freely to Mr. Kirk, Mr. Saxton, and Mr. Smith, purely at the request of three ladies, lady Charlotte Beverwaert, lady Fitzharding, and

[1] Coxe MSS., vol. xliv. Letter to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited. Brit. Museum.

the countess of Plymouth, that married bishop Biss. All the other places I had to dispose of were in the robes, which I made no more advantage of than the others.

"I gave the place of waiter 'in the robes,' to Mr. Curtis, who had married a woman that had served my children. I gave another place of the kind to Mr. Foster, who had served the duke of Marlborough, and I made William Lovegrove coffer-bearer, who was also a servant of the duke of Marlborough. These three were turned out of their places by the duchess of Somerset in the most shameful manner, to make room for her own servants.[1]

"To proceed: I also gave a place of coffer-bearer to Mr. Woolrich, and another, under the groom of the stole to Mr. Hodges, who had both been servants in the family of the princess; besides these, I made Mrs. Abrahal, whom I shall have occasion to mention hereafter, 'the queen's starcher,' and settled a hundred a year on her, because she had washed the queen's heads for twenty pounds a year when she was princess."

The "queen's heads" were the Brussels-lace cornette caps of three stages, an old lady style of dress which had been made fashionable throughout Europe, by the costume which Madame de Maintenon, the elderly spouse of Louis XIV., thought proper to adopt. Even babies wore this very queer cap, which somewhat resembled the façade of a church, with three galleries, each higher than the other.

Between the queen's starcher, Mrs. Abrahal, and the duchess, a fierce feud ensued afterwards, but all was harmonious at this halcyon period. "I gave the place of sempstress to the queen," pursues the duchess, "to Mrs. Ravensford (who has since married a son of the bishop of Ely) because her mother was in the same place before."

The queen further caused an order of council to be enforced in the department of the green cloth, that every person taking office, was to testify, by solemn oath, that he did not pay anything for his place.[2] The duchess of

[1] Several years afterwards, when the duchess of Marlborough was deprived of her offices of mistress of the robes and groom of the stole.

[2] Coxe MSS., vol. xliv. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Inedited.

Marlborough claims all these steps as the result of her own bright integrity and scorn of ready cash, while giving the only information leading to the fact, that queen Anne was the sovereign who actually destroyed the place-selling system at the British court. It had been winked at by easy Charles, her uncle, who suffered his court-harpies to fill all lower offices with mercenaries who could not be removed, for their misdeeds, because "the poor folk, oddsfish, had paid their cash to Buckingham or Killigrew, or some other merry villains." Intelligence of this custom went forth into distant provinces, and shoals of harmless country gentlemen swarmed up to court with their ready cash in hand, to deal for court places with the said "merry villains." The story was rife at queen Anne's board of green cloth, that Killigrew had actually sold to some of these good people the imaginary offices of "the king's physic-taster," and the "royal curtain-drawer."[1] And when the injured parties claimed their places, or the return of their gold, they found that the gold was spent and the invention of these absurd offices was only meant as a capital good joke.

Although queen Anne had put such stringent restrictions on the sale of places, whether disposed of in jest or earnest, still it was impossible to eradicate from the minds of the country gentry, that the old system was not pursued on every change of ministry—a notion which produced a comic incident or two in palace-life, which the prime minister of the day, Harley, did not disdain to relate, for the information of his friend and contemporary Swift, and as the queen was personally concerned, the adventure will be related according to its anno domini.

During the recess of parliament, the queen, alarmed at the effects of an asthma, which had, in the course of 1702, endangered the life of the prince, her husband, resolved to make a western progress, from Windsor to Bath, for the recovery of his health. Her majesty took Oxford in her way, and though she rested there but one night, was received with the most fervent loyalty. The example of William III., who refused to eat the banquet provided for him at Oxford, on some suspicion of poison, in the year 1696, was not followed by his successor, who did more than ample justice to the hospitality of the university, took most

[1] Tracts by Swift.

graciously the accustomed gift of Woodstock gloves, and a bible, promising at the same time a future visit.[1] It is supposed that on this western tour an incident occurred regarding the queen's consort, which, as it has found a place in the topographical history of Bristol, may be considered as authentic as any passage of biography not based on contemporary autographs. It is the last of the anecdotes of incognito-royalty of which our ancestors were so passionately fond, and loved to weave them into their national ballads. Of this class, we find many, beginning with the martial songs of Robin Hood; of Prince Edward and his Provençal, Adam o' Gordon, or Gurdon; King John and the Abbot; Edward III. and the Shepherd; Henry V. and the Miller of Mansfield; and of Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth; the series ending with James II. and the Fisherman.

The Bristol incident of prince George of Denmark is not of the martial order, and probably when he came to look about the "bright city," the worthy prince, who was the very antithesis to romance, never dreamed of getting into an adventure. But one morning, whilst examining the lions of Bristol, he went on the Exchange, attended solely by a military officer; he remained there till the merchants had withdrawn, none of them having either the courage or the inclination to ask him to partake of any hospitality. All departed excepting a humble bodice-maker, one John Duddlestone, whose abode was in Corn-street. The good man walked up to prince George, and asked him, "Are you, sir, the husband of our queen Anne, as folk say you are?" The prince replied "that such was the fact." John Duddlestone resumed, "that he had seen with great concern that none of the prime merchants on 'Change had invited him home; but it was not for want of love or loyalty, but merely because each was afraid of the presumption of addressing so great a man." John Duddlestone added, "that the shame to Bristol would be great nevertheless, if the husband of their queen was obliged, for want of hospitality, to dine at an inn; he, therefore, begged him, humble as he was, to accompany him home to dinner, and to bring his soldier-officer along with him—if they could eat what he had to offer

[1] Boyer's Annals, 1702.

them, which was a good piece of roast beef, a plum-pudding, and some ale of his wife's own brewing.

Prince George was charmed with this most original invitation, and accepted it with gratitude, although he had already bespoken his dinner at the White Lion. His royal highness and his noble companion accompanied John Duddlestone to his home, and when that worthy citizen arrived there, he called to his spouse, at the foot of the stairs, "Wife, wife! put on a clean apron and come down, for the queen's husband and a soldier-gentleman are come to dine with us." Dame Duddlestone descended forthwith, clad in a clean blue apron, and, according to the national English custom of that era, was saluted by prince George when she entered the parlour.

In the course of their dinner, his royal highness asked his entertainer, "if he ever went to London?" John Duddlestone replied, "that since the ladies had chosen to wear stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went thither to buy whalebone." The prince, when he took leave, requested his host, "that the next time he travelled there he would bring his wife, and to be sure to take her to court." He at the same time gave him a card, which he said would facilitate his admission at Windsor Castle.

When John Duddlestone needed a new supply of whalebone, he actually took his worthy dame behind him on his pack-horse, and journeyed Londonward. With the assistance of the royal card, he found an easy admittance at the royal castle of Windsor in his way from the west, and was introduced by prince George to the queen. Her majesty thanked them for their hospitality to her consort, and in return invited them to dine with her. She told them they must have court-dresses for the occasion, which should be provided by the officers of her wardrobe, but she wished them to choose the material. John Duddlestone and his dame chose purple velvet, such as the prince had on at that time. The suits were accordingly made, and worn at the royal dinner-party, queen Anne herself presenting them to her guests "as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol."

After dinner, her majesty desired John Duddlestone to kneel down, and according to the very words and accent of his good helpmate, in her oft-repeated description of

the scene, first laid a sword on his head, and then said, "Ston up, sir Jan."

Queen Anne offered sir John Duddlestone a place under government, or a gratuity in money; but with the sturdy honesty of a by-gone day, the hospitable citizen would accept of neither; "for," he said, "they wanted nothing, and had fifty pounds of savings out at use, and he doubted from the number of people he saw about her majesty's house, that her living must be very expensive." Queen Anne, however, presented the newly made lady Duddlestone with her own gold watch from her side. With this mark of royal favour the good dame was particularly delighted, and never failed of wearing it over her blue apron-string whenever she went to Bristol market. Such is the tradition of Bristol, related in the topographical work descriptive of that city.[1]

While the queen remained at Windsor Castle, after her return from her visit to the west, she received a familiar and confidential letter from Ernest, duke of Saxe-Ehrstein, deploring the death of his duchess in childbed of a little son. He farther acquainted the queen that the child survived its mother, and that he had had him christened "Anne" in her honour. The infant Saxon prince was not the only one of the queen's godsons who were endowed with the feminine name of Anne. Among the great mass of Christian names, which it is the custom in Germany to bestow on an infant in baptism, the unpretending name of the queen of Great Britain might glide without much notice; but the fact is, that "lord Anne" was not an uncommon sound in the British peerage or army, in the first half of the eighteenth century, to the great affliction of the queen's unfortunate godsons.

[1] Corry's History of Bristol. It is likewise quoted in Hone's Year Book, and related in the Gentleman's Magazine.

ANNE,

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Change of queen Anne's feelings towards lady Marlborough—Queen conceals her dislike from all but Abigail Hill—Her anxiety to remunerate the Marlboroughs for former services—Her letter on that subject—Creates lord Marlborough a duke—Commons refuse to allow the queen's gift of 5000*l.* per annum to him—Queen presents the Marlboroughs with 2000*l.* out of privy-purse—Queen tormented by the reproaches of the duchess—Queen's exculpatory letters—Her gifts, &c.—Queen's controversy with the duchess on creation of peers—Queen sceptres Scotch acts of parliament by commission—Offers to restore bishop Ken to his see without requiring oaths—Accepts his resignation and his recommendation of Dr. Hooper—Queen receives a visit from the king of Spain—Queen's letters to sir George Rooke, her admiral—Queen celebrates her birth-day by her bounty to the Church of England—Resignation of the queen's uncle, Rochester, as her prime minister—Entire change of her government from Tory to Whig ministers—Queen falls completely into the power of the duchess of Marlborough—Secret influence of her consort in favour of the Whigs and dissenters—Queen's practice of the healing power of Edward the Confessor—Her order in council for the addition of the Healing Office to the Common Prayer—Mode of the queen's performing the Healing Office, &c.—Queen's improvements at Kensington Palace—She builds a banqueting-room there—Her spring and summer fêtes at Kensington—Routine of residences at her summer palaces.

Queen Anne's fond devotion to Sarah of Marlborough had been nearly commensurate with her own existence. Her majesty was but in her thirty-eighth year, and full thirty years of that duration she had loved her almost to exclusion of every other affection.

The agreeable hurry and flutter of inducting friends and

partisans to the sweets of places and preferments, and the still greater luxury of expelling enemies from them, had, however, blinded lady Marlborough to the important fact that her royal mistress began her reign with feelings towards her of a very different nature from those which had hitherto actuated her conduct. The queen's words, either in notes or in utterance, were more caressing than ever. "For," says her contemporary Swift, "there was not, perhaps, in all England, a person who understood more artificially to disguise her passions than queen Anne. Upon her first coming to the throne, lady Marlborough had lost all favour with her, as her majesty often acknowledged to those who told it to me."[1] He meant Abigail and her sister, Mary Hill; and much the historian importuned these persons to tell him the particulars of the offence given. They never told him; but he supposed, from their reserve, that it was a mere trifle, that some breach of etiquette, some ruffle, some periwig, some tag, tassel, or furbelow, worn disrespectfully, in its wrong place, had caused the quarrel. To do queen Anne justice, although an accidental circumstance connected with a matter as trifling had brought to her ears the hatred and loathing her ungrateful favourite bore to her, it was not the trifle itself, but the cruel words she unwillingly had heard which changed her loving heart towards her long-cherished "Mrs. Freeman." However, no one knew that change but Abigail, and she revealed it not, but let it gradually develop itself by those imperceptible means which are scarcely to be defined.

When the grand occupation of the coronation was over, lady Marlborough, the new mistress of the robes, began instinctively to feel rather than to perceive this change; she forthwith commenced carping, quarrelling, and hunting for affronts, practices which appear not in any former specimens of her correspondence, at least with her royal mistress. The queen, on the other hand, was eager to grant the Marlboroughs all the advantages which their avarice and ambition had anticipated on her attainment of power. Marlborough had yet his fortune to make from her bounty. He, who had begun the world with nothing, notwithstanding his almost supernatural efforts at

[1] Swift's Memoirs of the Queen's Ministry, vol. iii. p. 172.

saving,[1] had no capital commensurate with his title of earl, or with the still higher flights of his ambition. Queen Anne was willing to indulge the appetite of the pair for wealth and titles. While this plan was in process, her majesty redoubled her caressing expressions, that her presumed favourites might feed quickly and peacefully, for she did not wish to incur their reproach of sending them empty away; but that she meant to part from them what person can doubt who watches the gradual tendency of every transaction relating to queen Anne and the Marlboroughs?

The queen came from Windsor to St. James's Palace in time to open her parliament, October 20, 1702. The house of commons was newly elected, and was supposed to be replete with Tory principles. Robert Harley was chosen speaker for the third time. Her majesty had left lady Marlborough at Windsor, and meant to dispense with her attendance in her grand state-visit to the city, which was appointed to take place on the lord mayor's day, then celebrated October 29.

The first step the queen took consonant to her intentions of rewarding the earl of Marlborough for his former adhesion to her interests, was announced in a letter to his lady, written two days after the opening of parliament.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE LADY MARLBOROUGH,[2] (names of Morley and Freeman.)

"St. James's, Oct. 22.

"I have had, this evening, the satisfaction of my dear Mrs. Freeman's (*letter*) of yesterday, for which I give you many thanks; and though I think it a long time since I saw you, I do not desire you to come one minute sooner to town than is easy for you, but will wait with patience for the happy hour, and only beg, when you do come, you would send for a coach, and not make use of a chaise."

Lady Marlborough it seems did not then keep a carriage of her own. She was therefore to send for one of the queen's coaches, and give up her plan of travelling from Windsor in a post-chaise.

The queen continues—

"Lord Treasurer intends to send you a copy of the address to the house of lords, which is to be given to me to-morrow, and that gives

[1] Lord Dartmouth enumerates among the sins of the Marlboroughs against their royal patroness, "that they used everything belonging to the queen as if it was their own; that the very linen that the duke took every year to the army was furnished by her majesty." Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 31.

[2] Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 202.

me an opportunity of mentioning a thing which I did not intend to do *yet*. It is very uneasy to your poor unfortunate faithful Morley, to think that *she* has so very little in her power to show you how sensible *I* am of all lord Marlborough's kindness, especially when he deserves all that a rich crown could give. But, since there is nothing else at this time, I hope you will give me leave, as soon as he comes, to make him a duke.

"I know that my dear Mrs. Freeman does not care for anything of that kind; nor am I satisfied with it, because it does not enough express the value I have for Mrs. Freeman, nor ever can how passionately I am yours, my dear Mrs. Freeman."

It will be observed that there is no actual mention of suitable provision to support this dukedom in the queen's letter. No wonder then that the announcement of the royal intentions gave lady Marlborough more alarm than pleasure.

"When I read the queen's letter I let it drop out of my hand," said lady Marlborough, "and was for some minutes like one that had received the news of death." It will be seen that the queen rectified this mistake before she sent her message to the house of lords for the creation of the dukedom. Lord Marlborough was more grateful than his wife for this distinction, because it created for him respect among the German princes in Flanders, where he was commander-in-chief of the allied forces.

Notwithstanding the caressing terms of her majesty's epistle, a controversy was going on between lady Marlborough and herself. Thus early in the reign of her royal mistress had the favourite thought fit to interfere with functions of government. The discussion was on the occasion of creating four new peers, which the queen or her ministry had resolved should be all Tories. Lady Marlborough had made violent opposition to this course of proceeding, but actually prevailed on the queen by her importunity that she would add a fifth, Mr. Hervey. Upon which the queen's peers refused their titles, if a Whig were to be their associate in the new-made nobility. The poor queen, who was nearly divested of the power that had appertained to her ancestors, was still loaded with all the responsibility of it in the eyes of her people. In her endeavours to compromise between her own party and that of her favourite, she soothed that haughty dame with an epistle, indited with more than her usual servility of expression. It will be observed that she brings in the word *blest* oddly enough to make the reader think that it was used as an ironical substitute for its antithesis:—

"Queen Anne to Lady Marlborough, (under names of Morley and Freeman.)

(1702) "St. James, Saturday,[1] [24th of October.]

"I am very glad to find, by my dear Mrs. Freeman's, that I was *blest* with yesterday, that she liked my speech; but I cannot help being extremely concerned you are so partial to the Whigs, because I would not have you and your poor unfortunate faithful Morley differ in opinion in the least thing.

"What I said, when I writ last upon this subject, does not proceed from the insinuations of the other part; but I know the principles of the church of England, and I know also those of the Whigs, and it is that, and no other reason, which makes me think as I do of the last. And upon my word, my dear Mrs. Freeman, you are mightily mistaken in your notion of a true Whig, for the character you give of them does not in the least belong to them, but to the church. But I will say no more on the subject, but only beg for my poor sake that you would not show more countenance to those you seem to have so much inclination for than for the church party.

"Since you have staid so long at Windsor, I wish now, for your own sake, that you would stay till after lord-mayor's day, (Oct. 29,[2]) for if you are in town you can't avoid going to the show, and being in the country is a just excuse, and I think one would be glad of any, to avoid so troublesome a *bisness*. I am at this time in great haste, and therefore can say no more to my dear, *dear* Mrs. Freeman, but that I am most passionately hers."

The "troublesome business" alluded to by her majesty, was the grand civic dinner, attended by herself and the prince, on lord-mayor's day, which was accompanied by the utmost pomp and state. Lady Marlborough was evidently too great and delicate a lady to endure the welcome of the citizens, and was thus given an opportunity of absenting herself. It is possible that there was a little diplomacy in the queen's arrangement, in order to give encouragement to her own Tory partisans, who might reason that, if her majesty's favourite were absent from her side on such an occasion, her influence was not so puissant as was supposed. Lady Marlborough's spleen was likely to break out into open war, because the triumph of the duke of Ormond and sir George Rooke, at Vigo, had greatly elated the Tory party, and the immense booty of the Spanish galleons taken there had somewhat cheered the citizens. Lord Marlborough had succeeded in the capture of some towns in Flanders, at the head of the allied armies. It is certain that his progress was in favourable contrast to the disastrous campaigns of William III.; yet the queen's intention of enriching him and raising him to a dukedom,

[1] Conduct by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 129. The duchess makes out the date of the month in the course of her comments, by observing that the 24th of October fell on a Saturday.

[2] Lord Mayor's day, old style.

was decidedly premature. These intentions evidently emanated from her majesty's previous magnificent promises to her favourites, when oppressed by her inimical sister; and she anticipated that a "*sunshine* day would one day come for them."

Lord Marlborough returned from his campaign in November, and, on the 28th of the same month, the queen put in execution her intentions regarding his dukedom. Her majesty's hurry to remunerate the Marlboroughs for all they had done, suffered, or lost, in her behalf, almost defeated its own object; she forgot that her uncle, Lawrence, earl of Rochester, whose honest vigilance had detected the inroads made on her income when she was princess, was at the head of affairs.

In pursuance of her intention, her majesty sent a message to the house of commons, declaring "that it was her pleasure to create lord Marlborough a duke; she, therefore, requested a pension of 5000*l.* per annum might be secured to *him and his heirs*, from the post-office." Sir Charles Hedges brought the queen's message into the house, signed with her hand. When the royal pleasure was announced, a pause so deep ensued in the House of Commons, that the speaker,[1] Mr. Harley, rose, and looked about him to ascertain who meant to break the portentous silence.[2] Sir Edward Seymour was the man, and, after warm debates, the queen's request was respectfully denied, on the plea "that lord Marlborough's services, although considerable, had been sufficiently rewarded, and that the dangerous custom of the preceding reign in alienating the crown revenues for favoured individuals ought to be avoided."[3] The queen returned the following extraordinary answer to this remark:—

"I shall always think myself much concerned to reward those who deserve well of me and the public. On this account, I bestowed some favours on the duke of Marlborough, and am glad to find you think them well placed."[4]

From this circumstance may be dated the lifelong antipathy that the duchess of Marlborough manifested to the Tory party, in whose ranks she and her husband had been reckoned since their well-known expulsion from court, in the year 1691-2. A saying, at the same time, went

[1] Robert Harley, elected Speaker, October 20, that year.
[2] Ralph, in his Other Side of the Question, 194 to 199.
[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

forth among the populace, "that the queen meant to give to one duke (of Marlborough) all the gold gained at Vigo by the other duke (of Ormond.)"

The queen and her new grace of Marlborough were in consternation at the turn affairs had taken in parliament. In hopes of somewhat soothing the rage of the duchess against the Tories, her majesty wrote to her, the same day that the commons refused the bill, the following offer of endowment from her privy-purse. The note is without date, but that occurrence took place, Dec. 16th, 1702.

"QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,[1] (under the names of Morley and Freeman.)

"I cannot be satisfied with myself without doing something towards making up what has been so maliciously hindered in Parliament, and therefore I desire my dear Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Freeman (*the duchess and duke of Marlborough*) would be so kind as to accept of two thousand pounds a year out of the privy-purse, *beside* the grant of five.[2] This can excite no envy, for nobody need know it. Not that I would disown what I give to people that deserve, especially where 'tis impossible to reward the deserts; but you may keep it as a secret or not, as you please. I beg my dear Mrs. Freeman would never any way give me an answer to this, only comply with the desires of your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley, that loves you most tenderly, and is, with the sincerest passion imaginable, yours."

The letter and donation failed to satisfy the enraged duchess, who refused the compensation of 2000*l.* per annum with scorn. The refusal was, however, but to distress the queen, and furnish matter for perpetual reproaches, since, years afterwards, when immensely rich, she insisted on the pension with all its arrears.

After the pecuniary disappointment, the queen had little peace; either in her hours of retirement, or on solemn occasions of state, she was liable to the most violent vituperation from the woman she had raised, to use the person's *own* words, "from the dust," to be her scourge and punishment. The duchess of Marlborough kept no measures with the queen, in fact, either in writing or speaking of her, or to her; while the Tories were in power, she constantly abused them as her enemies, and reviled the queen as their accomplice, until, strengthened by the great victories obtained by her husband, in the succeeding year she effected their expulsion,[3] and the

[1] Coxe, Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 208.

[2] The queen must mean, *instead* of the grant of five, for that had been positively refused by the Commons.

[3] Journals of the House of Commons, and Somerville's Reign of Queen Anne, vol. i. p. 32.

queen fell into her hands, "a crowned slave," as her majesty afterwards pathetically called herself.

The vexation occasioned by the queen's hasty and premature attempt to acquit herself of the obligations daily vaunted to her by her imperious mistress of robes, did not distract her mind from the benevolent duties of her reign. The firm establishment of Greenwich Hospital was at this period one of her cares. "Her majesty and his royal highness prince George commanded that the model of Greenwich Hospital should be brought to St. James's, and were pleased to view the same, and highly approved of the intention and government of this noble foundation, designed for the maintenance of disabled seamen, and her majesty has recommended the passing some proper bill this session for the further support thereof; and if the bill pass, it will soon be in a state to admit seamen disabled in her service."[1]

The following letter, hitherto inedited, was written by queen Anne to her cofferer, Sir Benjamin Bathurst; although a simple, business-like communication, its tone does her honour:—

"Queen Anne to Sir Benjamin Bathurst.

"Windsor, June 8.

"I received yours yesterday and should be very glad if Potvin would bring down y^t^ part of my Bed he shewed you, but as for y^e^ confectioner you mention I do not *aprove* of him, for I will never take any bodys servant from them tho they seem never soe willing to it—therefore I desire you would look out for some other or if you could meet with a woman y^t^ *dos* those kind of things well, I had rather have one than a man, w^ch^ is all I have to say, but y^t^ I am your very affectionate friend, "Anne."[2]

Few sovereigns, perhaps, would have allowed themselves to be restrained from acquiring a desirable servant by the reverence here paid by queen Anne to that excellent clause in the tenth commandment which prohibits us from coveting our neighbour's servants any more than their goods—a clause which the selfishness of human nature rendered peculiarly necessary, and which too many matrons in private life scruple not to be guilty of the sin of violating, although nothing can be more disgracefully mean than the practice of disturbing the peace and disarranging the household comforts of others, by seducing their domestics from their engagements by the tempting offer of higher wages.

[1] English Post, Dec. 16, 1702.

[2] Most courteously communicated by the lady Georgina Bathurst, to whom our grateful acknowledgments are offered.

The queen, moreover, in this little characteristic billet, shows a trait which is very well worthy of consideration by those desirous for the well being and good government of the lower classes—points of statistics which are at present so painfully pressing on the attention of our rulers, that all persons ought conscientiously to give their individual aid in their own domestic arrangements. The queen, who, whatsoever were her faults, was admirable in her practical kindness to the working orders, dislikes that a man should be employed in the office of confectioner, because a woman can serve as well in that department.

The queen's example is a very good one, and deserves consideration by those who employ men-servants in many offices which are better suited to the strength and capacity of women; the higher classes do so from the supposition that it is most consonant with their dignity. Wealthy persons sedulously imitate them, and many of the middle classes follow an example they can ill afford. Let all remember how very few modes of gaining a livelihood remain to a destitute woman of any degree; when the laundry, the needle, in-door service, and tuition, are mentioned, all is said. Let, then, the ladies of the British empire consider that, if they in any way circumscribe this very short list by employing men in household offices which the weaker sex can perform, they deprive women of their virtuous subsistence, and thereby drive them to want and the strong temptation to wickedness. And if the mothers and daughters of the poor become utterly degraded and corrupted by reason of unpitied misery, their infants will be reared in defiance of good and in devotion to evil. Tremendous will be the re-action on society in general, a truth there is no occasion to dwell on, for it is widely acknowledged; yet the evil is more universally known than any remedy. But if our fair contemporaries will follow the example, in this instance, of her who was not undeservedly called by the populace their "good queen Anne," they will go very far in ameliorating such wrong.

The enormous settlement of 100,000*l.* per annum was given prince George of Denmark for life,[1] and with re-

[1] The author has no direct authority that this great sum was allowed in the princess's life-time, because it is always mentioned ambiguously, but the fact is evident nevertheless. It is positively affirmed in Edmund Calamy's Diary, that prince George was in the actual receipt of this income.

mainder in case he survived the queen, by the parliament of 1702, to which was added a grant of the palace at Winchester. It was supposed that the prince-consort received this high pecuniary compensation in lieu of the distinction he might have claimed as husband of the queen-regnant. The fact is, that the propriety of giving prince George the title of king for life, with continuation of the high offices he held in case of the death of the queen, was urged rather warmly by the personal friends of the queen, it is supposed at her instigation, but all further privilege save the increase of income was ultimately rejected by parliament.[1]

The petty and peevish complaints with which the duchess of Marlborough continued to torment the queen, will sufficiently appear from her letters; on one of which the duchess comments in the following words:[2] "In this letter she attempts to excuse what some time ago she would have thought inexcusable, such neglects as are inconsistent with love and friendship:"

"Queen Anne to the Duchess of Marlborough.[3]

"I think I need not say anything more to yours of Saturday, but that I do not, nor ever will, deserve such unjust thoughts as you have of your faithful Morley, who would be glad to see you to-night at eight, or any other evening, as it is easier for yourself."

Thus, the time and thoughts of the queen-regnant of the British empire were almost exclusively occupied with the degrading and irksome employment of soothing into tolerable humour a domestic tyrant, who exacted from her royal mistress servile attention to her looks, her health, her goings out, and comings in. Four notes every day made the average of the queen's task of writing to her humoursome attendant.[4] Some of these are preserved. The following was an attempt of the unfortunate queen to explain away some fancied neglect of inquiry after the duchess's return from the sea-coast, whither she had accompanied her husband on his leaving England, in March 1703, for his second Flemish campaign:

"The Queen to the Duchess of Marlborough.[5]

"Monday night.

"Just as I came from Basset,[6] I received my dear Mrs. Freeman's letter, and though it is very late I cannot content myself without thanking you for

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[1] Coxe, vol. i. p. 210; likewise Burnet.
[2] Coxe's Papers, vol. xlv. fol. 149, Fragments, inedited.
[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.
[6] The gambling game so called.

it. I hope by this time you have seen Lord Treasurer, and then you will see how innocent I am of one complaint, and so I think I am in all the others; for as for my not saying anything to you on the D. of M.'s letter, I did not think it necessary, nor you would not neither, at any other time; and as to not inquiring after you the first time you came from Margate, how was it possible, not hearing of it till just as I was going out of town myself? I shall dine at St. James's, an it please God, to-morrow, and shall be very glad to see you there, when I am alone; and be assured, whenever you will be the same to me, as you was five years ago, you shall find me the same tender "MORLEY."

The game of basset mentioned by the queen, in the commencement of this note, occupied, as in her young days, a considerable portion of her majesty's time and thoughts, and broke into her hours by day as well as by night. An ambassador mentions entering the private sitting-room of the queen, one afternoon, and seeing playing-cards on the table, by a chair from which she had just risen. All dignity, personal or adventitious, is lost in the sordid speculations of the gambler, let his or her rank be what it may. At the basset-table the players sat so closely crowded round queen Anne, that she could scarcely "put her hand in her pocket,"[1] an obligation not unfrequent, since her majesty was usually unfortunate at play.

The irksomeness of the slavery of making up affronts, and soothing the self-esteem of the haughty duchess, had not as yet made any alteration in the humble and caressing style of the queen, whose next letter is more self-abasing than ever.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

["May, 1703.]

"It is now so late that I can only thank you for your letter, and congratulate the duke of Marlborough's being well after the siege of Bon,[2] which is more pleasing news to me than all the conquests he can make.

"May God Almighty, that has preserved him hitherto through many dangers, continue to do so, and send him safe home to his and my dear *adored* Mrs. Freeman."

The allowance of the queen's privy-purse was 20,000*l.* per annum, "not half the sum of king William's," observes the duchess of Marlborough, who, having the management of it, was most intimate with its contents. "It was very little, considering how many pensions were paid out of it, and how great a charge, settled by custom; there were the queen's bounties, play-money, *healing-gold*,[3] and charities.

[1] Duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum, inedited.

[2] Bon capitulated May $\frac{1}{2}\frac{2}{3}$, 1703. Private Correspondence of the duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 1.

[3] It may be observed how very soon *healing gold* is named in the enumeration of the queen's privy-purse expenses.

The queen was pleased to give me, as soon as she came to the crown, the rangership of the Great and Little Parks at Windsor, which are the same that Mr. May enjoyed many years, and afterwards the earl of Portland. The house is an agreeable place to live in, and her majesty was pleased to give it to me of herself, remembering, that when she was princess, I had wished mightily for such a lodge, as we rid by it to take the air. The lodge in the little park was no better at that time than such as the underkeepers live in. I gave it to a brother of the duke of Marlborough for his life."[1]

The queen continued to urge the duchess of Marlborough, by letters and conversation, to take 2000*l.* per annum from the privy-purse, and "lay it up to buy something with." It was not the pleasure or policy of the duchess to do so. When she drew the proceeds of the queen's privy-purse through the hands of Mr. Coggs, goldsmith in the Strand, opposite to St. Clement's Church, (who acted as her majesty's banker,) it was very evident that these two thousand pounds were not appropriated. The places the queen had given to the duchess of Marlborough, according to that lady's own account, amounted to the great annual income of 5600*l.* Yet they were only the same offices which she had performed for the queen when princess, at a yearly salary of 400*l.* The queen, it seems, was not liberal in presents, which, after the mighty masses of money she bestowed, cannot excite surprise. The duchess of Marlborough finally demanded and pocketed the great donation of 2000*l.* per annum, besides portions for her daughters to the amount of 30,000*l.*; yet she murmured because the queen never gave her a "diamond, or a fan, while she served her, but only the remainder of some baskets of fruit and red deer, some seals of king William's, and an old harpsichord," which, she adds, "is the only thing I ever asked whilst in her service. This I obtained with some difficulty, it being at the time when Abigail Hill was a concealed favourite, and it happened to be lent or given to her, which I did not then know."[2]

Indeed, it seems to have been a regular plan of action for the queen to offer anything to the duchess of Marlborough that she seemed to desire, from great masses of thousands of

[1] Letter to Mr. Hutchinson from the duchess, inedited. Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum.

[2] Ibid.

guineas to mere trifling articles, the objects of female admiration. The haughty favourite *always* refused the queen's offered gift strenuously, her self-esteem not permitting her to acknowledge any obligation. But, in course of reflection on the subject, avarice never failed ultimately to obtain the victory over pride, and she was *sure* to demand the gift she had positively refused, to the queen's great inconvenience; for if, after a lapse of ten or fifteen years, it had been presented to some one else, and could not be reclaimed, the queen had to undergo a series of reproaches for such offences, which no time or patience could efface from the memory of the humoursome dame.

The duchess records a most apt illustration of her whimsical proceedings, in refusing the queen's gifts, and yet laying claim to them after a lapse of years: "Another time, indeed, upon my commending very much a japan box, which her sister, the princess of Orange, had sent her, worth about 20*l*., she would needs give it to me; yet I did not *then* accept it, but said, it was too pretty for her to part with.' However, fifteen years after, when it had never appeared, but was buried, as I thought, with many other things which she used to keep in a wardrobe, I told her, after she was queen, 'that I was now grown less modest, and if she would give me *that box*, which she was formerly pleased to offer me, and which I found she did not use, I should be much pleased with it.' The queen said, 'I should have it,' but never gave it to me."[1] How the poor queen could be expected to remember the particularities respecting "that box" for fifteen years together, and with the cares of empire recently devolving on her inexperienced head, is a marvel. One inference is certain, that the person whose mind could dwell among such small rubbish, while dynasties were tottering and empires crashing around her, had no such mighty intellect, as it has pleased biographers to assert of the Marlborough duchess. How could she have possessed a mind above mediocrity, when it was perpetually occupied with the petty acquisitions of chambermaids and lodging-keepers?

The minute particulars of the domestic martyrdom that queen Anne endured from her palace-tyrant, are only recorded by the pen of that tyrant; it says enough!

[1] Letter to Mr. Hutchinson from the duchess. Inedited Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

The audacious woman proceeds boldly to describe, in the midst of her exculpations from public accusations of selling places and peerages, her success in her project of making a peer of Great Britain! An hereditary senator, truly! made by *her*, when the privilege was carped at when exercised by regal authority. "I was confident the queen thought the house of lords so numerous, that she would make none (*meaning new peers*); but that, if ever she did, I would certainly speak for the making of my lord Harvey. I have a letter from his wife, which shows that it was not for money, as the report went, but to perform a promise I had made to sir Thomas Felton, when the queen first came to the crown." [1]

The intrigue relative to lord Harvey's peerage occurred while the duchess of Marlborough was in retirement from court, on account of her affliction for the death of her only son, lord Blandford. Like her royal mistress, she, too, had been, by a sudden stroke, deprived of him, who was to carry down and perpetuate all the honours and emoluments which their patriotic labours in the stormy field of revolution had harvested for them. Queen Anne, who knew best whence the political falsehood which branded her brother as an impostor emanated, had shuddered and acknowledged the justice of her bereavement when she lost Gloucester, her only one. Again the queen was startled, as if the coincidence were more than accidental, when she saw her partner in the iniquity likewise deprived, in the midst of her exulting maternity, of her promising heir. The grief of the duchess could not have been very great, if the evidence of her own words may be trusted; for she was roused from its indulgence by the distant tocsin of party warfare, to set all engines of intrigue at work, to wring from her unwilling mistress the boon of making—a Whig peer. In her manuscript, this passage is to be found: "When the queen came to the resolution of making the four peers, I happened to be in the country, in great afflictions upon the death of my only son. However, having heard of it accidentally, I writ to my lord Godolphin, 'that if lord Harvey was not made a peer with them, I neither could or would show my face any more.' This accordingly was done purely at my desire and on my account." [2]

[1] Inedited MS. of the duchess of Marlborough. Coxe's Papers, vol. xliv. Brit. Museum.

[2] Ibid.

The queen was forced to yield to the importunity of her domestic ruler, but not without a struggle, as may be seen in the foregoing correspondence. Lord Harvey knew not one word of what was in agitation, if the maker of his peerage may be believed, "until a messenger was sent from the queen to him, saying, 'that lord Harvey must come to the back-stairs on such a day, to kiss the queen's hand for being made a peer.'"[1]

The regnal history of queen Anne retains some traces of the now-forgotten custom of sceptring acts of parliament; but it was only in connexion with her authority as queen of Scotland, and was performed by commission. Early in her reign, some years before the union, lord Tarbut wrote to queen Anne, May 8, 1703, to tender his resignation of secretary of Scotland, in displeasure at some immunities given to the presbyterians there, which he had supposed would not have been done in her reign. His words imply that the deed was not wholly ratified, as her sceptre of Scotland had not yet given it legal vitality. "I will[2] not venture to give judgment on it now; your majesty's authority is recognised in the first act, and touched by the royal sceptre, and *so is law;* the last is passed in parliament, but not yet touched, nor the other ratifying presbyterial government, but waits your majesty's commissioner *to give them the touch.*"

All classic readers will remember the sacredness of the sceptres of the kings in the Iliad, and it might be thought that the Scotch, who drew their cruel national laws from the Romans, had been to the Greeks for their sceptring[3] ceremonies; but it was a regnal custom in England as well as Scotland, for a slight but indisputable notice of it occurs

[1] MSS. Coxe, vol. xliv. Letter to Mr. Hutchinson from duchess of Marlborough, inedited. Compare the passage in the "Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough," where this fine intrigue is cautiously mentioned, and the fresh information relative to the queen, in the inedited portion printed in the text, will be appreciated.

[2] Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, second series, vol. iii. Reign of Anne.

[3] A very scarce tract, containing some printed speeches of the members of the Scottish Convention Parliament in 1703, with which lord Hopetown has favoured the author of this work, casts some light on this custom. "By the constitution of this kingdom no act of the estates (of Scotland) had the force of a law *unless touched by the king's sceptre*, which was his undoubted prerogative. The touch of his sceptre gave authority to our laws, as his stamp did to our coin." All the speeches are addressed to the lord chancellor. (Speeches by a member of parliament which began at Edinburgh the 6th of May, 1703. Edinburgh, printed in the year 1703.)

in the parliamentary journals after the coronation of Mary I. No notice exists of this picturesque act of regality, that we can find, excepting in the annals of these queen-regnants of England and Scotland, for lord Tarbut's letter refers to the ceremonial as done in behalf of Anne *queen of Scotland*, not Anne queen of Great Britain. Since the accession of James I., the island sovereigns had been titular kings and queens of Great Britain; but the island was only united in name.

Her majesty had resided, some months in her youth, in her good kingdom of Scotland; but she never visited it during her reign, neither was her presence ever desired there, that we can find, even by the slightest token conveyed in national lyrics. The following letter is supposed to have been addressed by the queen to the president of her Scottish council:—

"QUEEN ANNE TO ———.

"Windsor, June 19th.

"I have received so much satisfaction from your prudent management of my affairs in this session of parliament, that I am willing to lay hold of the first opportunity of taking notice of it to you.

"My lord Tarbut, in his late letters, seems to think himself of little use to the carrying on of my service there, and desires to attend near my person; and, though I have no objection of my own to this request, I would not determine upon it one way or other till I knew your thoughts of it, and whether you are of opinion he may be spared from Scotland, without prejudice to my service there; for which I am so well satisfied of your zeal and concern, that I have deferred coming to any resolution upon this matter, till I had consulted you.

"I am, your very affectionate friend, "ANNE R."[1]

The most dismal storm that ever ravaged the earth occurred at the decline of the year 1703. The queen was then at her palace of St. James, and was eye-witness to the extraordinary desolation of the park, where ancient trees, of historical celebrity, were laid low before her eyes.[2] Among others, the group planted by the children of James I., near the passage of the Horse Guards; those trees which awoke a tender remembrance in the breast of Charles I. who, when he was marching across the park on the morning of his death, said to his newly-found friend, colonel Tomlinson, pointing to one of them, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry."[3]

The storm began on the evening of November 26, and

[1] Mus. Brit. Bibl. Butler, fol. 18.

[2] Congreve Correspondence. Bromley Collection.

[3] Pennant's London.

raged without intermission until the next morning; not like a winter tempest, but attended with peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning. The leads of most of the churches in London were rolled up by the power of the wind, like scrolls. The Thames was choked at London Bridge with boats and barges dashed together. The severity of the storm set against the south and west of England—the north scarcely felt it. Sixteen of the largest ships of the navy were wrecked, and utterly lost, with all on board. Many tempests cause great devastations on the sea-coast, that do no mischief inland; but this swept the interior of the southern and western counties with the besom of destruction. Whole families were crushed under their own roofs, and multitudes of people killed and wounded. Among the most remarkable accidents of the kind was the fall of a stack of antique chimneys in the episcopal palace of Bath and Wells, which killed the bishop and his lady, Dr. and Mrs. Kidder, in their bed.

When the news reached queen Anne of the tragical death of the intruding bishop of Bath and Wells, she determined to restore the see to its ejected bishop, Ken. A nobleman (supposed to be his friend, lord Weymouth) intimated to him, by her majesty's orders, "that he was to return to his diocese, without any oaths being required or any questions asked of him, just as if he had merely left his palace on a long journey. The true bishop of souls replied "that he was an old man, stricken with years and infirmity, and overborne with hard work,[1] but if it were permitted him to resign his charge to a faithful son of the church of England, who had already taken the oaths to the daughters of James II., he would cheerfully lay down his pastoral staff as one o'er-wearied." It was further intimated that the primacy was meant for him by the queen. Ken had too much wisdom to be tempted with the promise. He said, "he felt that his sole worldly business was to perfect his resignation to his chosen successor, Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury, his friend, whose principles he had

[1] To quote the words of one of his biographers, "He had in the midst of his poverty performed all the spiritual duties of his diocese. The people of the west almost adored him, because of his noble and courageous resistance of the slaughters of the monster Kirke, in Monmouth's rebellion. He saved the lives of hundreds."

known since they were both thirteen years of age." Our readers will remember Hooper as chaplain to Mary II. when princess of Orange, and afterwards appointed by her to the deanery of Canterbury, to the great anger of her husband.

If the character of our bishop Ken could shine brighter it was on account of his admirable moderation in nominating a successor who had complied with the times rather than one who was a nonjuror like himself; but he was more anxious for the Christian welfare of the souls committed to the guidance of his pastoral staff, than for the gratification of partisans. Dr. Hooper had complied with the revolution as conscientiously as his friend Ken had renounced it.[1]

When queen Anne had with great joy confirmed a bishop of Hooper's known loyalty to her in the episcopal see of

[1] Dr. Ken always said, that God, by his misfortunes, had preserved him from a death very horrible to human contemplation, since, if he had not been ejected from his episcopal palace, he should have been crushed to death in the great storm, as Dr. Kidder was, as he had always occupied the same chamber. Like most persons who struggle to keep the middle path between furious extremes, Dr. Ken had been calumniated by fanatics, and was sometimes assailed by a "no-popery" howl. It troubled not the serene and studious life he led, after he had consigned his pastoral staff to the hands of the friend of his youth, Hooper, who, he was rejoiced to observe, became infinitely beloved throughout the great western diocese. Dr. Ken, as before, spent his winters in Salisbury Close, under the roof of his dutiful nephew, Prebend Isaac Walton, (the son of his sister and the well known and excellent author, Isaac Walton;) summer he passed among the shades of Longleat, the seat of lord Weymouth. The welcome visit of death met our Ken at Longleat,—welcome, for he was a great sufferer from ill health, or rather, it ought to be said, from frequent bodily torture, arising from a dire malady. In the cessation from paroxysms very hard to bear, he soothed his mind by the composition of divine poetry; he is one of the most inspired lyrists of our church, and his poems, only found in the libraries of old loyal church-of-England families, have furnished a mine of sweet lays and thoughts to some members of our church in these days.

Before Ken expired, he thus expressed his faith:—

"I die," he said, "in the holy and apostolic faith professed by the Christian church before the disunion of the East and West. More particularly, I die in the communion of the church of England, as it stands distinguished from all papal and puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the cross." If the egotism may be forgiven the sisters who have written these Lives, (who have been calumniated by the same sect that persecuted Ken,) they say, likewise, such is and has been their belief, and may God give them grace to die in it!

The room, at Longleat, where Ken died is still shown. It is said that he put on his shroud before he expired, and then composed himself for the sleep of death, "not out of any superstition," as he observed, "but from the wish that my remains might go to the grave just as God had left them." Ken was attended to his humble grave in the parish church-yard by true and simple-

Bath and Wells, the abdicating prelate celebrated the event by a poem, of which these lines are a fragment :—[1]

> "Forced from my flock, I daily saw with tears,
> A stranger's ravage ten sabbatic years;
> But I forbear to tell the dreadful stroke,
> Which freed my sheep from the Erastian yoke.
> But Heaven was superfluently kind,
> In sending them a pastor to my mind,
> In whom my spirit feels the like repose,
> As old Valerius when he Austin chose."

After Dr. Ken had resigned his bishopric to Dr. Hooper, he signed himself "Thomas *late* bishop of Bath and Wells;" nothing could induce him to discontinue his episcopal signature till that time. It is to the honour of queen Anne that she settled on the old man a pension of 200*l.* per annum, which he thankfully accepted, as it was clogged with no conditions which his conscience rejected.

The seas were scarcely tranquillized after "the great storm" when the fleet of the rival candidate for the throne of Spain, Charles of Austria, appeared off the western coast; and as he was on his way to take possession of his kingdom, to which queen Anne had sent succours to support his claims, he wished to pay his respects in person to her.

The queen immediately despatched her master of the horse, the duke of Somerset, to Portsmouth, to receive the royal stranger, on his arrival at Spithead, Dec. 26, 1703. The duke went on board the king of Spain's ship, and delivered to him "a compliment," and a letter from queen Anne, informing him "that she had come to Windsor Castle, in order that he might more conveniently pay her the visit he had given her reason to hope for." As the duke of Somerset occasionally resided at Petworth, his seat on the coast, he

hearted mourners, the children from the village school he had established and taught. These little ones followed the earthly remains of their beloved pastor and friend in silence and tears. He was buried at dawn of day, and just as the last spade of earth had been cast upon his coffin the sun rose, and the children, with one voice, burst forth into that holy and familiar strain, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," (the Morning Hymn, written by the departed prelate,) which closed his obsequies. He died, March 19, 1711.

Dr. Hooper died at Berkeley, on September 6, 1727, in the 87th year of his age; he was born at Grimsby, Worcestershire, November, 1646. He was interred in Wells cathedral. Both of these prelates had been domestic chaplains in Holland to Mary II., when princess of Orange. Hooper entertained a higher opinion of her than Ken, who lived with her when she was advanced further in life by three years.

[1] Biographia Britannica.

invited the Austrian prince to repose there until the prince-consort arrived, who had undertaken to escort him to the presence of queen Anne.

Prince George of Denmark appears to have set out for Petworth from Windsor Castle, December 27th, expecting to arrive there in a few hours, the distance being only forty miles; but the roads,—then guiltless of tolls or toll-gates—were in a deplorable state; he was fourteen hours travelling that distance, and the last nine miles took up six hours. "This was the more singular," observes one of the Danish gentlemen of his household[1] who records the fact, "since the prince made not any stop on the road, excepting when his coach was overthrown, or stuck in the mud. Thrice was his royal highness's carriage overturned in the course of the said nine miles, and never should we have arrived at our journey's end, if, in the deep close lanes, the nimble Sussex boors had not walked on each side of his royal highness's coach, bearing it up with their hands by main strength." Great contrast is presented here to the present state of travelling; only, to be sure, people did get up again after a roll in the Sussex mud with their heads on, which is not always the case after a railway downfall.

The king of Spain had, perhaps, met with a similar series of mischances in his progress to princely Petworth, for he arrived there just at the same hour of the night as prince George of Denmark. One day's repose for rest and refreshment was needful, both for the prince of Denmark and his guest; they set out from thence for Windsor, on the 29th of December, and they had a favourable journey, not being overturned more than once every dozen miles in their progress thither. At what hour they arrived at the regal towers, where queen Anne kept court, is not noted; but they were received by torch-light, and supper, not dinner, is mentioned as the refection.[2]

The duke of Northumberland, constable of Windsor Castle, the duke of St. Albans,[3] captain of the guard of pensioners, and the marquess of Hartington, captain of the yeoman guard, received the king of Spain at his alighting out of his coach. The earl of Jersey, lord chamberlain,

[1] Letter quoted in the 3rd vol. of Ellis's Historical Letters.
[2] London Gazette, Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1703.
[3] Both illegitimate sons of Charles II.

lighted him to the stair-head, where queen Anne herself came in person to welcome him.

King Charles made an elaborate compliment to her majesty, acknowledging his great obligations to her for her generous protection and assistance; he then led her to her bedchamber, for such was the royal etiquette at that time—only one would wonder by what intuition he found it; for it was improbable that he could understand the queen's French, the only language in which they could confer. However, the royal party—consisting of queen Anne, the prince-consort, and the king of Spain—actually did arrive at the queen's bedchamber, for it is noted that they made some short stay there. The next formality was, that prince George escorted his catholic majesty to his sleeping apartment; but only for temporary repose: many other ceremonials, as tedious as the Chinese prostrations of welcome, were still to be perpetrated. The king of Spain supped the same night in state with queen Anne; her majesty gave her royal guest the right hand at table, and there was a long and tiresome contest of courtesy before he would receive this honour; prince George sat at the end of the table, on the queen's left side. Another formal procession took place, of escorting the tired guest to his bedchamber, where he was at last left in peace to his own attendants, for the purpose of proceeding with that rigid code of etiquette, which is inevitable before a Spanish monarch can rest his head on his pillow.

The next day was to be considered the public one, and all parties rose with the intention of going through a second series of formalities. As the young king of Spain received timely notice that queen Anne meant to return his visit at his own apartments, he came to receive her majesty at her drawing-room door. It seems that it was reckoned good manners to prevent her from taking the trouble of visiting him, and a most elaborate series of compliments and protestations forthwith took place; at last, queen Anne, who scorned to be outdone by either Austrian or Spaniard on the point of etiquette, persisted in her intention, and paid her visit in her guest's apartments, from whence he led her majesty to a grand state dinner, which was as public as a state-dinner at Windsor Castle, in the dark days at Christmas, can be. A choice concert, vocal and instrumental, was performed.[1]

[1] Postman, No. 1223, Jan. 1, 1703-4.

The evening was spent in music and other diversions—basset, of course, being the principal.

Labour dire and weary woe must the lengthy entertainment have proved from the dinner hour of the royal Anne, three in the afternoon, till after supper; for to supper they all went before the day's hospitalities terminated. When the latter meal was at last concluded, the grand scene of Spanish courtesy took place, and that, indeed, had an air of long-departed chivalry. Her majesty had presented, as part of the high ceremonial of the public day, several ladies of the highest rank to the Spanish king, who took the privilege of his regal station, and saluted them by kissing each of them.[1] The more studied graces were reserved for the propitiation of the ostensible favourites, the duke and duchess of Marlborough. To the husband, he presented his sword, with the rather touching observation, "that he had nothing worthier of his acceptance; for he was a poor prince, who had little more than his sword and his mantle." He, however, found a more valuable offering, when the hour arrived, which he had devoted to win the good graces of the mighty duchess. After supper was finished, the Spanish king, after another series of elaborate compliments, prevailed on the duchess of Marlborough to give him the napkin, which it was her office to present to the queen, and he held it for her majesty, when she washed her hands. At the moment of giving back the napkin to the duchess of Marlborough, he pressed on her finger a superb diamond ring—thus imitating the proceedings of his great predecessor and ancestor, the emperor Charles V., when he was a guest in France, who made a like offering to the duchess d'Estampes, the all-powerful favourite of Francis I., at the moment when she waited on him, after supper, with the ewer and bason. The emperor left the costly diamond ring in the bason for the duchess d'Estampes; his descendant, with more gallantry, put his on the finger of queen Anne's favourite.

Supper and its succeeding ceremonials being at last happily accomplished, king Charles gave his hand to queen Anne, and led her to her bedchamber, where he made some stay, informing her majesty, that it was his intention to depart early the next morning, and therefore he would take his leave that night. Prince George was ill, but meant to escort his catholic majesty back to his ship at Portsmouth.

[1] Postman, No. 1223, Jan. 1, 1703-4.

This the royal guest positively refused to permit in his state of health; but the prince insisted on attending him to his coach-side when he departed the next morning. The duke of Somerset was appointed by the queen to accompany the king of Spain to Petworth, and then to Portsmouth, in the place of her consort, prince George.

Charles III. was scarcely seen in England, or by the English, in his dark December visit to the royal seclusion of Windsor. The queen, her consort, and the great officers of state, only could judge of him. But the idea went forth, that he was odd and dull.[1] A poet of the party which spent oceans of blood and treasure in the struggle to gain for him the whole of Spain, does not characterize him very brilliantly in these lines:

"An Austrian prince alone
Is fit to nod upon the Spanish throne."

The queen mentioned the visit of her ally and protégé, the rival majesty of Spain, in her speech at the meeting of her parliament on the 21st of the ensuing January, and the next day wrote the following holograph letter to her admiral, sir George Rooke:—

QUEEN ANNE TO SIR GEORGE ROOKE.[2]

"St. James's, Jan. 22, 1703-4.

"You having represented that the king of Spain seemed desirous, upon the first turn of the wind, to make the best of his way to Lisbon with such clean ships as shall be in readiness for that service, and this matter requiring the greatest secrecy, I think it proper to give you orders in my own hand to pay the same obedience to the king of Spain, as to the time and manner of his setting sail, and as to the number of ships which shall be in readiness to attend him, as you would do to myself.

"I am your very affectionate friend, "ANNE R.

(Endorsed) "To sir George Rooke. Found among the papers of lord Dudley, (sir George Rooke's representative.)"

A second holograph letter, written throughout by the hand of Anne, and showing sympathy for some family affliction that had befallen her worthy officer, is likewise preserved; it is dateless:—

QUEEN ANNE TO SIR GEORGE ROOKE.[3]

[*Original.*]

"I am so concerned for the great affliction that hath befallen, that I cannot forbear letting you know the compassion I have for you. I think you are of so great importance to my service, that if any assurance of my favour can help to support you under it, you may depend upon me. "ANNE R."

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[1] Dr. Garth. An original miniature of this Charles III., the claimant of Spain, in possession of the countess dowager of Cathcart, represents him as a handsome, elegant man, wearing the graceful national costume of black velvet doublet, with slashed sleeves and point-lace collar.

[2] MS. Addit. 5015, f. 15. [3] Bib. Birch. 4163, No.

The next birth day of queen Anne, February 6, 1703-4, was nobly celebrated, by her message to the commons for finally settling her munificent gift to the church, of the First Fruits she had bestowed at her accession, for the amplification of impoverished livings. The fund was incorporated by the house of commons, and measures taken to enable any other charitably disposed individuals to add bequests to the queen's foundation.[1] The circumstance is thus mentioned by one of her contemporary historians:[2] "The queen's birth-day, February 6, in the year 1703-4, fell on Sunday. It was kept with more than usual solemnity the next day, when her majesty, desiring to celebrate her nativity by an act of benevolence, sent a message to the house of commons, 'that it was her wish to remit the First Fruits, which she had a right to claim from the church, for the benefit of the scantily endowed clergy, and that she prayed the commons to find a way to make her gift legal.' The queen forthwith received the thanks of parliament, of the convocations of the clergy of the *two provinces*,[3] and of the clergy of every diocese in England." The annual income of queen Anne's Bounty, as it is emphatically termed, amounted, at the end of the last century, to eleven thousand per annum.[4]

As her majesty's birth day fell on the Sunday, she received the usual compliments on the occasion, when, on the Monday following, she held a splendid court. Dryden's play, "All for Love, or Antony and Cleopatra," was

[1] Journals of the House of Commons, quoted in Somerville's History of Great Britain, under queen Anne.

[2] La Vie d'Anne Stuart, Reine de Grande Bretagne et d'Irlande. 1716. Amsterdam.

[3] Is it meant Canterbury and York? The authority is a French biography of Anne.

[4] The *First Fruits*, or first year's whole profits of every benefice, and the *tenths*, or tenth part of its annual produce, according to a valuation, *made in the reign of Edward VI.* The history of these dues to the crown carries us back to antiquity; it was originally a tax levied by papal authority on the beneficed clergy of England, for the support of the crusades; it then was appropriated by the see of Rome as part of the papal revenue. Great discontent ensued on account of the solid money sent out of England to Rome; it was, in fact, one of those encroachments of which just complaints were made. Henry VIII. excused much of his rapacity by affecting to restore this property to the church, but directly he considered the church of Rome was overthrown in England, he obtained, says Blackstone, "an act of parliament for transferring the first fruits to the royal revenue." Blackstone's Commentaries, late edition, vol. i. p. 286.

acted before her majesty, at St. James's, in the presence of the court, by the chief tragedians of both houses.[1]

Where was the theatre of the palace of St. James, is a question? all the great banqueting-halls of the English palaces, such as Westminster Hall, Inigo Jones's Whitehall, Wolsey's Hall, at Hampton Court, had been and were occasionally used as theatres. But no remnant of any such building can be traced at St. James's Palace. It is true, that it has suffered various devastations by fire since the days of Anne. It is, besides, possible that some or other of the corridor courts were, in the old Shakespearian style, converted into temporary theatres.

The actors, her majesty's servants, who had hastened from her great theatres to divert their royal mistress, performed next day for the entertainment of her loving lieges. "On the 8th of February," they announced, "will be represented the tragedy of 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark:' out of compliment to prince George, singing by Mrs. Leveridge." She was, it may be presumed, the Ophelia of the night. "Likewise, some sonatas on the violin by signor Gasperini, and several new entertainments of dancing, which were performed yesterday (Feb. 7, 1703-4) before her majesty, at St. James's, by monsieur de Revel, monsieur Cherrier, Mrs. Mayers, and others."[2] Many other advertisements of the kind, mentioning performances of her majesty's servants in her royal presence, at St. James's, prove that queen Anne went not to the play, but that the play came to her. Another species of entertainment introduced by her aunt Catherine, of Braganza, and continued by her, is thus notified. "These are to give notice, that the tickets of the subscription music in York-buildings, delivered out for Monday, April 24, will serve for April 26, by reason of an entertainment at the court."[3] That is, the queen, who did not honour the York-buildings Subscription Concert with her royal presence, had sent for her theatrical servants to perform before her at court, therefore the concert was postponed till after she had been waited on.

The final removal of the Tory ministry from the councils of the queen was caused by the loss of the "occasional conformity bill," as it was called. The ministers of queen

[1] Postman and Daily Courant, Feb. 7 and 8, 1704. Brit. Museum.
[2] Daily Courant, No. 631. Brit. Museum.
[3] Ibid. No. 631.

Anne considered, that to guard the church against the votes of the dissenters in the houses of parliament, it was needful to introduce a bill to prevent persons who only took the sacrament as a test to qualify themselves for office, or for seats in the commons, from returning to their practice as dissenters. The bill against occasional conformity meant to enact, "that the persons taking the church of England sacrament must continue of the established religion —at least, whilst they were in office, under penalty of 100*l.* on their first going to meeting, and 5*l.* forfeit for every day they held office afterwards."[1]

It is supposed that prince George of Denmark, although he actually went to the house of lords and voted for it, was the cause wherefore the queen stood neuter in this measure; yet it was calculated to meet her exclusive partiality for the church. The prince was a Lutheran, and at the same time, an occasional conformist, by assisting at the sacraments and services of the church of England; yet he had a Lutheran chapel and ministers. The bill included foreign protestants in its penalties, with the exception of the dissenting worship of prince George, which was secured from interruption by the marriage articles of the queen; still it was natural that he should have a fellow-feeling with those persons who received the sacrament as a measure of worldly expediency.

The most furious contests had taken place since the queen's accession relative to this measure; it was finally carried in the house of commons, and flung out by the house of lords; and this dissension forced the queen to dissolve parliament, April 5, 1704. Without entering further into the stream of general political history, it is only necessary to observe, in illustration of queen Anne's personal life and conduct, that her uncle Rochester, the duke of Buckingham, lord Dartmouth, and the Tory lords withdrew from office; and that from the time of her majesty's opening the new parliament in October, 1704, her government and councils were principally swayed by the Whig party, of which her imperious favourite, the duchess of Marlborough, was the leading and controlling spirit. It is likewise evident that her consort, prince George, being violently offended at the inquiry which the late Tory ministers had made into the corruptions and rob-

[1] Somerville's Reign of Queen Anne, vol. i. p. 29.

beries to which the navy had been subjected during his administration as lord high admiral,[1] made common cause, whilst his life lasted, with the dominant party, whose own corruptions prevented any very vigilant examination into the peccadilloes of others. According to Calamy, prince George of Denmark was looked up to as the protector of the dissenters. All real events combine to show that the prince was secretly the patron of the Whigs, who lost office soon after they lost him; general history asseverates that he was a high Tory—the duchess of Marlborough knew better.

Early in her reign queen Anne claimed that mysterious pretension to the power of healing which the Roman-catholic hierarchy of the middle ages asserted pertained to the immediate heirs of St. Edward who were anointed sovereigns of England. William the Conqueror and William the Hollander, had equally repudiated the claim of healing the sick—they were too much occupied with killing those who were well. The uproarious sons of the Conqueror, Robert and Rufus, affected no share in the sacred mesmerism of their saintly predecessor. They manipulated the sword, the lance, and the wine-cup—occasionally, knocked healthy folk at head, but carefully eschewed the company of the sick. Their learned brother, Henry, the Ulysses of the Norman dynasty, very wisely married a saint's niece and a saint's daughter, who brought with her something like a title to the throne; but what was better, she renewed the old loving bond that subsisted between the Anglo-Saxon monarchs and the populace. Saintly queen Maude or Matilda the Atheling, spent most of her time in rectifying and ameliorating the "new poor laws," of the roystering Norman usurpers, who seem literally to have taken for their text, "that when men asked for bread, they gave them a stone,"—fortunate it was for their Saxon subjects when they did not give them much worse. Chronicles speak of the washing and healing the wounds and sores of the poor by Matilda Atheling, but we can trace no imposition of hands. Her haughty heiress, Matilda the empress, would certainly have taken the tongs if she had been obliged to touch a Saxon serf who was whole and well; of course, she earnestly avoided them when sick and sore. Her

[1] Somerville's Reign of Queen Anne, vol. i. p. 76.

warlike son, the first Plantagenet, does not appear to have been aware of any gift of healing that his person had inherited from his royal Saxon grand-dame, and as for his successor, the Lion's Heart, it is to be doubted that if any Saxon serf had knelt to beg the imposition of the royal hand, the benediction would have been given with his weighty battle-axe. As for king John, who wanted "to make the penny loaf worth a shilling," the least said of his imposition of hands the better; his impositions being connected with what the old chroniclers call "pilling and polling" and "robbing and reiving" his subjects. But his son, the quaint, the original, and peace-loving Henry III., (who seems to have been James I. by anticipation,) he found it good policy to cultivate the good-will of the Anglo-Saxon commonalty, and identify himself as the representative of their royal saint and beneficent legislator, Edward the Confessor. He rebuilt his abbey and renewed his shrine; he carried his coffin on his shoulders in the grand jubilee of his canonization; nor can there be a doubt that he revived or invented the royal saint's gift of healing.

The grand reconciliation between the Plantagenet king and his "poor commonalty," was undeniably ratified by the honours he paid their beloved saint. The plan worked well for Henry; by the aid of the people he brought, after half a century's struggle, his perverse barons to order. The Norman barons had clamoured louder than their Saxon thralls for "the laws, the righteous laws of St. Edward," and had gained them at Runymede; but, like the higher classes in the revolutions of the seventeenth century, (particularly those in the reigns of the Stuart queens-regnant,) they meant to keep them exclusively for their own benefit. Edward I., the name-child of his Saxon ancestor, although a destructive on an extensive scale, affected a good deal of St. Edward's piety; we suspect him of the policy of "healing by manipulation." He named three sons after the Saxon saints, St. Edward, St. Edmund, and St. Thomas a'Becket. Edward II., the name-child of the popular Saxon king, would, poor soul, have been quiet if he could; he probably performed the healing service, for he was beloved by the lower classes, and his only intelligible crime was making too free with them.

Now we come into a little glimmer of actual fact connected with the mysterious office of royal healing. It seems that the kings of England from the era of Edward I. to Edward III. kept an alchymist, Raymond Lully,[1] who *made* gold for them at the Tower. If we must acknowledge our wrong thoughts, we actually suspected that the warlike Plantagenets, being like all conquerors, sinfully poor, employed a false coiner there to vitiate their own circulation; but, no, a royal tradition, preserved among the Chaillot MSS., informs us that Raymond the Alchymist's Tower-gold was the purest *angel* gold, and howsoever he came by the ore, the coins were so called because the reverse was impressed with the figure of an angel. On account of its superior purity, the angel coins stamped from Lully's gold were devoted by the kings of England as the healing gold, and bound by their royal hands on the arm of each of their subjects, touched in the healing office for the king's evil. Assuredly, if Edward III.'s conjuror made the gold of the celebrated angel coins for the purpose of being bound on the arms of the sick in the healing office, his royal master performed that office.

Among the other crimes aggravating the murder of Richard II., his virtue as an anointed descendant of the Saxon saints, is not forgotten. Henry IV. was in the predicament of William the Dutchman, not the lineal successor; whether he touched, we have no evidence. Henry V.'s skill with the sick is not on record. Henry VI. was looked on as prophet as well as king; he certainly practised this office—indeed, he had an additional title to success in healing, as descended from St. Louis. As touching for cure of the king's evil was identified with the rightful claim to lineal succession, there was nothing in earth, air, or sea, which those bold sinners, the brothers of York, would not have touched, that led the way to the royal garland.

It was a practice very consistent with the quiet policy of Henry VII., and as to his son, Henry VIII., who united every claim, spiritual and temporal, of the rival disputants to the throne, of course all regal offices were carefully observed

[1] Many traces are to be found of this curious fact in Rymer's Fœdera; many alchymists were employed at the Tower Mint till the troubles of Henry VI. broke out.

by him, and he insisted on his numerous queens performing a religious office of blessing cramp-rings, some of his antiquarians having discovered that this privilege had been enjoyed by queen Edith, consort of Edward the Confessor. Anne Boleyn, to prove herself a rightful queen, consecrated and distributed these rings, which, it may be presumed, was a branch of the gift of healing inherent in queen-consorts, even in those who were not royal by birth.

The two Tudor queens-regnant, papist and protestant, duly performed the royal ceremonies of healing and consecration of cramp-rings. These offices were not abolished among queen Elizabeth's reformations. Strange that so many hospitals and charities should have been swept away as superstitious overmuch, and pertaining to "the sinful nature of good works," whilst such veritable rags of righteousness were retained. James I., to his great joy, found these ceremonials flourishing; they suited his purpose right well, for if his predecessor healed by virtue of her descent from the Saxon line, he was rightful heir of St. Edward—the representative of Matilda Atheling's elder brother — and, as matter of course, possessed the miraculous gift in a higher degree. Whether the healing office formed a feature in the Common Prayer Book of the church of England service, during the reigns of the Stuart kings, we are not prepared to say; perhaps, they were content with the Latin service, which is in MS. in the British Museum. The Jacobites were exceedingly delighted with the fact that Mary II. dared not, and her spouse would not, perform this ceremony.[1] But they were proportionably displeased, when they found that queen Anne, in order to assert her claims as the heiress of both branches of the Saxon royalty, through Plantagenet and Stuart, meant to treat her brother as a nonentity, and add the rite of the royal healing service to the Common Prayer in English, just after the thanksgiving for her accession, where it exists to this day in all copies printed in the year 1703-4 to the end of her reign. It is supposed that this measure was adopted in rivalry to her brother's original healing establishment at St. Germains. Since vast numbers of diseased people yearly made pilgrimages to seek the touch

[1] "There is a form for touching for the evil in the Liturgy, printed under queen Anne," but, adds William Whiston, in his autobiography, "neither king William, queen Mary, or George I., or II., ever touched for the evil."

of the disinherited heir of their royal line; and, what with the sea voyage, the change of air, and change of scene, his cures were marvellous.

Our readers will smile when they consider that all this implicit belief in miracles by touch was in a state of activity at the beginning of the century, in which some of them were born. However, the soft white hand of the regal lady, beneath which Dr. Johnson bowed his suffering body in childhood, to receive the royal prayer and benediction, was, at least, as good as the passes of the modern mesmeriser; and many a brow that has not submitted to the cross in baptism, as "too superstitious," has bent beneath the sway of a mesmeriser.

Sometimes, the trials for cures were failures on the part of the queen, as may be learned from an extract from a sermon by no mean divine, added below.[1] Sometimes, the crowd was so great around the doors of the Chapel Royal, that the unfortunate children who were brought to be healed were carried away dead, owing to the dense pressure of the populace eager to witness the miracle they devoutly believed was inherited by their sovereigns, of the faculty of curing "the king's evil," as they quaintly called it, not because the royal race of Stuart were afflicted with any such dire disease, but because the royal touch was presumed to be efficacious in dispelling it. Evelyn records the fact that several persons

[1] Extract from a sermon by Dr. Bull (bishop of St. David's, who died in 1709)—"St. Paul's Thorne in the Flesh Explained."

"Hereby it appears, that the gift of curing diseases, without the help of art or nature, was indeed a gift of God, and so given by him to his apostles, that they could not exercise it arbitrarily, and at their own pleasure, but only to whom, when, where, and how, God pleased and should direct them to make use of that power; that so the glory of all the wonderful cures wrought by them, might at last redound to God the author, and not man the instrument. And (by the way) perhaps this is the best account that can be given of the relique and remainder of the primitive miraculous gift of healing, for some hundreds of years past visible in this our nation, and annexed to the succession of our Christian kings; I mean the cure of that otherwise generally incurable disease, called *morbus regius*, or king's evil. That divers persons generally labouring under it, have been cured by the mere touch of the royal hand, assisted by the prayers of the priests of our church attending, is unquestionable, unless the faith of all our ancient writers, and the consentient report of hundreds of most credible persons in our own age attesting the same, be to be questioned. And yet some of those diseased persons return from that sovereign remedy, *re infecta*, without cure done upon them. How comes this to pass? God hath not given this gift of healing so absolutely to our royal line, but that he still keeps the reins of it in his own hand to let them loose or restrain them as he pleaseth." * * * * * * * * * *

were, in the reign of Charles II., pressed to death in the crowd that surrounded the doors of the court-surgeon, where individuals applied for tickets, in order to present their children for cure to the king.

The queen, in the commencement of the second year of her reign, issued an order of council to the following effect:

"Anne R.

"Our will and pleasure is, that this form of prayer[1] and thanksgiving for the eighth day of March, be forthwith printed and published, and be used yearly on the said day, in all the cathedrals and collegiate churches and chapels, in all chapels of colleges and halls, within our universities, and of our colleges of Eton and Winchester, and in all parish churches and chapels within our kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

"Given at our court of St. James, the seventh day of Feb. 1703-4, in the second year of our reign.

"By her majesty's command.

"Nottingham."

The queen being seated in state in the banqueting hall, her great officers stood in their usual places near her, and her chaplains officiated; one of them especially knelt near her when the practical part of the healing office commenced, having white ribbons on his arm, strung with the pieces of "pure angel gold" which the queen was to place round the necks, or bind on the arms of her poor patients after she had stroked and touched them. The healing office commenced with the Collect:

"Prevent us, O Lord, with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continued help, that in all our works begun, continued, and ending in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally, by thy mercy, attain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen.

"The Holy Gospel is written in the 16th chapter of St. Mark, beginning at the 14th verse.

"Jesus appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, &c. * * * *

"*They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover.* So, then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into Heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs and wonders.

"Let us pray.

"Lord have mercy upon us.

"Christ have mercy upon us.

"Lord have mercy upon us.

"Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.

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[1] The Book of Common Prayer, from whence this curious service is extracted, is in the possession of Bernard Gilpin, Esq., Ulverstone, who has kindly permitted it to be copied. "Printed by Charles Bell, and the executrix of T. Newcomb, printers to the Queen's most excellent majesty, cum privilegio." It is of the edition of 1709; but the contents evidently refer to 1703-4.

"Then shall the infirm persons, one by one, be presented to the queen upon their knees, and as every one is presented, and while the queen is laying her hands upon them, and putting the gold about their necks, the chaplain that officiates, turning himself to her majesty, shall say these words following—

"God give a blessing to this work, and grant that those sick persons on whom the Queen lays her hands may recover, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"After all have been presented, the chaplain shall say—

"O Lord, save thy servants.

"Response by the sick, who come to be healed—

"Who put their trust in thee.
"Send them help from thy holy place.
"Response of the Sick.—And ever more mightily defend them.
"Help us, O God of our salvation.
"Response of the Sick.—And for the glory of thy name, deliver us, and be merciful to us sinners, for thy name's sake.
"O Lord, hear our prayers.
"Response of the Sick.—And let our cry come unto thee.

"Let us pray,

"O Almighty God, who art the giver of health, and the aid of them that seek to thee for succour, we call upon thee for thy help and goodness, mercifully to be shewed upon these thy servants, that they being healed of their infirmities, may give thanks unto thee in thy holy church, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen.

"Then the chaplain, standing with his face towards them that come to be healed, shall say—

"The Almighty God, who is a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in him, to whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey, be now and evermore your defence, and make you know and feel that there is no other name under heaven given to man, in whom and through whom you may receive health and salvation, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Amen.
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all, evermore.—Amen."

As queen Anne probably used the healing service of queen Elizabeth during the first year of her reign, and as the description is much fuller than in the Common Prayer Book, it is here presented from the Lansdowne MSS., headed—

"The ceremony for healing them that be diseased with king's evil.

"The king, or queen, kneeling shall begin and say—

"In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.—Amen.

"And so soon as he hath said it, shall add, *Benedicite.*

"The chaplain, kneeling before the king, having a stole about his neck, shall answer and say, addressing the sovereign—

"Dominus fit in corde et in *labys* tuis et confitendum omnia peccata tua. In nomine, &c.

"Then by and by the king shall say—

"Confiteor Deo Beat Mariæ Virgini omnibus sanctis et vobis quiæ peccavi nimis in cogitatione locatione et opera meâ culpa. Precor Sanctam Mariam et omnes sanctos Dei et vos orare pro me.

"The chaplain shall answer and say the Absolution, according to the Roman ritual.

"This done, the chaplain shall say—

"Dominus vobiscum.
"SOVEREIGN.—Et cum Spiritu tuo.
"CHAPLAIN.—Sequentia sanc evangeⁿ secundum Marcum.
"SOVEREIGN.—Gloria tibi Domine.

"The chaplain shall begin the gospel following, and so forth, till he come to this clause, *Super egros manus imponent et bene habebunt*—which clause he shall so oft repeat and say as the sovereign is handling of the sick person. Here follows Mark, 16 chap. 74 verse.

"At the time while the chaplain continues repeating the *Super egros manus*, the clerk of the closet shall kneel before the sovereign, having the sick person upon his right hand, and the sick person shall likewise kneel before the king, and then the sovereign shall lay his or her hands upon the sore of the sick person. This done, the chaplain shall make an end of the gospel. And in the meantime, the clerk of the closet shall lead away the sick person from the sovereign." But it appears the patient did not wholly withdraw from the presence, as another portion of the rite immediately commenced.

The chaplain then pronounced the invocation—

"Dominus vobiscum.

The sovereign answered—

"Et cum spiritu tuo.
"CHAPLAIN.—Initiam sancti evangeli secundum Joannem.
"SOVEREIGN.—Gloria tibi Domine."

The chaplain then began to read the first chapter of St. John, "In the beginning was the word," until he arrived at the passage, Erat lux vera quæ illuminat omnem hominem venientem in hunc mundum, "Which clause is to

be repeated so long as the sovereign shall be crossing the sore of the sick person with an angel-noble, and the sick person is to have the same angel hanged about his neck, and he is to wear it until he be full *whole*."

"This done, the clerk of the closet shall lead away the sick person as he did before, and then the chaplain shall make an end of the gospel, *as it is said in the ending of the mass*," (that is, the gospel of St. John,) "concluding with this saying—

"Sit nomen Domini benedictum.

"The sovereign answers—

"Ex hoc nunc et usq.: in seculum.

"Then the chaplain shall say a Latin collect, praying for the sick persons."

Then follows a Latin prayer "to be said secretly, after all the poor folk be departed from the sovereign." Fortunately, there is added, "that the prayer is to be said at the pleasure of the royal person." If the efficacy of the rite depended on queen Anne repeating this most beautiful aspiration in Latin, small hopes would there have been for the poor folk.

There are two or three letters in the State Paper Office addressed personally to queen Anne, written in elegant Italian, from the Pope, by the hand of his official, or ordinary, congratulating her in affectionate terms on her conversion to the Roman-catholic faith. Not any notation of answer is appended to these epistles; they are dated, in 1706. After carefully reviewing the whole of queen Anne's life, these letters appear inexplicable, for the fact of a Roman-catholic claiming any person as belonging to his religion is a very different matter from enthusiasts of fanatic sects accusing members of the reformed church of being "papists." Very often persons so reviled are, on the other side, persecuted as much by the Roman catholics themselves—a certain evidence that they strive to gain the narrow and difficult path which lies between the two extremes—that *via media*, which has been pronounced the best by Christian sages.

How queen Anne ever manifested sufficient participation in the Roman-catholic rites to induce the Roman-catholic pontiff to claim her as a member of his church, is a mystery of history that must remain such; unless the solution be, that the queen had, in the first year after her accession,

celebrated the healing office according to its original service, which is in Latin, with invocations to the Virgin Mary, as we have just quoted. Moreover, she claimed the performance of the miracle, by her double descent from the heirs of St. Edward, a king canonized by the papal see. The original formula of the service included a mass.

The poor queen, in the innocence of her ignorance, might have assisted at this service without knowing what the Latin words meant, and yet the account might have been carried to the pope, as an undoubted participation in the rites of the Roman church. It may be observed in support of this conjecture, that the English service was not appended to her Common Prayer Book and Bible, until she had been on the throne a year.[1] And some scandal might have ensued from the use of the original formula.

The English ritual, as the reader may observe, is merely composed of earnest benedictions. The queen blesses (no harm in blessing) and prays that her sick and miserable subjects may be healed.

The passionate love that the people bore to "their good queen Anne," was partly founded on her condescension in thus suffering the most wretched and pitiable of her subjects to approach her, when she with alms, with benedictions, soothed their miseries for the love of God. As to the questions of, whether the queen performed the healing office with a little jealousy of the cures wrought by her brother, "the king over the water," or entirely with the simplicity of heart of a disciple of the reformed church of England, earnest in good works—let them rest. One thing is certain, that never was any measure better contrived by the most sagacious statesmen to fix the sovereign in the love of a

[1] In queen Anne's edition of the Common Prayer, just cited, the most efficacious means for anti-papal purposes are resorted to. What makes the Pope's loving letter (extant in the State Paper Office) to queen Anne, as a Roman catholic, the more unaccountable, there is the renowned hymn of Robin Wisdom, of Carfax, to be sung before sermon, beginning—

"Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear Word;
From Pope and Turk defend us, Lord."

In the Litany, the prayer for the royal family is this:—

"For thy servant Anne, our most gracious queen and *governor*"—and "to bless and preserve the princess Sophia, and all the royal family."

Mr. Bernard Gilpin has, likewise, a Bible of the same date, with the Common Prayer containing the healing service, printed just after the thanksgiving for the 8th of March, queen Anne's Accession day.

populace[1] when her regnal power was circumscribed, and almost defied by a majority among the aristocracy of wealth, who had profited by the religious revolutions of the preceding eras.

It appears that the queen performed the healing office on her progresses whensoever she rested at any provincial city; her progresses were chiefly journeys to Bath, the springs of which were in equal repute to those of Bourbon. It is supposed that the queen touched Dr. Johnson for the evil, in one of these western progresses. She actually spent the autumn of this year at that city, chiefly for the benefit of the health of her consort. Scarcely any notation of her sojourn remains, except in annals of theatrical transactions, where it is noted that the company from Drury-lane followed her majesty queen Anne, to Bath, 1703, and acted in that city during her majesty's autumn visit there.[2]

The queen usually began her retreat from St. James's Palace at the Easter recess. She then visited Kensington Palace, for occasional breathings of fresh air, and settled there in April or May, according to the weather. It was a place in which her consort, prince George of Denmark greatly delighted; and actually coveted it so much as to induce him to take rather hasty possession of it on the demise of William III. Kensington Gardens owe much to him and queen Anne. They were merely gardens in those days, since king William's palace grounds consisted of only twenty-five acres, and were bounded by the broad gravel-walk in front of the palace; and all the plantation between the present conservatory and the Bayswater-road was a wild, hollow gravel-pit, which queen Anne added to her Kensington domain, when she began to build the conservatory or banqueting-room. All that part of the gardens called Kensington Park, was subsequently enclosed from Hyde Park, in the reign of George II. Queen Anne's new additions were called "The upper garden of Kensington; it was," says Addison, "at first, nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening, that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area. On one side of the walk you

[1] The effect it had on Dr. Johnson's mind throughout life is a well-known instance.

[2] Colley Cibber's Apology.

see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye; on the other side of it, appears a mount made up of trees." These alterations were commenced by queen Anne directly she took possession of Kensington Palace. A hundred men were kept constantly employed in bringing the gardens to the appearance described above. The mount mentioned, perhaps, alludes to one still in the memory of those who can look back fifteen or twenty years, said to have been designed by queen Caroline, the consort of George II., and furnished at the top with a turning alcove, which accommodated the queen's seat to the way of the wind. The mount commanded a view of the Brentford-road, said to be added by queen Caroline, when she had the round pond dug; but there was evidently a mount in Kensington Gardens planted with trees in the time of queen Anne. Another mount, still called in the Kensington traditions, "Queen Anne's Mount," is the site of one of the company's water-works, and, according to tradition, once was included in her grounds at Campden House. These remains were probably fragments of fortifications when Kensington was the *king's town* and summer-seat in the Saxon era, and subsequently the nursery palace for the children of Henry VIII., appended to the dower-palace of Chelsea. Leases were granted, from time to time, of this beautiful situation, to various palace servants when royal nurseries were no longer wanted. If considered as an adjunct to Chelsea Palace, Kensington forms the first of that westward chain of summer palaces on the Thames to Reading, which comprised Hammersmith, Barnes, Kew,[1] Richmond, Ham, Hampton Court, the regal Windsor Castle, (the fortress of retreat in case of rebellion,) and finished with Henry I.'s palace-abbey of Reading, and perhaps with the royal Beaumont of Oxford, where Richard I. was born.

Queen Anne's banqueting-room at Kensington was commenced directly the body of William III. was conveyed out of the palace. Any person who looks therein may see

[1] Many of these palaces were appanages to the younger branches of the royal family. Kew, [*the tail* of Richmond palace,] was the seat of the earl of Devonshire, time of queen Mary I., and seems to have belonged to his grandmother, the lady Katherine Plantagenet, youngest daughter to Edward IV. Such grants were resumed by the crown when the lineage of the younger scions of royalty failed. (Correspondence, State Paper Office.)

that it has been originally divided into three beautiful rooms adorned with Corinthian pillars, friezes and niches for statues bearing girandoles; there is an elegant circular room at each end, one a drawing-room, the other, a music-room; the middle apartment was a ball-room; taking advantage of the broad windows, it afforded a spring or summer stand to the queen's myrtles, oranges, and other evergreen exotics, which, in the winter, she sent to the famous gardeners, London and Wise of Brompton Park, to be sheltered.[1] Near the western end of the palace may be observed a gateway leading directly to the banqueting-hall, through which queen Anne used to be carried in her chair, when she went to her illuminated galas on spring evenings.

Her majesty gave concerts and balls; the public were admitted into the royal gardens on these fête occasions, but were expected to sail about à la Watteau, in full dress. The open alcove, the back of which abuts on Kensington-street, was built by queen Anne as a sheltered seat on these occasions for the promenaders. Hyde Park coming up to the broad walk, which runs from Kensington to Bayswater, "the poor commonalty" could have a peep at their beloved Anne, her consort, and all her noble suite and guests in the illuminated banquet-hall, through the grille which divided it from their authorized haunts, and could criticise the full-dresses of the genteel people who glided about the gardens "in brocaded robes, hoops, fly-caps, and fans." On these evenings, some of the chief diversions were musical entertainments, with songs by the court lyrist, D'Urfey[2]—some humorous, some political, others pastoral; for one of these concerts he wrote and set to music the well known ballad, "'Twas within a mile of Edinborough town." A song which, although adopted as Scotch, is neither national in costume nor character.

Queen Anne's known partiality to flowers occasioned D'Urfey to compliment her according to the mythology of that era, under the appellation of "Great Flora," in his lyrics written for her concerts. It is probable that the banqueting-room was used as a theatre, for D'Urfey used to superintend the performance of his dramas at Kensington, before queen Anne, as he especially notes. He

[1] Knight's London. [2] D'Urfey's Works.

likewise endorses several of his most profligate compositions, "that they were performed at Kensington before queen Mary II. to her great delight." Yet, previously to queen Anne's erection of the banqueting-room, Kensington presented few facilities for theatrical representation.

When Anne had finished her now deserted banqueting-hall, (which was about the end of 1705,) Defoe, her contemporary, describes her fêtes there in homely language: "After the queen had built her green-house at Kensington Palace, she was pleased to make it her summer-supper-room."[1]

Kensington Palace was conveniently near London for councils and ministerial visits in early summer. Before the queen made her gradual advances towards Windsor, by way of Hampton Court, she used to visit the old palace at Twickenham, where she had been nursed in infancy. Here she was pleased in having a private tea-party occasionally; sometimes, she extended her spring tour as far as Hampton Court, and even held councils there, if we may trust Pope, who says, invocating Hampton Court—

> "Where thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
> Doth sometimes council take, and sometimes tea."

Hampton Court was usually the queen's residence for some little time after the summer prorogation of parliament. August she spent at Windsor Castle, and part of September. Her parliament often met in October, and then she returned to Hampton Court, and with visits to Kensington Palace; as the cold set in, she found herself again at St. James's Palace, the last days of November or the first in December. Queen Anne seldom made any progresses excepting to Bath, for the benefit of her health or that of the prince. Sometimes her majesty attended the Newmarket October meeting, with her consort.

In the first years of her reign, it was frequently expected that the queen would bring an heir to the crown. On one of these occasions, the prince positively forbade her to go to Newmarket, although she had fixed her mind on the visit. Her courtiers greatly lauded, in their letters to each other, the conjugal obedience of the queen on this occasion.[2]

[1] Defoe's Tour through Great Britain, vol. iv.
[2] White Kennet's MS. Correspondence. Brit. Museum.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

CHAPTER VI.

Causes of queen Anne's popularity with the lower classes—Tradition of the low rank of her grandmother—Autobiography of Anne Hyde, the queen's mother—Literature of the times of queen Anne—Almanack for ladies dedicated to her—Queen approves of a protestant-convent—Promises to endow it—Hindered by bishop Burnet—Queen breaks with her uncle, lord Rochester—Listens to the duchess of Marlborough's reports against him—Queen's enmity to her mother's family—Her letters to the duchess of Marlborough—Queen receives tidings of the great victory of Blenheim—Queen goes in procession to St. Paul's—Her magnificent presents to Marlborough—Her letters to the duchess—Royal visit to Cambridge—Queen knights Isaac Newton—She is refused the title of majesty by the emperor—Queen appoints Whig ministers—Her manner of appointing a lord-keeper—Her manner of holding cabinet-councils—Her appointments to benefices in the church—Insolence of the duchess of Marlborough to the queen regarding them—Queen's letters of exoneration—Various incidents at council before the queen—Her palace-life and daily routine—Queen's conference with lord Cowper on Ireland—Angry contests with the duchess of Marlborough—Queen receives from her an insolent letter—Queen yields the point contested—She consents to make lord Sunderland lord privy-seal—She appoints bishops at his bidding—Queen's sorrow and dejection described by Godolphin—Palace quarrel about the queen's cast clothes—Queen allows her women increase of salary—Jealousy of the queen's favour first expressed by the duchess of Marlborough against Abigail Hill—Queen considered on bad terms with the duchess—Queen resists her endeavour to appoint a bedchamber woman—Queen is lectured on the subject by her ministers—Queen pleases herself in the appointment—She exasperates the family junta—Close espionage on the queen.

As far as the personal affections of all sorts and conditions of the people were concerned, Anne was the most popular female sovereign who had up to that time ascended the

English throne. "Our good queen Anne" is an appellation not yet obsolete among the lower orders. Of a passive and obtuse temperament, the queen was rather that negative personage, "a good sort of woman," than a good woman, and yet many causes combined to render her beloved by the people. In the first place, she was, as she said, "entirely English," the daughter of an Englishman and Englishwoman; her comely person bore the national characteristics of the middle classes; her very limited education confined her language, tastes, and prejudices entirely to everything English; her feminine helplessness of mind well fitted her for the limits to which an encroaching oligarchy had confined the functions of a British monarch. If it be a maxim of the constitution, "that the king can do no wrong," who could look on the soft and innocent features of the comfortable matron who filled the British throne, and make her accountable for the wrong-doing of her ministers? She was, too, the last of our native line of princes, the natural object of the fond loyalty of the protestant adherents to the house of Stuart, who were numerous, notwithstanding all theological discrepancies.

Without possessing the refined taste for literature and the arts, which the worst enemies of the Stuart royal line are forced to allow, Anne inherited the munificent spirit of her race. As soon as she ascended the throne, poetry and science breathed in a different atmosphere from the cold and chilly blight that had fallen on them when the Dutch persecutor of sir Christopher Wren and Dryden assumed the sceptre of the islands. Who can wonder, then, that the "good queen Anne," of the middle classes, was eulogized by the pen of every writer, "from Pope to Tickel?" Her reign, too, was a series of brilliant continental victories, and she died before the bitter reaction of national poverty, which ever follows English wars, had fully taken place. Her personal generosity to the church, and her mildness of government, made her adored by a populace, which still extended its hands to churchmen, as the kind alleviators of their most bitter miseries; for not only the weekly but the daily offertory was still customary, and is supposed to have remained so until the year 1725. It supplied a fund for charitable purposes to the incumbents of livings too small to allow of efficient private almsgiving on the part of the

indigent pastor, who is too often compelled to behold distress, without the power of supplying nourishment to the sick, and clothing to the naked of his flock.

"Queen Anne's grandmother was a washerwoman," is a saying scarcely yet forgotten among the lower orders, and, truth to tell, it was an assertion which had its influence in inducing the extraordinary popularity with which the memory of so passive a person is still cherished by the people. A tradition at once so mysterious and so widely circulated, demands some inquiry and explanation. The late cardinal York is said to have repeated the same to cardinal Gonsalvi, with the variation, that "queen Anne's grandmother was not a washerwoman or *blanchisseuse*, but a tub-girl." A very strange circumstance it is that a prince, like cardinal York, born and bred in Italy, should know the distinction, that a tub-girl or a tub-woman, according to old English costume, was not a laundress, but a breweress; it is only needful to call to mind the well-known instances of the lampoons levelled at Cromwell's wife as a tub-woman,[1] to prove that such was really the case.

Here is the traditionary tale[2] connected with the common report, that the grandmother of the two queens-regnant, Mary II. and Anne, was a washerwoman; it is literally "a tale of a tub:"—

Once upon a time, there was a great country gentleman, who lived in a grand hall, and who had a handsome wife and a family of handsome children. The roundheads, as

[1] All the earlier biographers of Cromwell note, that, being a younger brother, and having spent his portion, "he permitted his wife to keep a *public* brewery at Huntingdon." In those days, the division of labour had not separated the callings of the brewer and beer or alehouse keeper; the wife of the "public brewer" sold the ale and yeast from her tubs to the customers, and was consequently called a tub-woman, and her helpers, tub-girls.—Birkenhead's Mercurius; Echard.

[2] The author has often heard this story repeated orally, but never could trace it in print; she has been referred to the quarto edition of Macpherson's Stuart Papers, but it is not there. The above account is from the lips of the late Marchese di Solari, who affirmed it was told to her by cardinal Gonsalvi, who heard it from cardinal York; one thing is curious, which is, neither the lady, nor either cardinal, could by accident have stumbled on the term "tub-girl," therefore the narrative must at first have had an English origin, and is probably a picturesque version of the history of that coarse favourite of fortune, Nan Clarges, duchess of Albemarle, whose early adventures have been confused by Voltaire, and other superficial French writers, with those of the first duchess of York. Even Grammont is silent on the washerwoman maternity.

he was a loyal cavalier, assailed his park, stormed his hall, and slew him and his wife and children. When the homicides were all gone, one of the young ladies, who had only swooned with terror, revived, and seeing all her friends and family lying dead around her, and her home in flames, she ran away in terror she knew not whither, but fled as far as her feet could carry from the scene of desolation, and sank down swooning—this time with exhaustion and grief—at the door of a small wayside house, which proved to be an ale-house-brewery, or pot-house. The good man of the homestead had got up early to brew, and finding the poor young girl insensible at his door, he called up his wife, and told her to give the destitute one some Christian help and charity. The ale-wife was a very good woman; she put the poor girl to bed, gave her food, and a great deal of pity, when she heard "how the wicked roundhead troopers had killed her father because he loved king Charles, and burnt her home and village, so that she was destitute and houseless"—but the young lady never told her true name and rank. At first, she concealed them, out of sheer terror, lest the Cromwellians should return and finish their work by murdering her, and afterwards because she considered that her rank would prevent her from accepting the humble home her new friends offered her. For the ale-wife had just lost an only child, a girl of her age, and she persuaded her guest to stay where she was, (as she had lost all her friends,) and help her with the yeast, and filling the pottle-pots of ale out of the tubs. So the noble young lady (whose name has never transpired) remained, whilst the civil wars raged, as "tub-girl" to this ale-house. Matters did not mend for her after the death of king Charles; all that bore her name, or were akin to her, had emigrated, and her father's estate had passed into the clutches of a commonwealth man. The tub-girl, therefore, turned her mind so sedulously to her vocation, and, like the famous brown Betty, of nursery lore, "brewed ale for gentlemen" of such exquisite flavour, that trade flourished, the hedge ale-house grew a wayside inn, and the ale-wife and her husband became so rich they could hardly reckon their wealth. And they owed it all to their beloved "tub-girl," who was universally reckoned as their daughter and heiress. At last, as she was very rosy, fair, and comely, a rich tradesman made her an offer, and married her. The ale-wife died and her

husband, and left all they had to the tub-girl; her spouse not long after followed this good example, and our tub-lady became a well-endowed widow. In the course of settling her affairs, she had a consultation with Edward Hyde, a young, handsome barrister, at the Temple. The future lord-chancellor being much pleased with her appearance, and still more at that of her documents, tendered the fair widow his heart and hand, married her, and in consequence "the tub-girl" became mother to Anne Hyde, and grand-mother to the two queens-regnant of Great Britain and Ireland, queen Mary and queen Anne.

A pretty story, and romantic, too—pity it is not true! but the inexorable fact, that Edward Hyde, earl of Clarendon, the lord-chancellor of Charles I. and Charles II., and father to the duchess of York, married *both* his wives before the civil war took place, is incontestable. Anne Hyde was born long before the Roundheads began the work of desolating the country seats of England. There is now before us a very good proof, being the fac-simile of the said Anne Hyde's own autograph memoirs, to the following effect:[1] "I was born the 12 day of March, old *stile*, in the yeare of our Lord, 1637, at Cranborne Lodge, neer Windsor, in *Barkshire*, and lived in my owne country till I was 12 yeares old, having in that time seen the ruin both of church and state, and the murthering of my king."

And as if she had intended wholly to demolish the story of her mother, about the same time, becoming so celebrated in the brewing-tub line, the mother of queens Mary and Anne adds, very explicitly:

"I came out of England, being then twelve years old, one month, and eighteen dayes. "ANNE HYDE."

Thus Anne Hyde herself was a girl, at the very time, between twelve and thirteen years old, when the tub-girl tale makes her mother to be about the same age. Anne Hyde has been traced directly after, in the course of this work, as maid of honour to the princess royal of England (princess of Orange), and afterwards as wife to the duke of York; according to the tub-tale, she could not have been two years old when her eldest daughter was born, if her mother was a young unmarried girl in 1645. The mother of Anne

[1] Engraved in Netherclift Autographs, p. 18, from a memorandum book, once belonging to Anne Hyde, and preserved by the great collector, W. Upcott, Esq.

Hyde, and consequently the grandmother of queen Anne, was Frances Aylesbury, daughter of sir Thomas Aylesbury, a person of excellent family, who was married, and the mother of a numerous family, and dead long before the civil wars broke out. Her youngest child was Anne Hyde. Neither can the story be transferred thus—"the great grandmother of queen Anne was a washerwoman or tub-girl;" for where, then, are the civil wars? The story must travel back to the civil wars of York and Lancaster to find a local home and habitation. But as this shadowy and unchronological tale comes from universal tradition and the gossip of the exiled court, it must have foundation, howsoever distant, and the conclusion may be drawn, that queens Mary and Anne had, by means of their descent from Anne Hyde, a remarkable *window* in their genealogies, somewhere or other.[1]

Queen Anne extended her beneficence to the church of England so far as to permit the sittings of her convocations, which her sister and brother-in-law had interrupted, and, as far as they could, abolished. The convocation is the parliament of our church, and like the temporal parliament, consists of upper and lower houses, the first composed of the dignitaries, the other of the commoners of the clergy. It still exists, being convened with all legal forms simultaneously with new parliaments, but the moment a clergyman proceeds to speak, he is silenced ostensibly by order of the sovereign, and the assembly is dissolved, according to the precedent of William III.

To discuss the origin, uses, and privileges of the convocation, would fill a large book; it would, moreover, lead us from our proper course—the personal life of queen Anne. Yet it stands like a huge rock, direct in the stream; and it

[1] Heralds use the quaint term "windows" in genealogies, when an alliance occurs with a person who either has no right to armorial bearings, or has forfeited it by some servile occupation. In that case, the painted windows in halls or chapels illustrative of descent by blazonries of successive shields of coat armour, presented now and then blanks, and the bright light streaming through the pane which had no blazoning, offered a strong contrast to those round it darkened with rich colouring of gules, azure, purpure, vert, or gold colour, and was therefore called "a window." Such passion pervaded the lower classes for scanning the descents of the gentry and nobility, that Chaucer describes his pilgrims, the miller, cook, and other plebeian folk, very busy discussing the rich blazonries of the painted windows in Canterbury Cathedral, and showing their plebeian ignorance by very bad heraldry withal. The ancient text of Chaucer must be searched for this extraordinary feature in the propensities of the people of England; it has never been translated by Dryden or his assistants, or noticed as far as the author can recollect.

is impossible to induce any perspicuous ideas of the fierce party-storm raised in the name of "high church," without devoting a few words to its primary cause. In these storms, the helpless queen was whirled from side to side, guided by no purpose of action, excepting an earnest desire to do as much good and as little harm as possible.

The queen, then, permitted the spiritual parliament, or convocation, to proceed to business, without arbitrary interruption. Her majesty of course received the thanks and benedictions of her clergy, especially of the Lower-house, for her grant of the first-fruits and tenths, which was an incalculable relief to the commonalty of the church. Strange to say, that the Lower-house was, according to the jargon of her political history, "high church," the Upper-house of convocation was "low church."

The explanation of this seeming paradox is not difficult. The Upper-house of convocation consisted of those who enjoyed the great riches and high dignities of the church; they had been given them by the will and pleasure of William III. If those whose business it is to inquire into this matter, will form a list of the dignitaries of the church appointed by William and Mary, and trace their names and lives through the "Biographia Britannica," they will find very few of their archbishops, bishops, or deans,[1] but had been educated as dissenters, and that some had officiated as dissenting preachers and teachers. In general, the "conforming prelates" were not beloved and esteemed equally with those who embraced poverty, rather than give up, for the lucre of temporal advantage, the principles in which they had been educated. Such was the majority of the Upper-house of convocation. It is easy to imagine, that the Lower-house of convocation could not agree with prelates and dignitaries who had been put over the heads of the sons of the reformed church of England, bred up with earnest devotedness to her ordinances and works of beneficence. Such are the simple facts, wherefore the Upper-house of convocation was deemed "low church, the Lower-house, "high church;" their strife, as may be supposed, became violent, and unfortunately the object of angry debate comprised discussions on the first principles

[1] The appointment of Dr. Hooper to the deanery of Canterbury, by queen Mary, and the conduct of her husband on this occasion, form an instance in point.

of Christian belief,[1] to the great anguish of the queen. However, she permitted the two houses of convocation to open business, or rather to struggle together and defy each other at the outset of her whig ministry, in 1705.

The duchess of Marlborough, as the agent of the triumphant faction, endeavoured to wrest from queen Anne the privilege which, even so lately as the commencement of the last century, appertained to the crown of nominating the holders of vacant dignities in the church. It will be shown, that the first serious cause of dispute between the queen and her imperious domestic, arose from her majesty's demur in nominating bishops to vacant sees agreeably to that lady's sense of religion.

The queen was neither qualified by nature nor education to trace the original causes of historical events. Her majesty was evidently greatly perplexed wherefore all the dignitaries of her church ranked themselves in the party of low church. Having the greatest veneration even for the nomenclature of spiritual dignities, she was much mystified why the people at large made common cause with the country clergy against a conforming primate, and cried out most piteously "that the church of England was in danger." Perhaps, they had their reasons, which reasons we leave for the discussion of those they may concern, marking only this fact, that most of the populace who now clung with affection to the reformed catholic church of England, had had the opportunity of comparing their happiness under her guidance, with their experience of Cromwell's dissenting ministry. Such were the primary causes of the remarkable church factions, which will soon be noted as occupying much of queen Anne's thoughts and attention. Facts bear out the assertion, that her study was not to exalt one party much above the other, but to maintain a moderating power between the extremes.[2]

[1] A great swarm of deistical works, from the pens of Toland, Asgill, and Wollaston, with reprints and discussions on Hobbes, marked this epoch, and caused great injury not only to the church of England, but to the general cause of Christian belief. The dreadful state of the morals of the poor, at the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries, forms the best criterion of the influence of the *latitudinarian* bishops, appointed at the *dictum* of free-thinking ministers. No deistical philosophers trouble themselves with the poor.

[2] Throughout the whole of Swift's correspondence, and his historical works and pamphlets, he affirms, from the information of both Harley and Bolingbroke, that such were the queen's intentions.

The Augustan age of queen Anne, and the glories of literature under her sway, are phrases on the pen or lips of every one, and some readers may expect to learn how her majesty's name came to be connected with such praises. No person would, we think, have been more puzzled than good queen Anne herself, if she had been expected to account for the same.

The duchess of Marlborough asserted "that the queen never read, and that cards entirely occupied her thoughts in her youth." It may be noticed, that throughout a voluminous correspondence, her majesty never makes a literary quotation, or mentions any book, as if she had ever actually read it. Although she promised once to read a pamphlet much pressed on her attention by the duchess of Marlborough, there is no evidence that she really did so. Therefore, it is to be feared that queen Anne's patronage of men of letters proceeded rather from love of approbation than from any delight she took in their productions.

On the grounds of bishop Wilson's[1] thanks to "our unnamed and illustrious benefactress," the queen has been considered as the foundress of one of the first Bible societies; but the fact has been denied. A tradition likewise existed, that the Tatlers were printed at an early hour that they might be laid on the royal breakfast table; these papers contained postscripts, which were summaries of passing political events; hopes were entertained, that her majesty would read them on that account, and every facility was afforded for that purpose; whether she ever did read them is another affair. The disorder incidental to her eyes was the excuse for her want of study; but it required as much eyesight to write perpetually, as to read, and queen Anne often wrote four times in the course of one day to Sarah of Marlborough, when she was in favour with that insolent spirit.

The literature of her era, it is now allowed, has been greatly overpraised; its fame is chiefly based on the efforts of translators or imitators of the classics, who praised them-

[1] The apostolic bishop of Sodor and Man, who, without taking any part in the furious dissensions of the day, bent all the energies of his saintly life to civilize and reclaim a miserable and neglected population, by whom he was infinitely beloved. He had been educated by the reformed church of England, which sank for awhile, when Mary II. deprived archbishop Sancroft and bishop Ken, &c.

selves and their patrons with indefatigable ardour. The list of works of real originality is short. When the Tatlers and Spectators, and the Rape of the Lock, are named, where else are we to look for originality,[1] unless a few comedies of Cibber, Vanbrugh, and Congreve are mentioned; they certainly deserve the doubtful praise of presenting true, though atrocious, pictures of the manners of the times. The wits reckoned Defoe among the dunces. Posterity has righted him.

In the first years of the reign of Anne, an annual was established called the Ladies' Diary, or Women's Almanack; according to its prospectus "containing directions for love, marriage, preserving" (not hearts, but plums and gooseberries), "cookery, perfumery, bills of fare, and many other concerns peculiar to the fair sex." The editor's description of this unique performance throws some light on the domestic customs of an age little known though very near. There was a copy of verses in praise of queen Anne, which were actually spoken "in the lord-mayor's parlour by one of the *blew*-coat boys (at the last thanksgiving day, about the Vigo business), with universal applause." Then the calendar with the common notes of the year, the times when marriage comes in and out,[2] and the eclipses, all in one page. A "picture of the queen in copper" (that is, a copper-plate engraving), very well performed. The rest of the literature consisted of "delightful tales." The preface was a dissertation on the happiness of England, enjoyed under the reign of queen Elizabeth and the present queen (Anne). Many ardent aspirations the worthy editor made to obtain the lives of celebrated queens, more particularly queens of England, and he even names Margaret of Anjou on his list, but gives up the undertaking on the most solemn conviction "that no dates of birth or death can be found for any queen excepting queen Elizabeth and queen Anne." Nevertheless, we earnestly wish he had made the attempt. "This being the first almanack printed for the use of the fair sex, and under the reign of a glorious

[1] The title of the Rape of the Lock is not original, as all Italian scholars know; but the poem itself is truly so, and in that respect stands alone among all Pope's works.

[2] The regulations concerning the times when marriage can be celebrated were still observed by the church of England, according to the discipline of the Roman catholics.

woman," saith Mr. Tipper, "some would advise me to dedicate it to the queen, with some such dedication as this:—

"'To the queen's most excellent majesty. This Ladies' Diary, or Women's Almanack, being the first ever published for the peculiar use of the fair sex, is, with all humility, dedicated to your most sacred majesty.'"

The work was successful;[1] the elder of all English annuals by at least a hundred years, it is the survivor of most of them.

The literature of the early days of queen Anne was distinguished by the writings of some recluses of gentle birth and manners, who sighed for retirement "from the loathsome manners of the age, and wished to make seraphic celibacy popular and honourable among English ladies." Mrs. Mary Astell, a learned and beautiful lady, wrote an essay on the pleasures of retirement in 1696, and proposed a sort of female college, in which "the young might be instructed, and ladies nauseating the parade of the world find a happy retirement." Queen Anne, then princess, wonderfully admired this project, and made up her mind, should she ever have it in her power, to endow it with 10,000*l*. After her accession, the whole plan was disconcerted by bishop Burnet, who rang an alarm of popery in the ears of her majesty, and declared that Mary Astell's college would be called a nunnery.[2] The name would have mattered little, for it was not based on any principle that would have rendered it an object of affection or of interest to the people at large.

Intense self-devotion to the tuition and moral government of the poor, added to the task of soothing their miseries, and all for the abstract love of the Divine Founder of Christianity, is the only principle which can draw public respect to any female communities of the convent or collegiate species. It does not appear that Mary Astell's

[1] See Ellis's Letters of Eminent Literary Men, where occur, from p. 304, a series of letters from Mr. J. Tipper, of Coventry, giving a most amusing account of the progress of this periodical. Its history is a curious one: although projected with the intention of being a ladies' almanack, and retaining the name of Ladies' Diary to this hour, it has become the only mathematical periodical in Great Britain—not because ladies are exclusively devoted to this abstruse science, but because the authors who carried it on knew as little of ladies' literature as ladies generally do of the mathematics.

[2] Scott's Notes to Swift, vol. ix. p. 3.

plan, however elegant and refined, aimed at this high intent of utility. Schemes like hers have been tried before and since the days of queen Anne, but, for the want of some motive of union raised above selfish expediency, have fallen into contempt by degenerating into knots of whimsical women occupied with wrangling factions.

The wits of the era of queen Anne were infuriated at the idea of the conventual retirement for the purposes of seraphic meditation eulogized by Mary Astell. In the Tatler, Swift aimed a few handfuls of dirt at her, after the fashion of his own Yahoos. The Spectator subsequently did her gentler justice,[1] but the envenomed shaft had sped, and the protestant-convent, which had won the approbation of queen Anne, and obtained her gracious promise of endowments, languished and took no root in the land.

Another literary recluse graced the reign of Anne. This was Elizabeth Elstob, the daughter of a country clergyman, the gentle lady-student of Anglo-Saxon lore. There never were but two English ladies, besides Elizabeth Elstob, who have won public renown in this difficult path of literature, and they are both ornaments of our own times.[2] Thanks for the preservation of much precious history of the early days of their country is due to them.

Neither the meekness of Elizabeth Elstob, nor her utter abstinence from challenging public attention, could defend her from the vituperation of Swift. Her contemporary, the fair Mary Astell, had probably mingled a little coquetry with her profession of seraphic celibacy, and perhaps, had imbued it with some spice of romantic parade. But Elizabeth Elstob, immersed in the records of our Saxon kings and heroes, and of saintly queens and princesses, possibly departed this world without knowing there was such a person as Dr. Swift in it, much less that she had raised his spleen. The writings of these ladies belong to the days of queen Anne, but the tendency of them to a century earlier.

At the commencement of the year 1704, the duchess of Marlborough successfully effected her purpose of disuniting her royal mistress and lord Rochester. She worked on the mind of the queen against her uncle, by that worry-

[1] In rather an affected paper, full of "Leonora," "groves," and "purling streams." Swift's malignity had the most literary power.

[2] Lady Charlotte Guest and Miss Anna Gurney, of Norfolk.

ing pertinacity against one object, on all occasions, small and great, which seldom loses its purposes. By awakening the queen's jealousy that lord Rochester regarded her unfortunate brother with secret affection, it is supposed that the favourite carried her point. On the other side, she excited disgust in the mind of the queen's uncle, by a series of affronts and insults. It is true, the duchess permitted the wife of his eldest son to become one of the ladies of the queen's bed-chamber, for she expressly observes "that her majesty did not like her." There was more danger, it seems, in permitting the same advancement to the queen's cousin, the young and charming lady Dalkeith. When lord Rochester requested his royal niece to permit that lady, his eldest daughter, to be one of the ladies of her bed-chamber, on the vacancy made by the death of the Dutch lady, Charlotte Beverwaert, he could scarcely expect denial, because she was the queen's nearest female relative in England. Nevertheless, the request was denied, under the plea that there was no vacancy; for the queen had resolved, after the death of lady Charlotte, to have only ten ladies of the bed-chamber.[1] The refusal arose from long hoarded vengeance of an old bitter grudge. The duchess of Marlborough remembered, that in the outset of her crafty career of life, lord Rochester had pointed out to James II. that some domestic locust devoured the revenues of the princess Anne, and mysteriously involved her in debt —a denunciation which Sarah took angrily to herself. Lord Rochester had recently opposed the extravagant grant the queen had attempted to bestow on the Marlboroughs in the first months of her reign, and converted them by that act from self-seeking Tories into virulent Whigs. From that moment every hoarded affront was hourly recalled to the mind of Anne. The duchess tauntingly observes, "that the queen had been pleased to forgive her uncle all his ill behaviour in the reigns of king Charles, king James, and queen Mary." If the queen had done so, her favourite had not. With much thanksgiving to God for her own incapability of bearing malice, the duchess instigated her majesty to hint "that her uncle had better return to his government in Ireland."[2]

All these mortifications had the effect on the mind of

[1] Conduct, pp, 133, 134. [2] Ibid.

lord Rochester that his female foe anticipated; he flew into a passion, and resigned all his offices of state. Moreover, he refused to visit his royal niece, and never attended her councils. When these omissions and derelictions had been sufficiently pointed out to the queen, she ordered that her uncle should no longer be summoned to council, as he did not choose to attend, and added this observation—"It is not reasonable that lord Rochester should come to council only when *he* thinks fit."[1]

So ended virtually all connexion between the sons of the great lord Clarendon and his royal grand-daughter, for lord Rochester survived but a few weeks, the subsequent change in the mind and feelings of queen Anne. Henry, earl of Clarendon, the queen's elder uncle, was, as previously shown, a self-banished exile from her presence, and his half-witted son, lord Cornbury, whose merits in being the proto-deserter from her father required some gratitude, was sent to play his imbecile pranks as the *governor* of the invaluable colonies James II. had founded in North America. Among other apish tricks, lord Cornbury is said to have held his state levees at New York, and received the principal colonists dressed up in complete female court costume, because, truly, he represented the person of a female sovereign, his cousin-german, queen Anne![2] It is said, and with great probability, that the follies of this ruler laid the foundation of that system of evil colonial government which deprived Great Britain finally of one of the brightest gems in her crown.

The duchess of Marlborough, after many shouts of triumph over the fall of the queen's uncle from his influence in the national councils and government, concludes her commentary with these words, "'Tis an amazing thing he should imagine he was to domineer over the queen and everybody else, as he did over his own family." Yet, after all, it would have been less "amazing" if the queen had been "domineered" over by her uncle, than, as the case really was, by her quondam chamber-woman; for the proud duchess was originally nothing more! With the queen's

[1] Conduct, pp. 132, 133.

[2] Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Horace Walpole, who hates the Hyde family with as much rancour, if possible, as he did that of Stuart, gives two or three editions of this strange anecdote.

uncle, retreated from her government, lord Jersey, the duke of Buckingham, and several powerful leaders, who had been considered personal friends of the late king James II. A ministry remained, though exceedingly weakened by this secession, which was still zealous for high church and was considered Tory. The head of it was the earl of Nottingham. His object was still to prevent unconscientious dissenters from using the most solemn sacrament of the church of England as a test to obtain seats in the house of commons and other public offices. It was during one of the repeated struggles to pass through the house of lords the bill preventive of this abuse (that against occasional conformity) that the queen penned the following deprecatory epistle to the arrogant duchess. In explanation, it must be recollected that the bill had repeatedly passed triumphantly through the house of commons, that the contests against it were wholly in the house of lords. Meantime, the queen, notwithstanding her affected indifference in the letter, had its success, as an act of legislature, much at heart.

QUEEN ANNE[1] TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, (under the names of Morley and Freeman.)

"Friday morning.

"I give my dear Mrs. Freeman many thanks for her long letter, and am truly sensible of the sincere kindness *you* express in it; and in return, to ease your mind I must tell you that Mr. Bromley will be disappointed, for the prince (George of Denmark) does not intend to go to the house when the bill *of occasional conformity* is brought in."

The queen meant the bill "*against* occasional conformity," but like a great many persons of her vagueness of style, she uses terms contrary to their signification, supposing her correspondent will guess her meaning. The queen's letter is a proof that prince George (who was an occasional conformist to the rites of the church of England) actually showed the wisdom and good taste of remaining neuter in this point.

"I think him," continues the queen, "very much in the right *not* to vote for it. I shall not have the worse opinion of any of the lords that are for it, for though I should have been glad it had not been brought into the house of commons, because I would not have had any pretence for quarrelling, I can't help thinking, now it is as good as past there, it will be better *for the service*[2] to have it pass the house of lords, too. I must own to you that I never cared

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[1] Conduct, p. 155.

[2] This phrase, as it stands, is inexplicable, unless the queen has omitted part, and means to say "for the service *of the church*."

to mention anything on this subject to you, because I knew you would not be of my mind; but since you have given me this occasion, I can't forbear saying that I see nothing like persecution in this bill. You may think it is a notion lord Nottingham has put into my head, but upon my word it is my own thought.

"I am in hopes I shall have one look before you go to St. Albans, and therefore will say no more now, but will answer your letter more at large some other time, and only promise my dear Mrs. Freeman, faithfully, I will read the *book* she sent me, and beg she will never let difference of opinion hinder us from living together as we used to do.

"Nothing shall ever alter your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley, who will live and die, with all truth and tenderness, yours."

Although the duchess of Marlborough had triumphed in the dismissal and disgrace of the queen's uncle, she was by no means satisfied with the persons who remained in power, for the house of commons was the same that had denied her the 5000*l.* per annum in perpetuity, and was therefore not likely to be guilty of any very extravagant grants of the public money. She continued a wrangling correspondence with the queen during the summer, against the powers in office, till the occurrence of the great victory of Blenheim turned the scale irresistibly in her favour.

Queen Anne was sitting in her closet at Windsor Castle, which commands a fine view over the north terrace, when the news of the victory of Blenheim was brought to her. For several years the banner by which the duke of Marlborough holds the manor of Woodstock was deposited in this apartment in memory of the queen's reception of the news.[1] The closet forms a boudoir to one of the royal state bed-chambers, where, in an alcove, is a ponderous article of furniture, being an embroidered bed of queen Anne, which was carefully preserved by the orders of George III., who would not suffer it to be displaced. By these traditions the suites of rooms at Windsor occupied by queen Anne can be traced.

On the following Thursday afternoon, Colonel Parkes, aid-de-camp to his grace the duke of Marlborough, arrived express with the following letter to her grace his lady duchess, dated August 13, (N.S.)[2]

"I have not time to say more than to beg of you to present my humble duty to the queen, and to let her majesty know that her army has had a glorious victory. M. Tallard, and two other generals, are in my coach, and I am follow-

[1] Pyne's Palaces.
[2] Flying Post, No. 1447.

ing the rest. The bearer, my aid-de-camp, colonel Parkes, will give her majesty an account of what has passed: I shall do it in a day or two by another, more at large.[1] "MARLBOROUGH."

The news of the victory of Blenheim was received with a degree of national rapture, which requires some retrospect to explain: it was the only great foreign battle that had been gained by England since that of Agincourt; in fact, the English energies had been wasted in such interior victories as those of Flodden or Pinkey Fields, or the still more deplorable contests of the wars of the Roses, or the calamitous civil strife at Edgehill, Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester. Not one victory had rewarded the national pride in exchange for all the blood and treasure expended by William III. in his continental wars and the saying went through Europe, that the island bull-dogs could only tear each other. While any monarch of Great Britain retained the foolish title of sovereign of France, the English populace were as much bent on French conquest as they were in the days of the Plantagenets, and the wisest peace-ruler was unpopular if an army were not always in the field, struggling to gain a footing over the frontier of France. Englishmen had forgotten the woes and exhaustion that succeeded the brilliant conquests of the showy hero, Henry V., and were constantly sending addresses to queen Anne, as they had done to her predecessor, to remind her of the propriety of reconquering her dominions in France, as Normandy and Aquitaine. If the queen had cherished so insane an idea, it is to be feared she would have met with only too much encouragement among all parties in England. The victory of Blenheim was therefore celebrated with unequalled splendour; the unfinished cathedral of St. Paul was the place appointed for the chanting of the Te Deum, and the queen went thither in procession to return thanks to Almighty God, with all the pomp of royalty. The herald's narrative was published in all the leading journals of the day. Although the event occurred only in the last century, the whole tone of the procession seems to belong to the costume of ages long past, and terms are used which are now obsolete.

"All the lords and privy councillors that were in and about

[1] The duke wrote this letter on horseback, with a leaden pencil, adds the journalist. The fac-simile of the letter is added to Coxe's Life of Marlborough.

the town met at about eight in the morning at the council chamber at St. James's, Sept. 7, 1704; the knights of the most noble order of the Garter, wearing the collars of the said order, and having been marshalled by the officers of arms, proceeded about ten o'clock in their coaches, with six horses each, towards St. Paul's.

"Her majesty came afterwards, attended in the following manner;[1] first, the knight marshal with his men on horseback: then the equerries and gentlemen ushers to his royal highness in his '*leading* coach:' one equerry, two pages of honour, and the gentlemen ushers in waiting in her majesty's 'leading coach;' in another of her majesty's coaches the women of the bed-chamber to her majesty; in another, the maids of honour; his royal highness's '*body*-coach,' with the lords of his bed-chamber; four ladies of her majesty's bed-chamber—viz., the duchess of Somerset, the marchioness of Hartington, the lady Henrietta Godolphin,[2] and the countess of Abingdon, in the traveling 'body-coach;' the duke of Somerset, master of the Horse, with the duke of Ormond, the captain of the guards in waiting, in her majesty's '*body*-chariot,' each drawn by six horses; a detachment of the horse-grenadiers; then her majesty's footmen; after them, the yeomen of the guard, on foot, some before and some on each side of her majesty's coach; then her majesty, with his royal highness, her consort, the duchess of Marlborough, groom of the stole, and the lady Fretcheville, being the lady of the bed-chamber in waiting, in the coach of state drawn by eight horses; her majesty's first troop of horse-guards closed the procession.

"The streets through which her majesty passed were lined, from Saint James's as far as Temple Bar, by the militia of Westminster; from thence to St. Paul's they were railed, and hung with blue cloth, the city trained bands lining both sides; and upon scaffolds erected for that purpose, were placed the several companies in their gowns, with their respective flags, streamers, and music. A battalion of each of her majesty's foot-guards made a lane from the west entrance into the church to the door of the choir. The balconies and the windows of the houses were hung with carpets and rich tapestry, and crowded with great numbers of spectators.

[1] Monthly Mercury, vol. xv. pp. 347, 348. Brit. Museum.
[2] The Marlborough heiress.

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"At Temple Bar her majesty was met by the lord-mayor in a gown of crimson velvet, and the aldermen and sheriffs in their scarlet gowns, being all on horseback. The lord-mayor alighted, made a short speech to her majesty, and surrendered to her the city-sword, which she was pleased to return to him, and he carried it before her majesty to the church, the aldermen and sheriffs riding before him.

"Her majesty being come to Saint Paul's, was met at the west door, at her alighting out of the coach, by the great officers of state, the nobility, and privy councillors, who from thence proceeded to the choir. Her majesty was led by his royal highness, and was followed by the duchess of Marlborough and the lady Fretcheville. The earl of Kent, lord chamberlain of her majesty's household, and the right honourable the vice chamberlain, attending near her majesty's person. The duke of Ormond, captain of the guard, and the duke of St. Albans, at the head of the band of gentlemen pensioners, closed the procession.

"Her majesty and his royal highness being entered into the choir, seated themselves in two armed chairs on a throne erected at the west-end thereof, opposite the altar. Behind her majesty were stools for two of the ladies of the bed-chamber, and the great officers in waiting attending her majesty and his royal highness. The peers and privy councillors were placed on the north-side of the choir, the ladies of the bed-chamber in the stalls on the south-side, and the maids-of-honour, and her majesty's bed-chamber women below them. The dean and prebendaries sat within the rails of the altar, except such as officiated in reading prayers. The Rev. Dr. Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's, preached a sermon; the text being the 53rd Psalm, 11th verse; the hymn, *Te Deum*, and other anthems, were admirably well performed by her majesty's choir.

"Divine service being ended, her majesty and his royal highness returned to St James's, in the same order and state that they came. The great guns at the Tower, those upon the river, and the train in St. James's park, were thrice discharged; the first time when her majesty took coach at St. James's, the second at the singing of the *Te Deum*, and the third when her majesty came back to her palace."[1]

The queen still continued to defend and support the remnant of the high church party against the constant

[1] From a transcript in the additional MSS. 6307, fols. 43, 44.

attacks of the duchess of Marlborough. Her sentiments may be gathered from her letter written soon after her return to St. James's, 1704:

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, (under the names of Morley and Freeman.)

"St. James's, November 21.

"I had just sealed up my letter on *Saturday* night, as I received the satisfaction of my dear Mrs. Freeman's of that day's date, but would not open it again, concluding I should have time, either *Sunday* or yesterday.

"When *Sunday* came I had several hindrances, and yesterday I sat down to write, but was hindered by one of the Scots' people coming to speak with me, or else I should not have been so long without telling you that I am very sorry you should forbear writing, upon the apprehension of your letters being troublesom, since you know very well they are not nor ever can be so, but the contrary, to your poor unfortunate faithful Morley. Upon what my dear Mrs. Freeman says again concerning the address, I have looked it over again, and cannot, for my life, see one can put any other interpretation upon that word 'pressures' than what I have done already. As to my saying the church was in danger in the late reign, [*William and Mary and William solus,*] I cannot alter my opinion, for though there was no violent thing done, every body that will speak impartially must own that everything was leaning towards the Whigs, and *whenever that is, I shall think the church is beginning to be in danger.*"

It is evident that the queen's ministry, which had lingered in power through the ensuing summer, were that party which are called by Lockhart of Carnwath, Hanoverian Tories. But they were not sufficiently strong without the support of those who were suspected to be Jacobite Tories. Those who only recognise *two* parties in the regnal career of Anne, form very imperfect ideas of the real state of affairs. It appears that the Hanoverian Tories were sincerely desirous of the predominance of the established church of the Reformation; they likewise hoped to see the church of England earnestly supported by the protestant heiress on whom the crown was entailed. For this purpose, they sent the warmest invitation to the electress Sophia to visit England, and to bring her grandson (afterwards George II.) to be naturalized in the country over which he was destined to rule. Whether this measure was sincere on the part of lord Nottingham and his colleagues, or whether it was merely a convulsive struggle to retain office, has been considered dubious by history. Perhaps, both motives actuated lord Nottingham and lord Haversham, for it is certain that neither of them were Jacobites. One positive effect the invitation to the electress had—the queen being exasperated, immediately threw herself into the arms of the Whigs, who nega-

tived the invitation. The queen directly after notified her feelings to the watchful duchess by these passionate words:

"QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.[1]

"I believe dear Mrs. Freeman and I shall not disagree, as we have formerly done, for I am sensible of the services *those people have done me that you have a good opinion of* [*the Whigs*], and will countenance them, and am thoroughly convinced of the malice and insolence of *them* [*the Tories*] that you have been always speaking against."

This letter and the succeeding one appear to have been written by queen Anne in November, 1704, when the Hanoverian Tory ministry was tottering to its fall. From that moment, the queen gave herself up to the party of which the duchess of Marlborough was the agent and mouthpiece in their domestic life, and she sank for years into the slavery which she afterwards so bitterly deplored.

The riches and gratuities which the queen had vainly requested for the duke of Marlborough, and which had been peremptorily withheld by the house of commons, a few months before the battle of Blenheim, were now profusely showered on the victorious general. The house of commons addressed the queen early in the ensuing year,[2] "That she would please to consider of some proper means to perpetuate the memory of the great services performed by the duke of Marlborough." At the close of the year, the duke returned, with his prisoner, the general of the French army, count Tallard. He presented the colours taken at the battle of Hochstadt to the queen; she ordered them to be hung up in Westminster Hall.

Unfortunately, the queen chose to alienate one of the most interesting historical demesnes that pertained to the crown of England. Woodstock, with all its Norman antiquities, its memories of the Plantagenets, its nymph-like baths, its mysterious labyrinths, and its haunted bowers, whispering of royal love and queenly vengeance—Woodstock, where the peerless chevalier of the black armour, first-born son of the third Edward, unclosed his eyes to the light—where his mother, Philippa the good, spent her young married life!—Woodstock, which Chaucer sang and described with topographical fidelity—every court, every pleasaunce, and every mighty tree therein, and every Gothic nook and embrasure! And not only Chaucer,

[1] Conduct, pp. 159, 160.
[2] Journals of the House of Commons, January 10, 1704-5.

but elder poets of exquisite simplicity have told the tales pertaining to its glades, in strains not even now effaced from English memory.[1] Yes, the Woodstock of Henry the Beauclerk, and of Henry the Plantagenet — the Woodstock of his much wronged Rosamond, whether wife or deceived fiancée—the Woodstock of Edward and Philippa, of the regal Elizabeth, of the beautiful Henrietta —was delivered to Vanburgh and Sarah of Marlborough, as a prey—to be defaced and destroyed, and worse, to load its green glades and lawns with heavy hideousness! The Dutch architect himself, struck with the grandeur of the royal ruins, spared them awhile for "the purpose of prospect," as he said; but she, with the taste of the thorough parvenu, never rested until the towers of Woodstock were blasted with gunpowder, and their last vestige effaced from the site.[2] In this exploit, she seems to have been actuated by the idea that induces a person who has appropriated a horse which he thinks may be claimed by some former owner, to cut his mane and tail off, and shave his skin. But before the duchess Sarah perpetrated her tasteless mischief, queen Anne signified in person to the house of commons, "That she was inclined to grant the honour and manor of Woodstock to the duke of Marlborough and his heirs for ever, and that she desired the assistance of the house to effect it." The act passed a few weeks subsequently, with the addition of the hundred of Wotton, in consideration of the eminent services performed by the duke of Marlborough to her majesty and the public.[3] Would the grant had been thrice as much, in the fattest lands that the island could furnish, so that the historical towers and bowers of Woodstock had been spared!

The queen ordered an exquisite portrait to be painted of the duke of Marlborough, in the minutest style of miniature; instead of crystal, it was covered with a diamond of pellucid water, cut with a table surface, surrounded with an edge of brilliant facets. When the whole had been mounted in an

[1] "With that she smote her on the lips,
So dyed double red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were the lips that bled."
OLD ENGLISH BALLAD: *Queen Eleanor and Rosamond.*

[2] Correspondence of the duchess of Marlborough and Vanburgh. Coxe Papers. Brit. Museum.

[3] Journals of the House of Commons, March 3, 1704-5.

exquisite style of art, the complete device was valued at 8000*l.* The gift, worthy of royalty, was presented by the queen to the duchess of Marlborough as a souvenir of the victory of Blenheim; it is described in the long list of jewels appended to the will of the duchess in her own handwriting, contradicting strongly her own ungrateful assertion, "that the queen never gave her a diamond or any present worthy of notice, after her accession to the crown."[1] Lord Dartmouth, who was not inclined to extenuate any of the misdeeds of the duchess of Marlborough to the queen, declares "that she tried to sell this magnificent present of royalty, for he saw an advertisement that such a table-diamond was in the hands of a Jew to be disposed of, some years subsequent to the death of the queen."[2] But his lordship, like most of his contemporaries, had no information regarding the costume of the times immediately preceding his own, when this magnificent mode of covering miniatures with diamonds instead of crystals was in fashion.[3] The queen had probably found this gem among the crown-jewels, and had displaced some miniature of queen Mary or queen Elizabeth, or their father, for the resemblance of her successful general.

Her majesty made a long sojourn at the Palace of Newmarket, in the spring of 1705; from thence, she took her excursion to Cambridge, April 16, accompanied by her husband and the principal persons of her household. When she alighted at the Regent-walk, opposite to the schools, she was received by her kinsman, the proud duke of Somerset, then chancellor of the university. A *regia comitia* was held at the Regent House, and honorary degrees distributed among the noblemen and gentlemen of her court, the presence of the sovereign dispensing with the necessity of the receivers having earned them by exercises

[1] The duchess of Marlborough left the queen's costly present of the miniature of her husband, with the diamond covering, to their only surviving child, the duchess of Montague.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 31, on the information of Harley, earl of Oxford.

[3] Many splendid gems must have been split up to produce this tabular style of cutting; the dagger of Henry VIII., sold at the Strawberry Hall sale, was ornamented with balass rubies, which had been divided into long slices of surprising thinness. Miniatures, covered with diamonds, table-cut, occur in the jewel lists of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I., likewise in the jewel lists of the kings of France. Indeed, the term of diamonds being "table-cut" appears to have originated in the purpose of covering some cipher or monogram in a ring or locket, or, as the arts advanced, a portrait in miniature.

and due qualifications. This day was made for ever memorable in the annals of the era, by the queen bestowing knighthood on Dr. Isaac Newton at Trinity College, where she held a court. Afterwards, her majesty dined in Trinity Hall, and, after hearing evening service in the beautiful chapel of King's College, returned to Newmarket that night.[1]

Two days before the meeting of the new parliament, October 25, 1705, the queen addressed the following letter to her friend, lady Bathurst. If the closeting of members of the house of commons by James II. was justly considered illegal, the canvassing by the private letters of the constitutional sovereign of the Revolution seems some degrees worse:

"QUEEN ANNE[2] TO LADY BATHURST.[3]

"Kensington, October y^e 23.

"I doubt what I am now going to say will come too late to obtain my wish, the meeting of parliament being soe very neare, *y^t* [that] one may reasonably believe that every one has taken their resolution who they will give their votes for to be speaker; however, I cannot help asking you whether your son is engaged or no. If he be not, I hope *you will give me your interest with him* to be for Mr. Smith.[4] I look upon myself to have a particular *conserne* for Mr. Bathurst, both for his father's sake and *y^e* [the] long acquaintance and friendship there has been between you and me, which makes me very desirous he may *allways* behave himself rightly in everything. I do not at all doubt of his good inclinations to serve me, and *there*fore hope, tho' it should be too late to recall his resolutions as to y^e [the] speaker, he will be carefull never to engage himself soe far into any party as not to be at liberty to leave them when he sees them running into things that are unreasonable, for I shall allways depend upon his concurring in everything y^t [that] is good for me and for the publick.

"I hope when I am at St. James's I shall see you oftener than I have *don* of late, and that you will *com* whenever it is easyest to yourself to her y^t [that] will be glad to see you at any time, and is, with all sincerity, y^rs,

"ANNE R."

The war, meantime, which was equally brilliant in victory to the British arms both in Spain and Flanders, was carried

[1] Memorials of Cambridge.

[2] Holograph, hitherto inedited. The author was favoured with this document, just as these sheets were going to press, by lady Georgiana Bathurst, to whom the grateful thanks both of the author and the public are due.

[3] Lady Bathurst, the daughter of a valiant and loyal cavalier, sir Allen Apsley, of Apsley, in Sussex, was the wife of sir Benjamin Bathurst, the son of a loyal family. He was appointed governor of the Royal African Company, established by James duke of York, and was governor of his East India Company. Sir Benjamin Bathurst was likewise given by that prince great power in the establishment of his daughter Anne. He was treasurer of her household, and, after her accession, became cofferer. His son, lord Bathurst, surnamed the Good, likewise married into the house of Apsley.—*Burke's Peerage.*

[4] John Smith was actually chosen speaker of the English parliament that met October 25, 1705.—*Toone's Chron. Parl. Journals, MSS.*

on beyond the extent of the increased resources of England, —resources which, despite of corrupt government of her mighty colonies and Indian factories, were chiefly derived from those founded since the Restoration by the queen's father whilst he was his brother's prime minister, and during his short reign.

But no comment of biographer or historian can do justice to the absurdity of the contest on which the blood and treasure of England was wasted, in the reign of Anne, like unto the despatches of the persons in power at that day. Charles of Austria, it has been shown, had been received by queen Anne, feasted, and, moreover, placed on the throne of Spain; he was held there by the might of English arms, and the almost supernatural genius for war of lord Peterborough; yet the emperor of Germany, the ungrateful father of the Austrian competitor, absolutely wounded his son's royal benefactress in the tenderest point, by refusing to give her the title of majesty. Much he might have done, more injurious to the country of Great Britain, which its queen, in her historical and statistical ignorance, could not have comprehended; but this was a wound which touched Anne to the quick, for the only knowledge she had was regarding the arrangements of rank and title. Not that she was skilled in the ennobling science of the genealogist and herald, which naturally leads the mind to inquire somewhat into the deeds of those gone before, whose glories are commemorated by pedigree and scutcheon; for her mind dwelt on the mere rags of etiquette, the empty sound of titles, the breadth of ribbons, the length of mantles, and width of trains, and, worse than all, the sort of wig (then an important part of court-costume) proper to be carried on the heads of her courtiers into her august presence. Let us judge, then, how much the apathetic bosom of the royal matron was moved, when the emperor, for whose son the war which devastated central Europe had been with difficulty extended to Spain, refused to give her the title of royalty, and that, too, on the eve of an enormous subsidy! Listen to the words of Mr. Secretary Harley, when writing on this matter to the English envoy at Vienna:[1]

"Lest Mr. Hoffman (the imperial resident minister)

[1] Stepney Papers, No. 2, 7059.

should dress this business in frightful colours, you should be provided with materials to represent the matter of fact rightly. It is as follows: the Sunday before I went to the country, May 13th, count Gallas desired me to procure him an audience with the queen, for he told me, 'that he had a letter of *cachet*[1] to deliver to the queen, wrote with the emperor's own hand.' At his audience, he delivered to the queen the letter written by the emperor, and another from the German chancery, both in Latin, which the queen put into my hand."

Under the veil of Latin, the imperial ministers had prepared this insult to queen Anne, by denying her the title of majesty, and treating her as if she were a petty vassal of the empire. Owing to her ignorance, the royal matron innocently took the emperor's letter, and dismissed the bearer with approbation; but when Harley examined the Latin, and found that the emperor's ministers had mentioned the majesty of England merely by the title of "serenity," he thought proper to question Hoffman, when the next German brought imperial missives, "whether his royal mistress was addressed by the title of majesty?" "No," replied the Austrian envoy. "Then," said secretary Harley, "my queen will not look upon it."[2] This was proper, but the dignity of the British crown had already been compromised by the ignorant mind and sluggish apprehension of her who wore it.

It was not always thus. Former queens-regnant of England would have comprehended the insult at a glance, and returned the arrogant missive to the hand that brought it, with such an exordium, in extempore Latin, as would have made the ears of the imperialist tingle for a month. There cannot be a more striking illustration than this incident affords of the contrast between the lightning intellect of queen Elizabeth, and the dull apprehension of queen Anne.

Since the prosperous accession of queen Anne to the throne of Great Britain, her conscience, and all the affection for her near relatives which had awakened when she stood by the death-bed of her son the duke of Gloucester, had been lulled to sleep. But in the year 1705, a letter was

[1] Sealed private letter.

[2] Stepney Papers. Letter of Harley, July 3, 1705.

known to pass through the Hague from St. Germains to queen Anne; it contained a beautiful miniature of her young brother. It was ascertained that it reached the queen's hands safely, that she gazed on the picture, and, recognising the strong Stuart resemblance, that no one can deny to the expatriated heir, she kissed it, and wept over it piteously.[1] It was verified more touchingly to her by the striking likeness of features and expression to her lost son the duke of Gloucester.

Notwithstanding this access of feeling in her hours of seclusion, Anne, finding that the Whig party had carried majorities in the house of commons, complied with the temper of the times, and consented to form her agents of government entirely from their ranks. The duchess of Marlborough drilled her into appointing the Cowpers to places of importance—a very sore trouble to Anne, since the modes of thinking and acting of both these brothers were little consistent with the usages of any denomination of Christians. The people raised the woful wail of the "church in danger," when they found their queen place the great seal in the hands of sir William Cowper.[2] The following witty jeu-d'esprit was handed through the literary coffee-houses in London, and dropped in manuscript in the thoroughfares by night:—

> "When Anna was the church's daughter,
> She did whate'er that mother taught her;
> But now she's mother to the church,
> She leaves her daughter in the lurch."

From the diary[3] of the new keeper of queen Anne's conscience, curious particulars present themselves of her

[1] Lamberty, Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 8me Siècle, tome 8, p. 656.

[2] The following note, by sir Walter Scott, casts some light on the disgust the people felt at these appointments. The tenour of the new lord-chancellor's life, and that of his brother, did not promise much regard to the ordinances of the church he was bound by his office to protect. "Some unfortunate stains," observes sir Walter Scott, rather drily, in one of his Notes to Swift, "are attached to this *ingenious* family. Lord-chancellor Cowper was branded with bigamy, because he had written a work on plurality of wives, and had, adds Voltaire, actually *two* lady Cowpers in his domestic regime; and his brother, *the judge*, had previously been tried for the murder of a young woman, one Sarah Stout, whom he had deluded by a feigned marriage, while he had a wife alive. The poor creature was found drowned in a pond, and he was the last person seen in her company, under circumstances of great suspicion."

[3] MSS. among the Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum, vol. xiv. It is, as far as the author is aware, hitherto inedited.

regnal life, and her mode of performing its duties, in the interior of the palace. It seems that sir William Cowper had his doubts whether or not he was appointed wholly against the queen's consent; and as he had driven an unexampled bargain of profit to himself on his appointment, he was naturally desirous to ascertain whether the queen would let him remain long enough to reap the rich fruits of peerage, pension, allowance for equipage, and other goodly profits. To ease his mind, lord Godolphin put into his hands a letter written throughout by the queen to the duke of Marlborough, with the observation, "that as it was penned while lord Godolphin was at Newmarket, it must perforce be the genuine emanation of her mind. Her majesty," observes her new lord-keeper,[1] very naïvely, "expressed as much concern for the good of her country, as if her letter was intended to be made public." A first-rate piece of satire on the patriotism of that era, but apparently mentioned as a simple matter of unbelief in the possibility of such feelings being genuine in any one, and never assumed excepting as a popular grimace. The most curious clause in the royal letter is, "that *the two lords* had so behaved themselves that it was impossible for her ever to employ them again." Whereupon the communicating junta, lords Halifax, Somers, and Godolphin, "expounded" the two misbehaving lords to be "the queen's uncle lord Rochester, and the earl of Nottingham."

At noon, the queen was in her closet at Kensington Palace, for the purpose of receiving her new lord-keeper; her treasurer, lord Godolphin, went there to prepare her for the interview, leaving the expectant dignitary waiting in the royal bed-chamber, which the queen and her prime minister presently entered, and there the presentation took place, Anne herself making this laconic address to her lord-keeper:—

"I am very well satisfied of your fitness for the office of keeper of the great seal." And then she personally delivered it to him. When he had made the usual professions of honesty but incapacity, each of which terms should have been reversed, he kneeled down and kissed the queen's

[1] He was not lord chancellor until two years afterwards. Lord Somers was the actual lord chancellor; but, for some reason best known to himself, the office had been for many years transacted by a lord keeper of the seal.

hand, asking at the same time "her leave to go out of town, in order to avoid the clamours of solicitation for places in his gift." The same night, being Friday, October 12, 1705, the queen received, in council at Kensington, his oaths of allegiance and church-supremacy, and he does not forget to record that he paid 26*l.* as fees for each oath.[1] Such were the makings of a lord-chancellor, or lord-keeper, in the days of queen Anne—a sovereign who has only been removed by one personal link from human memory in the present day.

Lest our readers should imagine that the writer is guilty of that hateful trope, an historical paradox, the solution of this seeming enigma is here offered, showing over what a wide space of history human life may be extended: queen Anne, it is well known, not only spoke to the great Dr. Johnson, but, as already recorded, touched him when a boy, for his woful affliction of king's evil. Now many persons at present in existence have heard the late Eleanor dowager countess of Cork, dilate on her favourite topic of her conversations and anecdotes of her friend, Dr. Johnson. Thus there was, very lately, a living link between the present generation and the person to whom queen Anne had spoken and even touched. But, oh, how many armies, fleets, heroes, orators, statesmen, and even dynasties of sovereigns have passed away during those two long lives which thus mysteriously linked the breathing present with the silent historical past!

The queen received the personal services of her new lord-keeper, the next Sunday, being October 14, when he marched before her from the palace of St. James to the chapel; and he adds, "A little before anthem finished, I went up after sermon to her closet, and so returned before her to her *lodgings* again." Meaning the suite of private apartments in the palace, where her majesty usually resided.

There was an important meeting a few days afterwards of the Whig-junta, of which Halifax, who did not even affect to believe in Christianity, was the presiding spirit; the object was (now they thought the foot of power was upon the neck of our church) to alter her prayers and ordinances to suit *their* views. "In the evening," says the lord-keeper, who was

[1] Cowper MS. Diary. Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

to be one of the principal instruments of this rending and dislocating, "I visited with my lord Halifax, and met the duchess of Marlborough, who declined all acknowledgment I offered of thanks for my advancement, and waiving that talk, went on to other subjects; and in the whole, expressed herself very averse from the high church."[1] She could not have poured her detestation into more willing ears than those of this creature of her advancement, since he notes "taking the sacrament as a test to qualify him for his office." Never did a period look darker for the church; on whichever side, destruction seemed at hand. There were few in the places of her dignitaries but had been professors of some species of dissent. The queen's husband was a dissenter, and, it was supposed, no very warm friend to the establishment. The queen's acknowledged favourite and ruler, the violent duchess, loudly proclaimed her hatred to the church of England; and she headed a mighty band of avowed freethinkers, then in power. The queen herself was harbouring resentfully some affront from the plain-speaking of her uncle, and her favourite was helping her "nurse her wrath to keep it warm." When all these circumstances are considered, the cry of the people of England, who watched the proceeding of the court with angry jealousy, that "the church was in danger," seems not so unfounded as the historians of the times would make us believe. But that cry had some effect on the enemies of the church; they might deface and sap, but they were forced to leave the venerable fabric standing.

"At night," says the new dignitary, "I visited the prince of Denmark at Kensington, whose compliment to me was, 'that he was glad the queen had made so good a choice for the great seal.' I assured him 'none was more devoted to his service, both because he was always in the *true interest* of England, and also, for that I knew there was no surer way to render my poor services acceptable to her majesty than in my being first accepted by himself.'"[2] Lord chief-justice Holt came forward to exonerate himself to lord-keeper Cowper, from the prevailing report that he had warmly remonstrated with the queen against his advancement.

The diary of the lord-keeper Cowper plainly shows the

[1] Cowper MS. Diary, Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

queen exercising the royal functions of disposing, not only of the dignities, but of the livings and benefices of the church that were in the appointment of the crown, according to the dictates of her conscience. Her own letters, and those of the duchess of Marlborough, affirm the same fact. Whether the exercise of this power be best in the appointment of the sovereign or of the prime minister, or regulated by an ecclesiastical commission of bishops, or by the elective powers of the church herself, with the temporal power sanctioned by the crown as of old, it is no vocation of ours to declare—but only to say, that on whomsoever this mighty and onerous duty devolves, that person or persons should bear the responsibility of it. Queen Anne had not only the responsibility of this department of her high functions, but positively and virtually exercised it. The proof is from the manuscript of this lord-keeper, as follows:—

"Sunday, March 21: Waited on the queen; walked before her to chapel (St. James's), the second time. Cabinet council at six, at night; I spoke the first time in council. At the said council the queen desired that her speech might be prepared, which the secretary was ordered to do.[1] After which, the queen withdrew, and I was admitted into her bedchamber; and there I laid before her two livings for which presentations were desired, which she received very kindly, and said, 'she would discourse with me further next opportunity.'" Here the decision is plainly left to the communings of the queen's own thoughts, and many a quarrel afterwards ensued between her majesty and her furious favourite, the duchess of Marlborough, on account of the slowness of the royal resolve,[2] in appointing such churchmen as the predominant junta prompted to her. Far astray from her functions, as mistress of the robes or

[1] Here occurs a curious marginal note by lord Hardwicke, explanatory of this custom and the usages of royalty. "I believe," says the MS. of lord Hardwicke, "that function—viz., writing the royal speech—having been long in the great-seal, is *reverted back* to the secretaries of state." "Reverted back" means, if anything, that the secretaries of state are considered as the *royal private secretaries*, for as such alone could they have prepared the speeches of Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth. Perhaps, in the middle ages, the lord-chancellors (always churchmen) prepared the speeches of the English sovereign: hence the phrase, "keeper of the king's conscience."

[2] Two letters from the duchess of Marlborough and one from the queen on this subject. Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum; likewise various passages, (much modified in print,) throughout the Conduct by the Duchess of Marlborough.

groom of the stole, did this bold woman go, when she dared to open her lips to dictate to her mistress the appointments in the church.

In the fits of irresolution under which the poor queen laboured, her upstart tyrant would enter her presence with a flouncing swing, and quicken her majesty's determination with the somewhat vulgar exclamation of, "Lord, madam! it *must* be so!"[1]

The queen opened her parliament after her speech had passed the consultations of several cabinet-councils, and been deemed fitting for the occasion. It must have been a very remarkable one, although the passages recorded in it by her lord-keeper have escaped the attention of the historians of her reign: "'She promised her people to take care of the church,' at which clause the lord-mayor, sir Thomas Rawlinson, jeered, at his dinner-table before the lord-keeper, a few days after,[2] her majesty's expressions not pleasing him." Likewise, queen Anne spoke "of calumnies afloat regarding herself."[3]

On these calumnies, Dr. Stanhope, prebend of Canterbury, preaching before the queen, made her a most extraordinary address from the pulpit, "persuading her to bear the slander taken notice of in her last speech, with Christian patience; and he spoke with *smartness* (sharpness) against it, at the same time. 'Twas thought some months before, he would not have preached such sermons," adds the lord-keeper.[3] Stanhope was not likely to please the lord-keeper; he had been long a non-juror, and was now one of the most powerful writers in the reformed church of England. The old Roundhead epithet, "malignant-party," is, in the ensuing page, applied by the worthy lord-keeper to those anxious to preserve the liturgies and observances of the church of England.

Cowper attended divine service at Westminster Abbey as "speaker of the house of lords." He mentions the fact of the offertory for the poor, distinct from other contributions. His words are, "I gave at *the basin*, one guinea, and silver, to the poor." This was one of the usages his party was earnest to alter, and which they contrived to bring into disuse in the

[1] Scott's Swift; the information from eye-witnesses, Harley and Abigail Masham, and probably lady Winchelsea and the duchess of Ormonde.
[2] Cowper Diary. Coxe's MSS., Brit. Museum. [3] Ibid.

days of George I. Of course, the influence the dispensation of this charity gave the regular clergy was great.

The queen's privilege of disposing of the livings, according to his preceding narrative, was, in a very few days, carped at by her new lord-keeper, who thus describes a discussion between himself and the conforming archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tennison, "about," lord-keeper Cowper says, "disposing the livings in *my* gift, and I have promised the queen 'to present as she directed in all the valuable ones;' the archbishop said 'he feared it would be under worse management than when under the late keeper's servants, by the importunity of the women and hangers-on at court,' and promised to endeavour with me, to get that matter in a better train."[1]

Queen Anne has spared her biographer the trouble of either discussing or vindicating her from this ill-natured charge by these two low-church dignitaries; in her reply to their agent, the duchess of Marlborough, her majesty fully

[1] Cowper Diary. In common justice to queen Anne, whose resistance to the disposal of livings by her state ministers drew on her the furious abuse of the duchess of Marlborough and all her party, and a succession of historians to the present age, a glance ought to be given at the working of the system, when subsequently crown-patronage was successfully wrested out of the hands of the sovereign, and placed in those of the lord-chancellor for the time being, as it has remained for the last hundred and thirty years. While the Diary of lord-chancellor Cowper was being incorporated into this biography, the clerical nephew of a late lord-chancellor has departed this life, possessed of a rectory valued by some at 3000*l.*, by others at 2127*l.* per annum; a prebendary of upwards of 600*l.*, another rectory worth upwards of 500*l.*, another upwards of 500*l.*, a vicarage worth nearly 200*l.* The utmost research has not been able to furnish an instance of so unequal a distribution of the livings of the church, made by the sovereigns of England in the 17th century—or by the ecclesiastical commissioners, (whom they authorized in the place of the more apostolic elections by chapters)—or even by the veto of queen Anne herself. And if such grasping appropriations took place within the memory of man, when advances have been made towards a better order of things, by the improving rectitude of public feeling, what must they have been under the corrupt sir Robert Walpole, who nominated the dissenter-bred Seeker to Canterbury and the pirate Blackburne to York? The son of the man (sir Robert Walpole,) who made these prelates, gives them characters appalling to humanity. Such censure being, *if true*, the severest reproach to a father, of whose fame he is sedulously jealous. (Mems. of Reign of George II., with Notes by late Lord Holland, vol. i. pp. 65, 87, 347.) Contrary facts may be quoted, to the honour of the reformed church of England, in the conduct of the clergy bred under her guidance previous to the Revolution. The noble pecuniary sacrifices of Sancroft and Barrow towards amplifying wretched livings, the resistance of Dr. Hooper when tempted by queen Mary II. to entangle himself with pluralities, and the apostolic attention of Ken to the miserable victims of the Monmouth rebellion, are instances familiar to the readers of this work.

exonerates herself from the charge of listening to the advice of her female servants on the disposal of church preferments. Indeed, it seems that this presumptuous parvenu was the *only* one "among her women" who dared open her lips on a subject so utterly unbecoming her station and vocation:

"THE QUEEN TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.[1]

"I had the satisfaction last night of hearing from my dear Mrs. Freeman, by my lord Fitz [harding], and should have thanked you for it then, but that I did not receive it till after I came from taking the air, which was too late to begin to write before I went to supper, and afterwards it is not really easy for me to do it. I cannot say so much to you as I would; but must answer *that part of your last letter*, that concerns *my lord-keeper and his livings*. I have a very good opinion of him, and would depend upon his recommendation on any occasion sooner than on most people's. But as to this particular, I think the crown can never have too many livings at its disposal, and therefore, though there may be some trouble in it, it is a power I can never think reasonable to part with; and I hope that those that come after me will be of the same mind. I own I have been very much to blame in being so long in disposing of those livings; but when these are filled up, there shall be no more complaints of me on that account. You wrong me very much in thinking I am influenced by some you mention in disposing of church preferments. Ask those whom I am sure you will believe, though you won't me, and they can tell you I never disposed of any without advising with them, and that I have preferred more people upon others' recommendations than I have upon his, that you fancy to have so much power with me. You have reason to wonder there *is* no more changes made yet; but I hope in a little time Mr. *Morley* (prince George) and I shall redeem our credit with you at least in that matter, which now is all that I can trouble my dear Mrs. Freeman with, but that her poor, unfortunate Morley will be *faithfully* yours to her last moment."

(Remark by the Duchess, as endorsement.)

"The letter was in answer to one I had writ, to tell her *not to be so long before she disposed of the livings to the clergy*, adding how safely she might put power into the hands of such a man as my lord Cowper."

There are hints in the following letter as if the smothered warfare was in the act of breaking into open hostilities between the queen and her favourite, who appears to have checked at the slightest indication of forgetfulness in minute points of observance, not only as due to herself, but to the various connexions which she had made hers by the marriage of her daughters. Prince George was the offending party in the remonstrance she had addressed to queen Anne, which is not forthcoming like the queen's humble apology.

"THE QUEEN TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.[2]

[*Date, after* 1705.]

"I am very sorry my lord-treasurer's [Godolphin] cold is so bad, and I will be sure to speak to the prince to command all his servants to do their duty: if

[1] Coxe's MSS. Papers, vol. xlv. f. 1.
[2] Coxe's Papers, inedited hitherto, vol. xlv. f. 147.

they do not obey him, I am sure they do not deserve to be any longer so, and I shall use my endeavours that they may not; but I hope they will not be such *villians*; and if they do not do what they ought, I am certain it will be none of the prince's *fault*. I am in such haste, I can say no more, but that I am very sorry dear Mrs. Freeman will be so unkind as not to come to her poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley, who loves her sincerely, and will do so to her last moment."

Curious council scenes, recorded by the pen of the lord keeper, Cowper, or by the queen's private chaplain, Dr. Birch, now and then occur among other discussions relative to the interference of England in an insurrection of the protestants in the Cevennes, which took place in the spring of 1706. The queen's council disputed fiercely whether her majesty (at the same time she accepted their aid) was not to call them rebels? And it was only carried by one vote, that this courteous epithet was not applied to the new allies. The queen herself, it may be gathered, was not so uncivilly disposed to the Cevennois, since a very grave nobleman was heard to ask her at the council-board, "What! will your majesty assist rebels?"[1] The queen unfortunately gained the aid of a man who may, in every respect, be considered the most thorough specimen of a "*mauvais sujet*" that ever renounced his country; this was the terrific sinner, abbot Guiscard, whose exploits as an assassin, some time subsequently, filled England with consternation, and actually brought danger nearer to the queen's person than she had ever before experienced.

On one point, general historians are by no means agreed, which is, whether the protestant heiress of the British crown, the princess Sophia, manifested any eager desire to encourage her partisans in England to make the reigning queen uneasy? There is much contradiction among the letters and statements of the three struggling parties, but the result of the inquiry is, that the conduct of the princess Sophia was unexceptionable as it had ever been. The following extract from the journal of lord-keeper Cowper, gives the official answer of the princess to all the invitations which had been agitated by the Hanoverian Tories during the winter of 1704, and the succeeding summer. "At the queen's cabinet-council, Sunday, November 11, 1705. Foreign letters read in her majesty's presence—the substance remarkable. That at Hanover was a person, agent from

[1] Birch MSS., 4221, Art. 6.

the discontented party here, to invite over the princess Sophia and the electoral prince (George II.) into England, assuring them that a party here was ready to propose it, that the princess Sophia had caused the said person to be acquainted 'that she judged the message came from such as were enemies to her family. That she would never hearken to such a proposal, but when it came from the queen of England herself,' and withal she had discouraged the attempt so much that it was believed nothing more would be said in it."[1]

The moderate and humane conduct of the princess Sophia—conduct which the irrefragable evidence of events proved was sincere and true—did not mollify the burning jealousy of queen Anne. If we may believe the correspondence of the Jacobite writer, Dr. Davenant, angry letters were written by queen Anne to the princess Sophia, who, knowing how little she had deserved them, and being of a high spirit, retorted with displeasure, yet did not alter the intrinsic integrity of her conduct.[2] The princess Sophia was the object of the duchess of Marlborough's extreme contempt; the idea of that exalted lady's conduct in deprecating the settlement of the crown of Great Britain on her line, could give that person no belief in honour or generosity: folly and fantastic aberration of mind were the best terms she finds for it in her correspondence.[3] No doubt she felt that her own affairs were not likely to flourish, if the chances and changes of life gave her a mistress of so incomprehensible a temper.

However this may be, the fact is certainly manifest by her letters, that she worked on the mind of the queen with all her might, to keep up her jealousy and alarm regarding the advent of her lofty-minded heiress Sophia. A running fire of angry correspondence had actually been kept up between the queen and the princess Sophia, from March 5, 1705. It was renewed at every violent political agitation, until we shall see the scene of this world's glory close almost simultaneously on both the royal kinswomen.

Queen Anne, like all her ancestors since the days of

[1] Cowper MS. Diary. Coxe Paper, Brit. Museum.
[2] Stepney Papers. Letters of Dr. Davenant, of that date.
[3] MSS. of the Duchess of Marlborough. Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

Henry V.,[1] was served upon the knee, on occasions of state; exceptions were pointed out when this ceremonial was dispensed with in her domestic life, the authority being Abigail Hill (then lady Masham,)[2] who supplied Mrs. Howard, bed-chamber woman to queen Caroline, consort of George II., with a programme of the palace-routine of the English queens-regnant. Abigail shows, that in some degree, like the attendants of the queens of France, the bed-chamber woman transferred her service to any lady of rank who happened to make her entrée at the royal toilet.

The bed-chamber woman came into waiting before the queen's prayers, and before her majesty rose, if any lady of the bed-chamber was present, the bed-chamber woman handed her the queen's linen, and the lady put it on her majesty. Every time the queen dressed in the course of the day, her habiliments made the same formal progress from hand to hand. The princesses of the blood in France had the privilege of passing the queen's garments from one to the other, till the princess of the highest rank came to clothe her majesty, who has been known to stand shivering in the midst of the circle of the ladies who had her entrée, while the most needful articles of apparel were travelling round the room, from one noble or princely dame to another, according to the rigour of precedency.

Queen Anne was somewhat less tormented with these transfers than were the queens of France; her fan, it is true, made rather a circuitous progress, before it came safely to her royal hand.

"When the queen washed her hands, her page of the backstairs brought and set down upon a side table, a basin and ewer. Then the bed-chamber woman placed it before the queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over against the queen; the lady of the bed-chamber only looking on. The bed-chamber woman poured the water out of the ewer on the queen's hands. The bed-chamber woman pulled on the queen's gloves, when her majesty could not

[1] Such appears to have been the custom of the English royal family, introduced from the era when Henry V. was partially recognised as *suzerain* of France, after his entry of Paris and marriage with the French princess. The illuminated MSS., representing the courts of the earlier Plantagenets, give no indication of any such custom.

[2] Letter of Dr. Arbuthnot to Mrs. Howard, afterwards countess of Suffolk, written from lady Masham's dictation. Suffolk Correspondence.

do it herself," which was often the case, owing to her infirmity of gout. It will be remembered, that in the performance of this duty, the chain that so long bound queen Anne to the imperious dame of Marlborough was accidentally reft and broken.

"The page of the backstairs," proceeds Abigail, "was always called to put on the queen's shoes. When queen Anne dined in public, the page reached the glass to her bed-chamber woman, and she to the lady in waiting." In due time it arrived at the lips of royalty.

"The bed-chamber woman brought her majesty's chocolate, and," observes Abigail, "gave it to the queen *without kneeling*."

In fact, the chocolate was taken by queen Anne in the privacy of her chamber, and just previously to lying down to repose; this too nourishing supper tending greatly to increase the obesity of the royal matron.

The royal dinner-hour was exactly at three, and both the queen and prince George manifested no little uneasiness if ministers of state intruded upon that time. At six o'clock was the usual hour for the queen's councils. On Sunday evening, the most important cabinet-councils were held. The queen usually ate a heavy supper, and it may be seen by her recently quoted letter, that writing after that meal was "not easy" to her. Her lord-keeper has left several notices of her proceedings at council. "When the queen came into the cabinet-council, she sent the secretary two letters to read, one from the king of Spain, the other from lord Peterborough," who was then prosecuting the succession war in Spain with small resources, in a manner that almost rivalled the military glory of Marlborough. Each party had its hero, and duly depreciated all that was done by the other. Small were the lasting results that arose from the vaunted victories of either.

It was the custom for the queen to bring the letters she received from foreign potentates on affairs of state to her cabinet council, and send them to the secretary of state to read aloud. Sometimes a little embarrassment took place; for instance, one evening, when a rather curious letter from lord Raby, the queen's resident minister at Berlin, was read, he observes, "that the old king of Prussia, surnamed the corporal, had drunk with him 'Confusion to

those who first deserted the allied powers against France,' a strong assurance," adds lord Cowper,[1] drily, "from a German prince." The queen's consort, prince George of Denmark, being then sitting at the council-table, the next letter unfortunately alluded to him; "it was a despatch from Copenhagen, complaining 'that the king of Denmark was pushed on by prince George, his uncle, to insist on some injurious arrangement concerning Lubec, 'on account of the narrowness of the prince's continental estate.' When the secretary came to this awkward passage, his only resource was to read it so low, that the prince of Denmark, although sitting by, could not hear it."[2]

Another of the interior scenes of queen Anne's government, was pricking the sheriffs at the privy-council. "The queen being present, the lord-keeper handed the roll to the clerk-of-the-council, who stood by the queen and read over aloud the gentlemen named for the counties, in order. If no lord in the privy-council objected, her majesty usually pricked the first name of the three."[3] Such ceremonial clearly referred to the times when the possessor of the royal power could not write, and moreover decided by a species of chance-medley, out of the three names presented, as if either were equally in favour or eligible; therefore no affront was meant by the preference. After the regal part of this singular ceremony was concluded, the roll was handed by the clerk to the lord-keeper and the "riding-six-clerk"[4] came to that dignitary for it to make the patents by. In those stormy times, this document was sometimes mysteriously missing, or made away with, when wanting for official purposes, on which account the former lord-keeper always obliged the "riding-clerk" to give him a receipt[5] for the roll her majesty had pricked.

The state machinery in this department was not always completed at one sitting of the privy-council, alterations were needed; these were effected by the queen writing with her own hand "*Vacatur*," on the side of the roll against any objectionable name which she might have pricked; she then pricked another of the two remaining, or if reasons had come to light that neither of the three were eligible for sheriffs, the queen with her own

[1] Cowper MS. Diary, Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.
[4] So written by Lord Cowper. [5] Ibid.

hand, inserted a fourth name. Such revision was found needful in 1705, eight or nine days subsequently to the first ceremony, and was still further carried on early in the new year. "The queen, Saturday January 5, 1705-6, having a mind to alter the sheriff of Stafford, appointed a council, but could not come, being hindered by the gout; the council and clerks were therefore admitted into her bed-chamber or closet, where she lay on a couch, and there she writ the new sheriff's name on the roll."[1] Throughout that month, cabinet-councils were noted as held in the queen's bed-chamber, or in the closet where she was confined to her couch with the gout. "On one of these occasions," says lord-keeper Cowper, "I was alone with the queen in her closet; she asked me—

"'To propose a judge for England and a chief baron for Ireland.'

"I said 'that I understood her majesty had *reduced* her thoughts to two, sir John Hawles and Mr. Dormer.'

"'Yes,' replied the queen, 'yet lately I have had reason not to have so good an opinion of sir John Hawles;' meaning, I suppose, (adds lord Cowper,) his late foolish speech for the clause against offices[2] in the house of commons.

"As to the Irish chief baron, I stated to the queen 'the difficulty of procuring a fit man,' and told her it was the interest of England to send over as many magistrates thither as possible from hence, *that* being the best means of preserving the dependency of Ireland on England."

The observation will not be lost, for even under the Tudors and Stuarts, men who had some share in the native blood of Ireland, and consequently some feeling for her miseries, were permitted to govern her. The Fitzgeralds, the Eustaces, the Talbots, the Butlers, those noble Norman Hibernian lines, were invested now and then with power in the government of their native land, even by the jealous Henry VIII. A new system arose with William III., and the dialogue between queen Anne and the new keeper of her conscience is curiously illustrative of it, reminding one irresistibly of the refrain of some old Jacobite song, which,

[1] So written by Lord Cowper.

[2] The changes of the times had produced some anomalies which the people did not like; scarcely a member sat in the house of commons who was not an officer either in army or navy. Like one of the parliaments under king William, it was called the "Officers' Parliament."

enumerating sarcastically the care queen Anne took of Ireland, says—

> "She sends us our *judges*, our bishops, our deans,
> And better she'd give us, if *better* she had!" [1]

Slight as was the share of power of any kind enjoyed by queen Anne, she took fire at the idea of the parliamentary independence of Ireland, slyly suggested by her cunning lord-keeper.

Her majesty rejoined in the phraseology peculiar to herself, "I understand that they (the Irish) have a mind to be independent, but that they shall *not*." [2]

In all probability, the "independence" discussed in this notable historical dialogue was merely that of the Irish parliament, which, by an iniquitous ordinance called "Poyning Law," had, in the time of queen Elizabeth, been subjected in all its acts to the dictation of the English privy-council.

About ten days afterwards, the queen received Mr. Dormer, and gave him her hand to kiss on his appointment to the judge's place; but her majesty seems to have persisted in her objections to the chief-justice for Ireland.

It is just possible, that her new lord-keeper, on reading over his last notation on the arcana of government, as transacted between himself and his royal mistress, thought that he was betraying too far the secrets of the prison-house, even to his private note-book, since he declares he must break off, for he has sore eyes, and that if he begins again, he must put his journal into "short method," perhaps shorthand, which in fact made it as illegible to most readers as if written in the Greek character or in regular cipher.

It is evident, from many expressions in the Cowper-diary, that there was a scheme in agitation between the conforming archbishop of Canterbury, Tennison, the lord-keeper, and the duchess of Marlborough, to alter the English liturgy, which providentially never took place; probably the following dateless autograph letter of queen Anne was written while this scheme was in course of agitation:

QUEEN ANNE TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.[3]

"Tuesday." (No date.)

"My Lord,—This is to desire you would do me the favour on Tuesday morning, about eleven, to bring me the alteration that is to be made in the

[1] Jacobite Relics (Appendix).
[2] Cowper MS. Diary.
[3] From Lambeth Palace Library, 941, f. 66, (a holograph,) but copied from a transcript in Brit. Museum.

Common Prayer, which you are to lay before the great-council (*privy council*) that day, because I should be glad to see it before it comes thither.

"I am your very affectionate friend, "ANNE R."

Endorsed—"For the Archbishop of Canterbury."

The matrimonial connexion between the royal families of England and Denmark had the effect of detaching the latter country from the interest of France while queen Anne continued on the throne.

The following curious epistle from the queen of Great Britain to her nephew of Denmark, proves that mercenary aids, subjects to that king, fought in her armies in Germany. Another great victory having been won by the duke of Marlborough at Ramilies, Whitsunday, 1706, another splendid thanksgiving procession was made by the queen to St. Paul's. This letter was penned on the occasion:

QUEEN ANNE TO THE KING OF DENMARK.

"June 16th, 1706.

"Anne, by the grace of God, queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c., to the most serene and potent prince, lord Frederick the Fourth, by the same grace, king of Denmark, Norway, of the Goths and Vandals, duke of Sleswick, Holsatia, &c., our brother, nephew, and friend most dear, greeting:

"Most serene and most puissant king, although report hath long since brought word to your majesty, with what mighty havoc the combined forces of the Spains and of Gaul were routed near Ramilies on the 12th day of the past month, and how great glory the Danish Legions have gotten to themselves there; nevertheless, we have thought it our duty, by these letters, to notify to your majesty how much we and our confederates are beholden to those invincible auxiliaries; for it is just and right that those who have fought so bravely under our standards should be crowned with the praise due to them from us. In truth, we cannot sufficiently admire that soldiers, almost spent with so long a march, should rush into the battle with so much ardour; but the sight of the enemy inspired them with fresh strength, and no sooner had they seen them, than they put them to the rout. At last, the Gaul felt himself far, far less than a match for the warlike nations of England, of Denmark, and Holland, and thought it safer to hide himself behind his strongholds than to contend in open combat. Scarcely would posterity believe that the armies of two monarchies, that threaten the ruin of Europe, have been utterly destroyed by a smaller host, and with such tremendous slaughter, if the glorious spoils, the wealthiest cities taken, and vast provinces subdued, did not testify the importance of the victory.

"It only remains for us to recommend to your majesty those very brave fellows who have achieved these feats; and we by no means doubt but you will, according to your wonted liberality and goodness, deign to approve their conduct, that others may be spurred on to valorous deeds. We commend them to you as men who have earned no less honour for themselves and the whole Danish nation than advantage to Europe. Henceforward, we pray God to have your majesty in his keeping!

"Given in our citadel of Windsor, 16th day of June, 1706, and of our reign 5.

"Your majesty's most loving sister and friend,

"ANNE R."

Lord Peterborough threw up his command in Spain, the same summer: he was superseded by one of William III.'s naturalized military colony, who, in a few weeks, lost the battle of Almanza, as lord Peterborough predicted he would.[1]

In the course of the contests regarding the nomination of her son-in-law, lord Sunderland, to the important offices of lord-privy-seal, and, soon after, secretary-of-state, the duchess of Marlborough treated the queen with unexampled insolence, such as probably was never used, even by the mighty Gallican nobles called mayors of the palace, to their wretched *rois fainéant* of the Merovingian or Carlovingian dynasties. The immediate dispute between the queen and her tyrant arose from Anne's long reluctance to appoint the son-in-law of her female *mayor de palais* to the most responsible offices in the English government, every other appointment being already crowded with the Marlborough relatives. Whatsoever sympathy the world in general may feel with the duchess of Marlborough when she taunts her wretched mistress with the misfortunes of her family, and above all, with those of her father, James II., it ought to be remembered that it was the boundless indulgence of the latter and his misplaced trust in this woman and her husband, which were the immediate causes of the misfortunes with which she insults his daughter, who was at the same time the partner in her guilt. Moreover, the queen was in the right respecting the wisdom and justice of the question, even as it regarded the public weal. It was injurious to the cause of the people at large, that the greatest offices

[1] Lord Peterborough, in his letter to Admiral Wassanaer, August 23, 1706, positively affirms, that after two months incessant urging, nothing could induce Charles of Austria to advance to Madrid, and seize the crown of Spain which the British arms had conquered for him. The letters of Peterborough, (Stepney MSS. Brit. Museum,) describing the personal impracticability of the German candidate for the crown of Spain, and the utter uselessness of the blood and conquests wasted for him, elicited from Marlborough, in a letter to Godolphin, some remarks written with as much spitefulness against Peterborough, as the systematic smoothness of Marlborough permitted him to display. Marlborough names the Hanoverian Tory party in the correspondence alluded to, the *new party*, and without entering further into the dull and intricate details of the Whigs and Tories of the reign of Anne, the faction of Marlborough, Sunderland, and Godolphin, whose principle it was to carry on a war for ever, and the faction of Harley, Peterborough, and Bolingbroke, who more reasonably wished to make peace, may be dated from after this period in 1706.

of state should be monopolized by *one* family. Commander-in-chief, lord-treasurer, secretaries-of-state, all filled by Marlborough, his sons-in-law, and the father of another son-in-law; while the three other sons-in-law and their connexions appropriated all lucrative offices, and the daughters formed a phalanx of ladies of the bedchamber round the queen, while the imperious mother, as mistress of the robes and groom of the stole, was supreme over the palace-officials, and royalty itself.

Queen Anne was, likewise, in the right in her antipathy to investing lord Sunderland with great power; his enormous defalcations a few years afterwards, proved but too well that he was best at a distance from the temptation of money.[1] Moreover, lord Sunderland resolved to fill whatsoever bishoprics fell vacant, according to his own pleasure. Now, lord Sunderland affected not to belong to any denomination of Christianity. Can the unhappy queen be blamed if she resisted to the utmost of her power the appointment of prelates who suited the ideas or interest of such a man? As the following odious letter was written by this person's mother-in-law instead of going to church one Sunday morning, just at the time of the strong resistance of the queen to appoint lord Sunderland her secretary-of-state, it may be presumed that resistance was the matter in dispute. The manner in which the palace despot speaks to her queen of "Mrs. Morley's post" and "Mrs. Morley's *place*"—meaning the regal functions—was scarcely exceeded by the verbal indignities of the French revolutionists in the most calamitous days of Louis XVI. It is certain that, in the present century, few gentlewomen born and bred would address the post-mistress of their village with phrases equally discourteous. Oh, how the iron must have entered into the soul of the unhappy queen-regnant of Great Britain, as she recalled the days when she permitted the lowering aliases of Morley and Freeman to be used in her correspondence with her climbing bedchamber woman. Those names under which the reader has seen her carry on the darkest intrigues of her ambitious youth, were now her most venomous scourges!

[1] See lord Mahon's brilliant History of England, after the Peace of Utrecht, especially his narrative of the South Sea Bubble.

"THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE,"[1] [under names of Morley and Freeman.]

"Sunday morning, October 20, 1706.

"I must, in the first place, beg leave to remind *you* of the name of *Mrs. Morley*, and of your faithful Freeman, because without that help, I shall not be well able to bring out what I have to say, 'tis so awkward to write anything of this kind in the style of an address, tho' none I am sure, ever came from a purer heart,[2] nor can be the tenth part so serviceable to *you*, if you please—because *they* [*query, an address*] are generally meant for compliment, which people in *Mrs. Morley's post* never want, though very often it turns to their own prejudice.

"What I have to say is of another nature; I will tell *you* the greatest truths in the world, which seldom succeed with anybody so well as flattery.

"Ever since I received the enclosed letter from Mr. Freeman [*the duke of Marlborough*], I have been in dispute with myself whether I should send it to Mrs. Morley or not, because his opinion is no news to *you*, and after the great discouragements I have met with—*only* for being faithful to *you*—I concluded it was to no manner of purpose to trouble *you* any more. But reading the letter over and over, and finding that he [*the duke of Marlborough*] is convinced he must quit Mrs. Morley's service if she will not be made sensible of the condition she is in, I have at last resolved to send it *you*; and *you* will see by it how full of gratitude Mr. Freeman [*the duke of Marlborough*] is by his expressions, which were never meant for Mrs. Morley [queen Anne] to see. He is resolved to venture his life and fortune, whenever it can be of any use to *you*, and upon recalling everything to my memory, that may fill my heart with all that passion and tenderness I had *once* for Mrs. Morley, I do solemnly protest I think I can no ways return what I owe her, so well as by being plain and honest. As one mark of it, I desire *you* would reflect whether *you* have never heard that the greatest misfortunes that *has* ever happened to any of *your* family has not been occasioned by having ill advice, and an obstinacy in their tempers." * * * * *

And here follow three lines which the duchess, or some person out of alarm at their contents, has expunged. It ought to be remembered that the motive of this insolent attack was neither regarding any tyranny nor rapacity intended by the queen, but only because she manifested reluctance at putting the entire power of her government in the hands of *one family*—reluctance worthy of a constitutional queen. Thus it was pure self-interest that excited the manifestation of the "plainness and honesty" of which the duchess makes such a remarkable parade. Still taunting the queen with the misfortunes of her ancestors, this *disinterested* patriot continues—

"Though 'tis likely nobody has ever spoken throughly to *you* on those *just* misfortunes, I fear there is reason to apprehend there is nothing of this in the

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, published by Colburn, 2nd edition, 1838, vol. i. p. 71.

[2] The self-praise in which the duchess of Marlborough always indulges when she is about to be more than usually insolent to her benefactress is a characteristic feature in her correspondence.

case of Mrs. Morley, since she has never been able to answer any argument, *or to say anything that has the least colour of reason in it,* and yet will not be advised by those that have given the greatest demonstrations imaginable of being in her interest. I can remember a time when *she* was willing to take advice, and loved those that spoke freely to her, and that is *not five years ago,*[1] and is it possible that when *you* seriously reflect, that *you* can do the business upon your hands without it? Can flatteries in so short a time have such a power? Or can you think it is safer to take it [*advice*] from those *you* have little or no experience of, than of those who have raised your glory higher than was ever expected? And let people talk what they please of luck, I am persuaded that whoever governs with the best sense will be the most fortunate of princes."

This is an incontrovertible apothegm, but not apropos to the point the writer was wrangling to gain—namely, the appointment of her son-in-law to a place of enormous power and profit. It is no manifestation of good sense in a monarch to suffer one grasping family to monopolize every place in an administration:

"I am sure this letter will surprise Mrs. Morley, who I believe, was in hopes she had got quite rid of me, and should never have heard from me again on any such subject, but instead of that I have ventured to tell *you,* you have a fault. There is no perfection in this world, and whoever will be honest, upon that subject, does one in Mrs. Morley's circumstances more service, than in venturing a hundred lives for her, and if I had as many, I am sure I could freely hazard them all to convince her (though I am used as I don't care to repeat) that she never had a more faithful servant.

"I beg *you* will let me have this letter again, as well as Mr. Freeman's [*the duke of Marlborough's letter, enclosed*], because I have some reason to think Mrs. Morley will dislike this letter as she has done many not written with quite so much freedom, and will accuse me to the *duke of Marlborough* and *lord Godolphin,*[2] without saying what is my fault, which has often been done, and having no copy of this letter I would have it to show them in my own vindication."

It seems extraordinary why the duchess did not take the trouble of keeping a copy of her letter instead of ordering her sovereign, whose domestic she then was, to return her this unique epistle after being favoured with its perusal, a proceeding which certainly stands alone in the history of royal correspondence. She proceeds with a flow of her usual enthusiastic praises of her own excellences, when she contemplates her conduct to the queen:

"For nothing *sets* so heavy upon me as to be thought in the wrong by Mrs. Morley, *who I have made the best return to that any mortal ever did;*

[1] It may be observed how chronologically exact the duchess is, regarding the change she had observed in the queen's affections—the reason of which she in vain tormented herself to divine, but which certainly arose from the scene of the gloves.

[2] The duchess uses the cant names, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Montgomery, which injure the perspicuity of the letter.

and what I have done has rarely been seen but upon a stage, everybody having some weakness or passion, which is generally watched or humoured *in Mrs. Morley's place*, most people liking better to do themselves good than really to serve another, but I have more satisfaction in losing Mrs. Morley's favour, upon that principle than any mercenary courtier ever had in the greatest riches that *has* been given, and though I can't preserve your kindness, you can't hinder me from endeavouring to deserve it, by all the ways that are in my power."

Endorsed by the duchess—"My letter to Mrs. Morley, which you should read before you read hers."

Would not any one who had not traced the rise and beginnings of the writer of this letter suppose that her pure and virtuous mind was "like a star, and dwelt apart," far from the "practices of mercenary courtiers." And yet, she and "her Mr. Freeman" had contrived to appropriate, by means honest and dishonest, the mighty income of upwards of 90,000*l.* of public money, nearly a tenth of the whole revenue (contested as it was) with which Charles I. carried on the government of his kingdoms without incurring a national debt. No wonder an economical ruler was considered guilty of "just misfortunes" in the eyes of "defaulters of untold millions."

The queen's actual answer to this assertion of all the disinterested virtues on occasion of a contest for a shameless monopoly of interest, has not been discovered. The result was, however, that her arrogant palace-despot gained her ends, and her son-in-law was, to the queen's grief, appointed secretary-of-state; and what gave the queen infinitely more anguish, she was coerced into appointing a bishop of Norwich (his tutor in his religious principles, such as they were) at *his* dictation.[1]

The unfortunate queen suffered agonies of mind at this juncture. Her tears and agitation just preceding this crisis had actually touched the heart of one of the family-junta, her old servant, Godolphin, who pleaded the cause of their royal mistress in vain to her pitiless tyrant. Few persons

[1] Conduct, by the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 175. A contemporary Whig historian, Cunningham, when unveiling the proceedings of Sunderland, the father, during his exile in Holland at the revolution, declares that he gave his son into the care of Trimnel, a pious clergyman in Holland, to be instructed in the laws and *religion* of the Dutch republic. Thus the new bishop of Norwich, the *tutor* of a professed free-thinker, was a professor of instruction in the *Dutch* dissent, although forced into domination over the clergy of the church of England.—(Cunningham's Hist. of Great Britain, book 2, p. 97.)

could have written a letter of such uncompromising insolence to any one, after the following picture had been drawn by Godolphin.[1] "You chide me for being touched with the condition in which I saw the queen. You would have been so too, if you had seen the same sight I did; but what troubles me most in all the affair is, that one can't find any way of making her sensible of her mistakes, for I am sure she thinks herself entirely in the right." The whole junta were utterly at fault to imagine in whom the queen reposed the confidence she had withdrawn from the duchess of Marlborough. That person suspected George Churchill, the favourite of prince George of Denmark, of being the confidential adviser of the queen; his brother, however, exonerated him from that suspicion by these remarkable words:[2] "I cannot but think you lay a great deal more to George Churchill's charge than he deserves, for the queen has no good opinion of him, nor ever speaks to him." In a succeeding letter he mentions his brother George as at the point of death.

The poor queen had scarcely taken breath after the letter of the duchess—wherein the anticipation of disappointed ambition and interest vented itself under the tainted assumption of patriotism—when her torments were varied by the high-minded stateswoman,—the judge of erring dynasties, and hurler of judgments against her immediate benefactors,—plunging, direct from her altitudes, into the midst of an insurrection of palace-chambermaids, concerning—old clothes. As the particulars of this dispute are only recorded by the duchess's own pen, the facts can scarcely be considered as represented unfavourably to herself. From her narrative on this absurd subject may be gathered that the queen was deeply offended by her previous conduct, and "that she considered herself *then* as much out of favour as she ever had been since, when the rupture with the queen was public and open."

It was characteristic of the duchess of Marlborough that, after she had, by the most deliberate outrages of tongue and pen, estranged the affection of her royal mistress, she forthwith began to inquire what new favourite had

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 66.
[2] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 60. Duke of Marlborough to the Duchess.

prejudiced the queen against her, and to whose ill offices she could attribute her majesty's coldness? As yet, her suspicions had not glanced at her cousin, Abigail Hill. But in the course of the domestic disturbance touching the queen's cast-clothes, her jealousy first received this direction. It will be seen, according to her own version, that the duchess distributed old mantuas, old gowns, old petticoats, commodes, headclothes, and *mantes*, with the justice of a Solon; nevertheless, the bed-chamber women and dressers were perverse enough to declare, "that she kept all the queen's *best* old clothes" for herself.[1]

Among the minor objects of the duchess of Marlborough's jealousy, was Mrs. Danvers, bed-chamberwoman, whose name occurs frequently, as if she were near the queen's person, from her youth, until the last day of her life. The duchess had persuaded queen Anne that Mrs. Danvers was a spy on her majesty, but on whose account her deposition saith not. The queen was informed that Mrs. Danvers had said "false and impertinent things of the duchess, and therefore, ought to be dismissed from the royal employ;"[2] nevertheless, the old servant was retained.

Again, the queen was distracted by the duchess and Mrs. Danvers' old-clothes quarrels. In hopes of placing all parties above these most wretched wranglings, her majesty generously gave her bed-chamber women 500*l.* per annum, and new year's gifts; and thus, according to the phraseology of the duchess, "put herself on the foot of a king." Meaning, it may be presumed, that the queen gave her women of the bedchamber the same allowance that the kings of England gave their grooms-of-the-chamber. If queen Anne thought she could preserve peace by her liberality, she was the more mistaken. The loud squabbles of the mighty duchess relative to her cast garments raged higher than ever. It was contended by her grace "that the queen's mistress-of-the-robes was a particular place, and the bed-chamber women had no more right to her majesty's clothes than the grooms of the bedchamber had to take them from a king's master-of-the-robes, who never had anything but a part of his linen. However, I never

[1] Coxe Papers, inedited, Brit. Mus., 9121. [2] Ibid.

failed to give the queen's women three or four mantuas[1] and petticoats every year; some little thing to her sempstress, with a *mante* or two to the women that looked after her clothes. There would not be more than two or three *for my own* service. The dressers railed at me everywhere, and said 'I took from them all their clothes for myself,' though, in this case, everybody that had common sense must know they *all* belonged to me, and none of them to the bed-chamber women, after *she* came to be queen; when *she* was princess, by all the old rules of courts they were but to have half the old clothes between them. I began this paper to show the power of 'my Abigail,' in obliging Mrs. Danvers, whom she once hated, and her daughter too, who I thought did not look like a human creature, and was always the queen's aversion until the times changed."[2]

The first hint which directed the angry jealousy of the duchess against her quiet kinswoman, appears to have arisen from this Mrs. Danvers, who being on bad terms with Abigail Hill, and believing herself to be dying, sent for the duchess, and implored her "to protect her daughter, and let her be in her place." The duchess told her, "she could not, for she was then on bad terms with the queen;" which observation led to a long discussion by the sick woman against Abigail Hill, of her wickedness and ill principles and secret enmity to the duchess, with a story of her behaviour when the queen took her to Bath. At this time, Abigail was still Mrs. Hill, (or in modern parlance Miss Hill,) and from the narrative may be gathered that the queen and the duchess of Marlborough were at serious variance before the marriage of Abigail with Masham, which did not occur until 1707. Some kind of lame pacification took place, which tottered on until the grand and irreconcilable rupture in 1708.

One cause of complaint was, that the duchess wanted to thrust into the queen's service a Mrs. Vain,[3] as bedchamber woman; her brother had fallen in one of the Marlborough battles, and lord Godolphin pressed the queen mightily to

[1] Mantuas, seem robes worn over rich *jupes* or kirtles—*mantes*, simple mantles or cloaks.

[2] Coxe Papers, Brit. Mus. vol. xliv., inedited.

[3] Ibid. So spelled; perhaps the name is *Vane*.

admit this "Mrs. Vain" in her service, who was very well bred and agreeable. The queen looked very uneasy at the proposal, which the duchess afterwards believed was owing to the fact that Abigail did not love "Mistress Vain." All the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin could say to the queen could not prevail on her to admit "the Vain" into her service. Her majesty answered, "she did not want a bed-chamber woman; and when she did, she would not have any married person for the future." The first vacancy that occurred, the queen took Miss Danvers, the "inhuman looking" daughter of her old servant, on purpose to keep mistress "Vain" out, a circumstance that enraged the whole family-junta, male and female. How sedulously the queen was watched, and how low the prime minister and the commander-in-chief descended, to waste time in intrigues concerning the appointment of a bed-chamber woman, this tirade of the duchess can prove.[1] Her jealousy had not even then settled with fierceness on her cousin Abigail.

[1] Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum, vol. xliv., inedited.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Queen Anne's beneficial measures—Anecdotes of her generosity and charity—She is kept in penury by the duchess of Marlborough—Queen ratifies the treaty of Union with Scotland [*see Vignette*]—Her words when signing it—Angry watchfulness of the duchess of Marlborough—Discovers that the queen had been at Abigail Hill's marriage—Tumults in Scotland against the queen—The Cameronians depose Anne as queen of Scotland—Historical ballads concerning her—Gives her godson the name of Anne—Queen's controversy with Peter the Great—She settles the arrangement regarding ambassadors—The queen accepts a book from Edmund Calamy—Her hunting at Windsor—Receives insolent letters from the duchess of Marlborough—Humility of the queen's answer—Interview between the queen and the duchess—Queen gives the duchess the site of Marlborough House at St. James's—Queen harassed by contentions—Insulted at council—Forced to dismiss secretary Harley—Mediation of her consort in state affairs—Her charity to the criminal Gregg—Cabals to remove Mrs. Masham from the queen—The queen importuned by the duchess of Marlborough to render court places hereditary—Queen's excuses—Queen's alarm at the Scottish rebellion—Gives her brother the name of the pretender—Weeps when he is proscribed—Queen respites the execution of lord Griffin—Queen harassed with political disputes—Failing health of her consort—Her conjugal tenderness—Queen retires to nurse the prince at Kensington Palace—Her quiet invaded several times by the duchess of Marlborough—Violent disputes—Queen's summer residence in Windsor Park—Queen's letter on the victory of Oudenarde.

To her people, queen Anne looked, as the only means of atonement, pardon, and peace, for the wrongs she had committed in her youth. To her they replaced the children, of which inexorable justice (if her expressed con-

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viction may be quoted) had deprived her. Few readers of history have given this queen-regnant credit for the great good she actually did when on the throne; still fewer have given her credit for the extreme difficulty she had in performing it, struggling with the inertness of cruel disease, with her own want of historical and statistic education, and, worse than all, with the rapacity of favourites and factions, the nurturers of wars and revolutions for lucre of private gain. In truth, queen Anne is an instance of how much real good may be done by the earnest intentions of one individual, of moderate abilities, and no pretence, actually bent on actions beneficial to humanity. Those who bow the knee in idol-worship before the splendour of human talent, would find it difficult to produce two measures, of equal benefit to this island, performed by any queen-regnant, of acknowledged power of mind and brightness of genius, with those brought to bear by queen Anne, and which were her own personal acts. The one is the Bounty she bestowed on the impoverished clergy of the church of England; the other is the Union of England and Scotland. It is indisputable that the most influential persons around her, the duchess of Marlborough and the lord Somers, were opposed to the latter important measure, the necessity for which was felt not only by the queen, but by rational people of both countries. Lasting and ruinous civil wars, such as had occasionally desolated the island for some centuries, were the only prospect Great Britain could look forward to, since the Scottish parliamentary convention had refused to ratify the settlement in favour of the next protestant heiress to the island thrones, the princess Sophia. A considerable party among the Scottish populace had re-echoed this determination outside of the hall of convention, at Holyrood, in their usual style, by their historical ballads, in one of which they thus expressed their distaste of the Lutheran dissent:—

> "The Lutheran dame may be gone,
> Our foes shall address us no more,
> If the *Treaty*[1] should never go on,
> The old woman is turned to the door."

Unless the Union had been completed in the lifetime of queen Anne, Scotland must have been separated from

[1] Treaty for the Union of England and Scotland.

England, as the *convention*[1] of that realm had, since the queen's accession, passed a statute repudiating from the Scottish crown any sovereign whom the English parliament placed on their throne.[2] Such determination made the Union inevitable, as the only means of altering the intractable legislature of Scotland.

The queen had found some support and consolation from the domestic tyranny established by the duchess of Marlborough in the friendship of her kinsmen, the duke of Hamilton and the earl of Marr, and to them she undoubtedly confided the injuries she suffered from her ungrateful favourite; since the pen of Lockhart of Carnwath, the member for Edinburgh, and one of the commissioners of the union, has recorded the utter penury to which she subjected her generous mistress, refusing to supply her, without a furious contest, with the least sum from the privy-purse, of which she was the keeper, and, by all account, the appropriator. Perhaps the state of deplorable poverty to which the queen was subjected, while surrounded by the mockery of dazzling splendour, was not the least punishment she had to endure for having once made an idol of the evil woman who now sorely tormented her. Anne's disposition being undeniably bountiful, she felt this contradiction to her natural instincts the more severely.

From the memorable hour when lady Marlborough concealed herself in the closet with lady Fitzharding, and listened to James II.'s remonstrance, when he freed his daughter a third time from her overwhelming debts, Anne was, for some unknown reason, forced to submit to every imposition, and to suffer her imperious servant's will to be a law to her in all the actions of her life. In the course of Anne's career as princess, few charities or generous actions

[1] To produce perspicuity it is needful to explain, that by the word *convention*, as applied to the English and Scottish parliaments at this era, two different meanings are implied. The conventional English parliament which voted William and Mary sovereigns of England, and superseded the prior right of Anne to her brother-in-law, was the last parliament elected in the reign of Charles II. convened or collected for senatorial debate. The Scottish convention signifies the whole Scottish senate, nobles and knights of the shire, and burghers, who sat together *convened* in one hall in Holyrood.

[2] Memoirs of Lockhart of Carnwath. In the year 1703, the question of the Hanoverian succession, submitted to the senate of Scotland, was negatived by fifty-seven votes.

appear: it may be reasonably considered, that she was deprived of all means of performing them, since, even in her regnal life, at the period when she had commenced some struggles to free herself from the domination that oppressed her, the duchess of Marlborough would neither permit her to be generous nor charitable.

Lockhart, of Carnwath, the intimate friend of the duke of Hamilton, the only real confidant of queen Anne, has left the following anecdotes of the state of her majesty's privy-purse about the year 1706: "When the queen happened to have occasion to call for a small sum of money, the duchess of Marlborough, who kept her privy-purse, would tell her, 'it was not fit to squander away money whilst so heavy a war lasted;'[1] though, at the same time, a vast sum of the public money was annually bestowed in building the duke of Marlborough's magnificent house at Woodstock. I remember that, just then, one Mrs. Dalrymple brought up from Scotland a very fine japanned cabinet, which, being her own work, she presented to the queen; but it was more than six months before her majesty could be mistress of fifty guineas, which she designed to give as a return for the compliment—that sum, indeed, being scarcely the value of it."[2] Thus, there is as little new in ladies' works as in any other of the vast routine of human inventions. Many persons in middle life will remember that in their childhood all their grown-up female relations were intent on the act of japanning screens and other ornaments—perhaps, they did not proceed to cabinets—but here is a Scottish lady capable of japanning cabinets, worthy of the remuneration of fifty guineas from the queen-regnant, Anne.

To return to matters of more importance in the character and conduct of queen Anne; whilst her greedy favourite strove to prevent her royal mistress from giving the reward she thought fit for the ingenuity and taste of one of her

[1] It has been proved that the Marlboroughs drew from the public purse at that very moment the enormous revenue of 64,000*l.* per annum; before the death of the duke, their income amounted to 94,000*l.* Yet before the second year of queen Anne's reign, they were so much limited in their means as to have no conveyance of their own.

[2] Lockhart of Carnwath, Papers, vol. i. p. 267 to 269.

female subjects, this very favourite was revelling in unbounded wealth, the fruits of the very war she urged as a reason for penuriousness. As for charity, it may be supposed that the queen dared not make the demand of the dragon who guarded her gold, for she borrowed the sum she needed, and paid it as she could obtain the funds by some personal deprivation. A case of touching distress became known to her of the sad fate of sir Andrew Foster, a gentleman who had spent his life as her father's faithful servant; he had likewise been ruined in fortune by his adherence to him. The queen had known him when she was a child; and when she was informed that he had expired of famine, in some wretched abode in London—his destitution being so complete that he left not wherewithal for the purposes of interment—shocked at the fate of the unfortunate Jacobite, she was desirous that he might be decently buried.[1] Yet, her majesty, in all points, excepting food, lodging, and clothing, was as poor as the unconscious object of her remorseful charity; nevertheless, she had some credit, and obtained a loan of twenty guineas of lady Fretchville, one of her ladies, whose name often occurs as her personal attendant. Her majesty employed the gold thus borrowed for the purpose of giving decent interment to the hapless servant of her father.[2]

The opposition of the duke of Hamilton to the Union was constant and effectual, until, on a sudden, it ceased. His conduct was considered, by all statesmen in and near those times, as most mysterious; but it was generally supposed, that he was gained by the personal influence of queen Anne, with whom he maintained an intimate friendship. The secret has been divulged by Charles Hamilton, (the duke's son, by the unfortunate lady Barbara Fitzroy,) who has given a quotation from a despatch of lord Middleton, prime minister to the titular king at St. Germains. James Stuart saw the progress of the Union with satisfaction, for the woful experience of a century of regal calamity in his family had convinced him that the island-empire would always be rent into miserable weakness until that long-needed measure should take place. He entreated the duke of Hamilton to forbear from further opposition to

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. p. 267 to 269. [2] Ibid. p. 316.

the Union, as he had it extremely at heart to give his sister (queen Anne) this proof of his ready compliance with her wishes, not doubting but he should have one day the power of making amends to his ancient kingdom.[1]

As the queen completed the Union while the duchess of Marlborough ostensibly governed her, it has been attributed to the influence of that person and her party. Such assertion is completely erroneous. Witness the words of Maynwaring, the confidant of the duchess, and himself one of the under ministers of state: "As for your Scots," says he, writing to her,[2] "it is impossible for you to think worse of them than I do, or to apprehend more mischief from them, and I think *your being against the Union should always be remembered to your everlasting honour*, for without that it had been impossible for these people to have supported themselves for a month." Thus, it may be gathered, that the queen derived some little freedom from her communication with her northern magnates when the Union was ratified, since "these people" signify Harley and his coadjutors, from among whom her Tory ministry was afterwards formed.

The duchess of Marlborough was not the only person in violent opposition to the Union. Lord-chancellor Somers, soon after president of the council, did all he could to prevent the repeal of the cruel torture laws pertaining to the Scottish national constitution, which, together with many savage customs in executions, were among the worst abuses which this salutary Union swept away. Lord Somers had the baseness to oppose the abolition of torture, appointed at the will and pleasure of the Scottish council of state, "until after the death of the pretended prince of Wales;"[3] the tragedy of Nevill Payn, the Jacobite, being tortured to death, under the regency of Mary II., at a time when this Somers was in the English ministry, cannot be forgotten; his argument would betray the use his colleagues in Scotland had made of it since the Revolution. Torture was likewise used as a power of eliciting evidence in

[1] Hamilton's Transactions, p. 41—44, quoted in Continuation of History of England. Sir J. Mackintosh, vol. ix. p. 199.

[2] Coxe MS. Brit. Museum; likewise Private Correspondence of the duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 396.

[3] Continuation of Mackintosh's History of England, vol. ix. p. 228.

criminal causes, as the London Gazette, published in the reign of William and Mary, fully proves.[1]

Notwithstanding all opposition, the measure was passed early in the year 1707, both in Scotland and England. Queen Anne signed the Union, and ratified it, with great state, in presence of the Scottish commissioners, her own ministers, and the members of both houses of parliament. In the act of signing the ratification,[2] the queen is said to have made use of words worthy of a more enlightened statist than herself.

"The Union with Scotland," she said, "is the happiness of my reign."[3]

On the same day, April 24th, 1707, her majesty dissolved the English house of commons, and finally summoned the first united parliament of Great Britain, to meet on the ensuing October 23rd. The queen celebrated the Union by a national festival. A few days afterwards, she went in solemn procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, on May-day 1707, when she returned hearty thanksgivings for the successful completion of an act of legislature, which she rightly foretold would prove the true happiness of her reign.

The magnificent routine of ceremonial which attended her majesty's May-day festival was an easy and pleasant part of the affair; but, owing to the corrupt mode in which her ministry brought the Union into practical effect, Scotland was, in the course of a few ensuing weeks, almost in a state of open rebellion.

The queen's attention was, about the same period, diverted from these affairs of vital moment, concerning her realms, to a fresh explosion of palace-dissension, arising from a cause which, for three succeeding years, left her little peace in the hours of domestic retirement. The strife originated in the furious jealousy now manifested in the behaviour of the duchess of Marlborough, against her kinswoman, Abigail Hill. There is reason to suppose, from the extraordinary part taken by the queen in the secret

[1] The London Gazette, of April, 1689, more than once mentions, with the coolness of customary occurrence, that the murderer of sir George Lockhart had been repeatedly tortured, by order of the Scottish council, to force him to disclose his accomplices, without effect. Brit. Museum.

[2] See Vignette.

[3] Vie de la reine Anne Stuart, printed at Amsterdam, 1715; and Edmund Calamy's Diary, vol. ii.

marriage of this attendant with her page, Samuel Masham, that the suspicions of the duchess of Marlborough against her kinswoman had burst into open fury before that wedlock, which did not occur until the summer of 1707. The poor queen certainly played a strange part in the transaction, forgetting her sovereign dignity so far as to go into a corner of the palace, to become witness of a stolen marriage between two persons of full age, who had the leave of no person to ask concerning their union, excepting perhaps her own, out of deference. And the queen condescended to such arrangement, in order that all parties might keep their ears safe from a furious explosion of wrath from the imperious duchess; the whole forms a palace-incident too ridiculous for belief, were it not verified on all sides. How long the knot, tied in the presence of majesty, between Abigail and Samuel would have remained concealed in romantic mystery, there is no knowing, if poor queen Anne, whose hand, like that of her unfortunate ancestors, was ever open to give, had not thought proper to dower the bride very handsomely from the privy-purse; a fund which the Marlborough duchess guarded with angry watchfulness.

"The conduct," says the duchess, "both of the queen and Abigail, convinced me there was some mystery; thereupon I set myself to inquire, as particularly as I could, into it; and in less than a week's time, I discovered that my cousin was become an absolute favourite—that the queen herself was present at her marriage in Dr. Arbuthnot's lodgings—at which time her majesty had called for a round sum from the privy-purse."[1] To add to these enormities, the inquiring duchess made the discovery, "that Mrs. Masham came often to the queen when the prince was asleep (he was then a declining invalid, and took naps in the middle of the day), and she was generally two hours every day in private with her. And I likewise then discovered, beyond all dispute, Mr. Harley's correspondence and interest at court, by the means of this woman." She adds, "I was struck with astonishment at such an instance of ingratitude, and should not have believed it, if there had been any room for doubting." The duchess wrote a most exaggerated statement of these trivial circumstances to her

[1] Conduct, p. 184.

husband, who replied to her inflated complaints with the same calmness and good sense which had aided him in attaining the top of the ladder of ambition. His letter is dated from his camp, Meldest, in Low Germany, June 3, 1707:

"The wisest thing is to have to do with as few people as possible. If you are sure Mrs. Masham speaks of business to the queen, I should think you might, with some caution, tell her of it, which would do good. For she certainly must be grateful, and will mind what you say." [1]

The duchess did not heed the temperate advice of her astute husband, but inflamed her mind with cogitations on the barbarity, ingratitude, and wickedness of the "queen's intrigues" with her cousin—a homely dresser, or chamber-woman. It is difficult to imagine how the word "intrigues," could apply to her majesty's conversations with her authorized servant, during the day-slumbers of her invalid and declining husband, since it was on Abigail Masham all personal assistance that the queen required in attending on him devolved; and at night she slept on a pallet, in the ante-chamber to her majesty's bed-room, within call;[2] the queen often supported prince George when he was labouring under his dreadful attacks of asthma,[3] and she required some help beyond what her own strength could afford.

Very much perplexed seems the duchess of Marlborough to have been in her endeavour to make out a case of injury, to herself or to any one else, from the queen's intimacy with Abigail Masham. In the course of her investigation, she says, "My reflection quickly brought to my mind many passages which had seemed odd, but had left no impressions of jealousy. Particularly, I remembered, that a long while before this occurred, being with the queen—to whom I had gone very privately by a secret passage from my lodging to the royal bed-chamber—on a sudden this woman, Abigail, not knowing I was there, came in with the boldest and gayest air possible. But upon the sight of me, stopped, and immediately asked, making a most solemn courtesy, 'Did your majesty ring?' and then went out again. This singular behaviour needed no interpreter now to make it understood."[4]

[1] Conduct, p. 185. [2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes. [3] Ibid.
[4] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

All these important reminiscences and investigations were part and parcel of the delights of the summer seclusion at stately Windsor. The queen and her attendant had already been taken to task, and duly lectured for the stolen marriage. Her majesty's portion of the objurgation being administered in the following manner:—"The next opportunity I had of being alone with the queen, I could not forbear putting her in mind, 'That she used to say, *when she was desired to keep anything a secret,* she would however tell it to me, because, according to Montaigne's observation, telling a thing to a friend, is only telling it to oneself;' but yet she had kept the secret of my cousin Hill marrying Mr. Masham, a long time from me. But the only thing I was concerned at, that it plainly showed a change in her majesty towards me, as I had once before observed to her. When the queen was pleased to say 'that it was not *she* that was changed, but me, and that if I was the same to her she was sure she was to me;' the queen added, with a good deal of earnestness, 'I believe I have spoken to Masham a hundred times, to tell you of her marriage, but she would not.' This startled me, and blind as I had been before, I began to open my eyes when I came to reflect upon these words, which plainly implied, that Mrs. Masham had often had consultations with the queen, though she would not have been thought to presume to speak to her majesty about this or anything else. When I asked her about her secret marriage, she (Mrs. Masham) told me, 'She believed the bedchamber women had told the queen of it.'"[1] So far was she from owning to her inquisitor that the queen had acted as witness of the same.

It is indeed remarkable, in the course of the fierce scrutiny henceforth instituted by the imperious duchess, on the condoling gossiping between the queen and Mrs. Masham, in the sick room of the declining prince, how she betrays the system of espionage kept up by her on these important palace-secrets. "When the queen went privately to Abigail's wedding in the Scotch doctor's chamber," says the duchess, "the fact was discovered by a boy belonging to one of the under-servants, who saw her (the queen)

[1] Coxe Papers. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, Brit. Museum, inedited. The same scene is printed in the Conduct, but the MS. has far more matter and circumstance.

going alone. After this," continues the duchess, "I went three or four nights together to the queen, hoping to do some good with her, but I generally found Mrs. Masham in the waiting-room ready to go in as I came out. One of these times, as I passed by her, I told her that I had a desire to have some talk with her, and she answered me with a low courtesy and a great deal of humility, 'that she would wait upon me.'"[1]

The duchess changed her mind in regard to her first intention of giving "the party suspected" of ill offices with the queen, a sound personal rating, instead of which she wrote to her an angry letter from Woodstock Palace. The superior style of the answer astonished her, and she became convinced that the serving-maid kinswoman had been prompted by her other cousin, the statesman, Harley. Here the far-seeing duchess was mistaken, for Mrs. Masham wrote in a better style than secretary Harley, or the duchess, or any of the courtiers of the era, as any one may ascertain who compares their respective compositions. It is likewise undeniable that her letters surpass those of the authors and poets among whose correspondence they are found.[2] Mrs. Masham had a large red nose, was very plain, and had miserable health; but she was a person of talent, and must have educated herself amidst the privations and miseries of her early life.

It does not appear that she was guilty of any of the circumventing ingratitude regarding her royal mistress on which the duchess rails, in theatrical rant, using the words "barbarous," "horrid," and even "ghastly."[3] Much trouble would have been saved to the queen, if she had authorized Mrs. Masham to say to her cousin—"The confidential intimacy between the queen and myself originated with *yourself*, for the queen, by accident, overheard you railing on her to me, and expressing loathing and hatred to her person without provocation, about a mere trifle; hence the change in her heart and affections towards you." But this was never done, and the duchess continued to search and strike in the dark, like a blind person enraged. Perhaps if she had known and even believed the cause, her self-sophistry

[1] Coxe Papers. MS. Letter before cited. Hitherto inedited.

[2] See the Swift correspondence. Swift himself speaks very highly of her abilities.

[3] Ibid.

would have explained it away,—as, for instance, she knew the abusive and taunting letter she had written to the queen, in her rage at finding her majesty unwilling to appoint her son-in-law, lord Sunderland, secretary-of-state; and yet she could wonder that the queen loved her no longer, whilst she laid the fault of the change on her cousin, who certainly had no concern with that epistle!

The queen's attention was at last aroused from these grovelling wranglings by the alarming state into which her favourite measure of the Union had plunged Scotland. Yet, in all justice, it ought to be added, that the discontents arose from the flagrant perversion of a large sum the English parliament had voted, as "equivalent" to Scotland, to the purposes of private interest and peculation, for no tittle of which was the sovereign accountable.

The "equivalent money," which was to smooth all impediments to the practical working of the Union of Scotland with England, consisted of 398,085*l.* 10*s.*, paid to Scotland, as indemnity for a certain portion of the national debt then first saddled on Scotland, which henceforth bore an equality of taxation with England, for the purposes of paying the interest. Unfortunately, none of the "equivalent" found its way into the possession of the great body of the people, or even of the middle-class tax-payers, who forthwith had to pay taxes on malt, salt, and all the endless inflictions of the excise. The poor commonalty showed their indignation by pelting the twelve wagons which carried the "equivalent money," graciously sent by the queen's ministry, through Edinburgh to the gates of the castle. Although it was guarded by a party of Scotch dragoons,[1] this pitiless pelting could not be averted; indeed, the military escort, as well as the money-carts, took refuge in the sheltering walls of the castle, thoroughly encased and encrusted with mud. No sooner was the treasure safely lodged in the castle, than a plot was forthwith hatched to seize it by force or fraud, and effect a division somewhat different from that intended by the queen's ministry. John Kerr of Kersland, Esq., the leader of the Cameronians, was one of those persons who, like Marlborough, Godolphin, and the rest of the aristocracy, intrigued on

[1] Life of Edmund Calamy, vol. ii. p. 64.

both sides, and made ready to swim, either as Jacobite or revolutionist, as the tide set the strongest; he obtained information of this scheme, or rather, it is supposed, contrived it himself, and forthwith denounced it to the duke of Queensberry, who was to receive the largest slice of the equivalent. The duke seemed surprised, but requested the informer "to go into the measures of the conspirators;" and that he might do so with security, the duke obtained for him a privy-seal from the queen.[1]

"ANNE R. Whereas we are fully sensible of the fidelity and loyalty of John Kerr of Kersland, Esq., and of the services he performed to us and to our government, we therefore grant him this, our royal leave and licence to keep company and associate himself with such as are disaffected to us, and to our government, in such way and manner as he shall judge most for our service.

"Given under our royal hand, at our Castle of Windsor, the 7th of July, 1707, of our reign, the sixth year. "ANNE R."

Queen Anne's hand is not expected to be found among dark and treacherous schemes which recal to memory the turbulent under-currents of plots which agitated not only public, but domestic life, in the two preceding centuries. There is little doubt that this spy would have tempted many of his countrymen to their ruin, only he was seen coming out of Godolphin's house in St. James's Square, by a Scotch Jacobite, who wrote the news to the circle of the duchess of Gordon.[2] Kerr's treachery was then suspected.[3]

In order to regain the confidence of his party, Kerr of Kersland contrived to draw the Cameronians into a protestation against queen Anne. He therefore convened a formidable muster of those fierce sectarians, the followers of "preacher Macmillan," who, at the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh, (the scene of many previous political freaks,)

[1] Calamy, vol. ii. p. 65. [2] Ibid. p. 65—67.

[3] Among other benefits of the Union, that measure extirpated the market for bribery, which had caused a base portion of the Scotch aristocracy to sell their influence for whatsoever they could get from England or France—sometimes to both.

"The equivalent" seems the last bribe, and this plot, conducted by John Kerr, one of the last schemes of a species as disgraceful to the government as it was to their hired spy, who hoped to lead on those who trusted him to their destruction. Twenty or thirty of his associates were to appear on the Castle Hill at noon, when company was usually promenading. The conspirators were to wear swords, and to have pistols privately about them. The leader was to inquire for some officer in the castle, it mattered not who he might be. As soon as the gate was opened (which was never refused to any gentleman), the Jacobite leader was to pistol the sentinel; his

made a public declaration against queen Anne, saying, "she had forfeited the crown of Scotland by imposing the Union, and affirmed that it was unlawful to pay her taxes, or render her obedience."[1]

Such was the use that Kerr made of the above quoted document under queen Anne's hand and privy-seal. He finished by accusing Godolphin and his associates of being Jacobites, because he could not prevail on them to supply Edinburgh Castle with ammunition and stores. They in fact scarcely knew what the attachments of John Kerr of Kersland actually were; in reality, they had much the same tendency with their own devoted affections to self-interest as soon as the most sure method of securing it was ascertained. The last organized struggle against the union of England and Scotland was dissolved by this intrigue. The celebrated "equivalent" rested safely in the fortress of the good city until it was divided among those who had earned it,[2] and the whole island, content or malcontent, obeyed ostensibly the sceptre of queen Anne, as queen of Great Britain, instead of the sovereign of the separate kingdoms of England and Scotland.

While the Cameronians manifested their discontent at the proceedings of Anne, the first queen of Scotland, by formally deposing her at the Mercat Cross, the poets of the north exhaled their indignation in a different mode, and many quaint and comical ballads still remain in oral memory, which, as illustrative of the Union, must, by the way, be pretty considerable enigmas to "the spinners and knitters in the sun," if they are chanted by them at the present day. The most spirited of these lays invoked the name of queen

friends were to follow, and secure the castle-bridge, and one hundred more of the party walking on the Castle Hill were, on this signal, to make the best of their way after them, and secure all the cash. The plan, Kerr declared, was only too feasible; for there were but thirty-five effective soldiers in the castle, some of whom he had himself been the instrument of gaining, and the garrison was destitute of ammunition. Kerr, in vain, gave the alarm to the duke of Queensberry; then finding no measures of security taken, he hastened to London, and from thence hurried to Windsor, where he demanded an audience of lord Godolphin, and proved how trusty he was as the queen's spy and authorized plot-contriver, by informing that minister of an invasion that was intended by France, to take place simultaneously with his attempt on the Castle of Edinburgh.

[1] Life of Calamy, vol. ii. p. 67.

[2] Lockhart of Carnwath gives the items of its distribution from a document which no one has gainsayed.

Anne in a strain of anything but benediction, to the lively air called by the French, "*Je suis un petit tambour*," which, if every nation had its right, is, after all, an old Scotch melody:

"You're right queen Anne, queen Anne,
You're right queen Anne, queen Anne;
You've towed us in your hand,
Let them tow us out wha can!

"You're right queen Anne, queen Anne,
You're right queen Anne, my *dow*;[1]
You've curried the old mare's hide,
She'll fling nae mair you.

"I'll tell you a tale queen Anne,
A tale of truth ye'll hear,
It's of an auld guid man,
That had a good grey mare.

"He'd that mare on the hills,
And twa mair in the sta';[2]
But that untoward jade,
She'd do no good at a'.

"For when he grathed[3] that mare,
Or curried her hide fu' clean,
Then she would stamp and wince,
And show twa glancing e'en.

"Whene'er her tail played whisk,
Or when her look grew shy,
It's then the wise auld man
Had need to stand aby.

"He hired a farrier stout,[4]
Frae out the West countrie,
A crafty selfish loon,
That loved the white money.

"The white and eke the red,
And he has ta'en an aith,[5]
That he would do the deed.
* * * * *

"And he brought a' his smiths,[6]
I wot he paid them weel!
And they hae seized the mare,
And bound her neck and heel.

"The wise auld man he laughed,
And wow! but he was fain;
He bad them prod[7] enough,
And skelp[8] her ow'r again.

---

[1] Dove.

[2] The gray mare on the hills is Scotland, "The twa others in the stall" are England and Ireland.

[3] Girthed.

[4] Duke of Queensberry.

[5] Oath of the High Commission for the Scottish Union.

[6] The one-and-thirty commissioners.

[7] Spur.

[8] To lash till the skin comes off.

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"The mare was hard beset,
And grained and routed sair;
And aye her tail played whisk,
When she durst do no mair.

"And aye he bored her ribs,
And gae her tither switch,
"We'll learn ye to be douce,[1]
Ye auld wansonsy witch!

"The mare right piteous stood,
And bore all patiently
She deemed it for her good,
Though good she ne'er could see!

"But desperation's force
Will drive a tame man mad,
And desperation's force
Has roused the good auld *yaud*.[2]

"And when one desperate grows.
I tell you truth, queen Anne,
None kens what he will do,
Be it a beast or man.

"Our mare first shook her ears,
And then she gave a snore,[3]
And then she gave a rear,
Made all the smiths to glower!

"The mare then made a burst
With ten mares' strength and mair,
Made a' the kipples crash,
And a' the smiths to rair.

"The smiths were smoor'd ilk ane,[4]
The wise auld man was slain,
The last word e'er he said,
Was with a waefu' main.

"'O wae be to the mare,
And a' her hale countrie,
I wish I had let her rin
As wild as wild could be.'

"The mare she scaped away,
Frae among the deadly stour.
And scampered haim to him[5]
Wha *ought*[6] her *ance before.*

"Take heed, queen Anne, queen Anne!
Take heed queen Anne, my *dow*,
The auld gray mare's oursel—
The wise auld man is you."

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[1] Tame and sweet-tempered.

[2] Mare, or rather *jade* with the *j* pronounced *y*. [3] Snort.

[4] Smothered each one. [5] The heirs of James II.

[6] *Owned*; "ought," as the past of the verb *own*, is still vernacular among the East Anglians; *he ought her*, is in the same sense as in the above ballad, "he *owned* her."

No doubt, laureate odes invocatory of the name of queen Anne, sung at St. James's, on her birth-nights, being "done into music by the best hands," might be quoted; the tenour of which would be more in unison with that species of solemn dulness, called "the dignity of history." But to show the spirit of an age at one bold dash, let the songs of the people, on any movement reported to emanate from the sovereign, be examined. This northern lyric, it will be noticed, threatens queen Anne with Scotland "scaping haim to him wha aught (owned) her ance (once) before;" a Jacobite hint, which occurs in another national ballad, possessing, moreover, the advantage of hitching the whole of the queen's commissioners for the Union of Scotland, with some of their characteristics, into a much shorter and livelier page, than if attempted in plain prose:

"Now fy, let us a' to the 'Treaty!'
And we shall see wonders there,
For Scotland's to be a bride, sirs!
And wed to the earl of Stair.
There's Queensberry, Seafield, and Marr, sirs,
And Morton comes in, by the bye;
There's Loudon, and Leven, and Weems, sirs,
And Sutherland frequently dry.[1]

"There's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Duplin,
Lord Archibald Campbell and Ross—
The president Francis Montgomery,
Wha ambles like any paced horse.
There's Johnstoun, Dan Campbell, and Ross, too!
Whom their court hath still on their bench;
There's solid Pitmedden and Forgland,
Wha designs jumping soon on the bench.

"There's Ormistoun and Tillicoultrie,
There's Smollett for toun o' Dunbarton,
There's Arniston, too, and *Carnwathie*,[2]
(Put in by his uncle lord Wharton.)
There's Grant and the young Pennicuik, sirs,
Hugh Montgomery, Davy Dalrymple,
There's one who will surely bear bouk, sirs,
Prestongrange who indeed is not simple.

[1] The devotion of this noble to strong potations, is frequently glanced at in Jacobite satire.

[2] The Jacobite historian, Lockhart of Carnwath. Lord Wharton was so furious a republican Whig, that Lockhart the Jacobite being put into the commission by his interest seems surprising. Yet if we compare the ballad with his history, the assertion seems true enough. Probably the Jacobitism of Lockhart developed itself in the course of this business, as it seems his first entry into historical life.

"Now we'll all bless the jimp one-and-thirty,
If they prove *not* to be traitors in fact.
But see that their bride be well drest, sirs,
Or their councils must ilka gae back.
May the auld one then take the hale pack, sirs,
Awa on his back with a bang.
Then well may our new buskit bride, sirs,
For her *ain first wooer look lang!*"

Meantime, the list of union-commissioners enumerated in the above ballad, which comprised the chief of queen Anne's Scotch agents, became exceedingly unpopular in the north; and, assuredly, the scandalous corruptions in regard to the equivalent-money were quite sufficient to throw all Scottish people at large into the state of desperation so graphically allegorized in the ballad of "The Auld Grey Mare." The landing of the chevalier St. George was looked forward to by many in the north, as the only event likely to effect a "repeal of the Union,"[1]—a cry that soon became as much reiterated in Scotland in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, as we have heard it in the nineteenth in regard to Ireland. The pride of the Scots was deeply hurt at the extinction of their parliament and the monarchical dignity of their separate realm, as they told to the world in the following historical song:—

"Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel e'en to our Scottish name
Sae famed in martial story.

"Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean;
To mark where England's province stands—
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!"

The extreme mildness and mercy of queen Anne's conduct, in return for many provocations (incited by such lays as these) was after all the best policy, even had she studied its mere statistical effect, instead of positively refusing, as she did, to shed blood on the scaffold for insurgency.

Much despised as the personal character of Anne has been, the peculiar tone of action which she prescribed to herself—perhaps, as penitence for former ill deeds, the memory of which was heavy on her heart—had the beneficial effect of preventing inflammatory retaliation. If the angry demonstration of the people of Scotland had been met by a spirit

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. p. 489. "King William III. told the earl of Jersey, 'that it was a maxim of the Stuart

of cruelty, or even severity, an exterminating war would have ensued, as disgraceful to humanity as that which desolated Ireland in the latter years of queen Elizabeth.

Anne's great seal was cancelled on occasion of the Union, and a new one designed: instead of her figure being delineated as formerly in equestrian progression, with greyhounds coursing by the side of her steed, her majesty was represented seated on a rock as Britannia, with the Union flag flying near her, and the intersected cross of St. Andrew and St. George on her shield.[1]

Of course, the attendance of the Scottish members of parliament in London, and the sixteen peers elected as the slender representation of the Scottish *noblesse*, drew some of the most wealthy and influential persons of that nation to London. The presence of so many of the Scotch nobility afforded some protection to the queen, and aided her in balancing the power of the faction that oppressed her. National jealousy, and party jealousy, forthwith took the alarm, and spoke, in their accustomed organs of lampoons and squibs, against the northern inbreak. The well-known asseveration of the queen, in her first speech after her accession, "that her heart was entirely English," had passed into a sort of motto-proverb, and was inscribed on various of her medals. These words were retorted by English satire as a taunt on her supposed partiality to the Scotch after the Union:

> "The queen has lately lost a part,
> Of her "Entirely English heart,"
> For want of which by way of botch,
> She pieced it up again with Scotch."

---

kings (whatsoever advances *they* pretended towards it) to have no union with Scotland, though, in his opinion, it would be an advantage, for it could not be done without admitting a good number of Scotch members into both houses of parliament, who must *depend upon the crown for subsistence.*'" The king added, "'that he was not desirous that the experiment should be made in his reign, for he had not the good fortune to know what would satisfy a Scotchman!'" From this speech it may be inferred, that he was no more willing to take any steps towards a union with Scotland, than the monarchs he had supplanted, and whom he censured on that account; wherefore the failure was more criminal in them than in him, who drew from taxation fifteen times the revenue of any Stuart king, it would be difficult to decide; as he had a swarm of Dutchmen to satisfy, he was not likely to make trial as to what might "satisfy a Scotchman." He certainly meditated providing for his Scottish Celtic subjects, by extermination, of which the Glencoe massacre was a prelude, and the unfortunate colonists at Darien were far "from satisfied," being by his machinations deliberately starved to death. —[See Encyc. Brit. Sir J. Dalrymple's Hist. and Appendix.]

[1] Engravings of Medals and Seals. Brit. Museum.

Apparently the Scotch were ill-treated at this juncture: on pretence of the return of the sixteen peers elected to the British house of lords at every new parliament, the English legislature denied seats in the house of lords to those Scottish lords who possessed English peerages.

Such was a great wrong, for the very small number of sixteen, elected as their representatives by the Scottish nobles, had been fixed with reference to the number who sat in the house of lords as English peers. As a consolatory mark of favour for the injury of denying the duke of Hamilton his seat in the house of lords as duke of Branden, the queen stood godmother in person for his third son, and, following the example of the celebrated queen of Louis XII., Anne of Bretagne, her majesty gave the boy her own name of Anne, unsheltered by the addition of any masculine baptismal name. The noble young Hamilton was, perforce, called "lord Anne," from his infancy, to his arrival at guardsman's estate,—for lord Anne Hamilton, although not quite so much celebrated, was (like his partner in nominal affliction, the great Anne duke de Montmorency) a valiant soldier.[1]

Among the current events of the sixth year of queen Anne, an odd circumstance occurred in regard to the ambassador of Peter the Great, which occasioned remarkable alterations in the laws of this country concerning foreign ministers. Prince Matveof, after attending the queen's levee, and taking formal leave of her, when recalled to Russia was arrested in St. James's Street, on the writ of Mr. Morton, laceman of Covent Garden, July 27, 1707, and hurried, with much indignity, to a spunging-house.[2] The noble Russian, who did not seem to comprehend the cause of the attack, resisted his capture manfully, laid several

[1] In 1726, Lockhart of Carnwath wrote to his titular king, James III., "that the duke of Hamilton was soliciting a commission in the guards of king George, for his younger brother, lord Anne, but that was no reason why the duke should not prove a true Jacobite according to promise, when the time was ripe." Lord Anne Hamilton, nevertheless, lived and died practically faithful to the Georgian monarchs. His wife, Mary Pownal, lost her baptismal name in the appellation of Lady *Anne* Hamilton. This lady, when a widow, was appointed a lady of the bed chamber on the marriage of Charlotte, princess of Mecklenburg, with George III. The author of these biographies has been favoured by Mrs. Shickelthorpe, of Norfolk, with the examination of an autograph letter addressed by lady Anne to a relative of hers, describing the royal wedding.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet. Toone's Chronology.

of the bailiff's possé low in the kennel, and wounded seriously more than one of them. There does not appear to have been the slightest occasion for violence, or any intention to wrong the tradesman, the amount of that and other debts being only 50*l.*, for which satisfaction was instantly given. Of course the Russian ambassador left England in great disgust, and made a very serious complaint to the czar of the insult. All beneficial intercourse of trade was immediately stopped by the czar, who likewise threatened a declaration of war; on which queen Anne entered into an elaborate explanation, that the insult did not originate from any wrong intended by her or by her ministers, but arose from the rudeness of a tradesman that prince Matveof had incautiously employed. But this explanation, however reasonable it might seem in the eyes of an English queen and her ministry, was by no means satisfactory to czar Peter. It caused him, however, to write a very naive and original epistle, requesting "the high and mighty princess Anne, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, to return him by bearer the head of Morton, the laceman, of Covent Garden, together with the heads and hands of any of his aiders and abettors in the assault on prince Matveof, that her majesty might have incarcerated in her dungeons and prisons."

The queen, who had very little knowledge regarding the varied customs and manners of the kingdoms of the earth, was at once amazed and fretted at this oriental demand of the heads and hands of Mr. Morton and his assistants; she desired her secretary "to assure the czar, that she had not the disposal of any heads in her kingdom, but those forfeited by the infraction of certain laws, which Mr. Morton and his possé had not infringed." Czar Peter either could not, or would not believe such was the case, and yet he had himself been long enough in England, in the preceding reign, studying ship-carpentry at Say Court, Deptford, to know that Englishmen did not have their heads and hands chopped off at the caprice of the crown. However, if he knew better, his boyars did not, and the angry correspondence between him and queen Anne, or her officials, continued for two years.[1] But to make an end of the incident, it

[1] The State Paper Office contains a voluminous correspondence on this incident.

must be noted here, that the queen luckily thought of sending one of her officials, Mr. Whitworth, who understood Muscovite usages, to say, "That although nothing had been acted against prince Matveof but what the English law allowed, yet those laws were very bad and inhospitable ones, and that her majesty had had them repealed, so that his imperial majesty's ambassadors could never be subjected to such an insult and injury again."

Such concession was no compliment, but mere matter of fact, which the queen, for the sake of the peace of her capital, was glad to apply to all the ambassadors and resident ministers who came to England. From the reign of Anne, the persons of ambassadors and individuals of their suites have remained sacred from arrest.[1]

According to court regulations, the persons of ambassadors had previously been sacred in England, but not, it seems, beyond the precincts of the royal residences. The regulations of queen Anne[2] prevented the recurrence, not

[1] A wise and just law, since no tradesmen are compelled to give them credit, or to deal otherwise than for ready money, while previously the most infamous impositions were known to have taken place on the inexperience of foreigners. Indeed, the general usages of England respecting foreign envoys and resident ministers savoured strongly of recent barbarism. At Westminster Abbey, among the other sights with which the public were then regaled, were the embalmed corpses of two ambassadors, said to be those of Sardinia or Portugal, who had died in London. Their English creditors had arrested them for debt, and taken possession of their corpses when about to be buried; but, in the course of a few months, finding that the poor corpses were still less able to pay them when dead than when alive, and being, withal, quite tired of their company at their own dwellings, the creditors sent the bodies in their coffins to be deposited in Westminster Abbey, where they remained above ground, for being Roman catholics there was no priest to perform their obsequies. Now, the said ambassadorial corpses, being very well dressed in cut velvet, and remarkably well embalmed, the English public thought it a high treat to obtain a peep of their defunct excellencies; and the vergers found it for a century and a half a mighty profitable concern to show them for an additional penny per head. This respectable peep-show continued to be in vogue so lately as 1794, if not into this century. Mr. Hutton of Birmingham mentions seeing the mummy ambassadors that year, in his Tour through the Sights of London.

[2] Instead of giving ambassadors precedence, as at present, according to the date of their several arrivals, they contended for precedence according to the supposed rank of the sovereigns they represented; and such being a point of fierce contest always at issue between France and Spain, on the martial and political arena of Europe, their ambassadors in England debated it at swords' point, fighting, aided by their retinues, at all public processions, and cutting the traces of each other's coaches, lest the line should be broken, and one dash in before the other. The London populace infinitely enjoyed these frays, and even preferred seeing the "mounseers" fight to witnessing

only of discontent, but of more violent or savage scenes. Perhaps, the czar was the more exacting, on account of the indignity offered to his ambassador, because the duke of Marlborough, that summer, was paying great diplomatic homage to his rival, Charles XII., and treating him as the umpire of the war in Germany. The deference paid to the young warlike Swede did not last very long; the duke of Marlborough did not bestow on him any further attention when he had bowed and complimented him out of his way. It is said that Charles XII. was indignant at the finery of Marlborough's dress; yet even his rugged temper felt the insinuating power of the thorough-paced diplomatist. Marlborough, in his turn, was shocked at the want of French, and bad writing, of the Swedish hero. The following message was sent to queen Anne from both renowned warriors, written by Marlborough to Godolphin in the summer of 1707: "I am to make the king of Sweden's (Charles XII.) excuse, that his letter to her majesty, queen Anne, is not in his own hand; the reason given me was, that the king could not write French; but the truth is, the handwriting of Charles XII. is so bad, her majesty could not have read it."[1]

The queen's unwise condescension in making herself a party at the secret marriage of Abigail Hill and Samuel Masham had now given to the duchess of Marlborough a tangible object to the suspicions of rivalry in royal favour, which had long caused her the most restless researches. From that moment, every instance of the queen's avoidance of her violence, or manifestation of resentment for her unbearable insolence, was construed into the effects of the artful misrepresentations of a supplanter. Henceforth, she loudly rang all possible changes on the words "gratitude"

their own pugilistic encounters. The mob resorted, by appointment with each other, wheresoever an ambassadorial procession was to take place. Johnny Bull examined, with much deliberation and judgment, the pugnacious qualities of the foreign cavaliers of the retinues of France and Spain, who fought round the coaches of their ambassadors. Pepys mentions his especial delight at witnessing a specimen of these contests, when more than one of the combatants lost their lives. The evil certainly remained in the recent days of queen Mary; for Lamberty, it will be remembered, mentions the anger of the ambassador of the emperor and other ministers at the precedence the queen gave, out of favour, to "Mr. Hop," the ambassador extraordinary of the States of Holland.

[1] Coxe MS. Brit. Museum.

and ingratitude," as if she herself, and connexions, had not owed their all to the queen she was abusing. An historian, taking notice of her vehement complaints of Mrs. Masham's thanklessness, observes: "It is true, she was her near relative, and the defect of base ingratitude seems to run in her family." He declares withal, "that she should have chosen her watch-dog on the queen, when she became too grand or too indolent to perform that needful office, from a better breed."[1]

Whilst the duchess was in the mood for reviling, she penned the queen the following choice epistle. In the course of the letter, she alludes to the princess Sophia, whose visit to England was so much dreaded by the queen as to occasion it to be a threat alternately held over her by two, at least, of the contending parties, into which her subjects were divided:—

"The Duchess of Marlborough to Queen Anne[2] (under the usual names of Morley and Freeman.)

"August 6, 1707.

Lord Marlborough has written to me to put your majesty in mind of count Wratislaw's picture, and in the same letter desires me to ask for one that he sent lord treasurer, (lord Godolphin,) which came from Hanover, which I have seen, and which I know you would not have me trouble you with; and I have been so often discouraged in things of this nature, that I believe nobody in the world but myself would attempt it; but I know Mrs. Morley's intentions are good, and to let her run on in so many mistakes, that must of necessity draw her into great misfortunes at last, is just as if one should see a friend's house on fire and let them be burnt in their beds without endeavouring to wake them, only because they had taken laudanum, and did not desire to be disturbed.

"This is the very case of poor dear Mrs. Morley; nothing seems agreeable to her but what comes from the artifices of one that has always been reported to have a great talent that way."

This clause seems to point at Mrs. Masham, against whom the duchess had declared open war:

"I heartily wish she (the queen) may discover her true friends before she suffers for the want of that knowledge; but as for the business of calling for the princess Sophia over, I don't think that will be so easily prevented as, perhaps, she (*the queen, to whom the letter is written*) may flatter herself it will, though I can't think there can be many, at least that *know how ridiculous a creature* she (*the princess Sophia*) is, that can be in their hearts for her."

This attack on the princess Sophia probably originated in some contempt which that high-minded lady had shown for the character of the duke of Marlborough, on his

[1] Ralph's Answer to the Conduct.
[2] Coxe MS. Brit. Museum.

late visits to her court, for his duchess had certainly never been in company with the electress:

"But we are a divided nation," (resumes the self-sufficient censurer of all sorts and conditions of her contemporaries;) "some are Jacobites that cover themselves with the name of *Tory*, and yet are against the crown. Others are so ignorant, that they really believe the calling over any of the house of Hanover, will secure the succession and the protestant religion.

"And some of those gentlemen that *do* know better, and that have for so many years supported the true interest against the malice of all the inventions of the enemies of this government, I suppose will grow easy, and will grow pretty indifferent—at least, in what they may be of no ill consequence, further than in displeasing the court, not only in this of the princess Sophia, but in anything else that may happen. As Mrs. Morley orders her affairs, she can't expect much strength to oppose anything where she is most concerned.

"Finding Mrs. Morley has so little time to spare, unless it be to speak to those who are more agreeable, or that say what she likes on these subjects, I have taken *the liberty to write* an answer to this—which you will say is sincere, and can be no great trouble only to sign it with Morley."

It is an enigma to know what the duchess of Marlborough meant by the last paragraph of this epistle, unless she had finished up the insult by enclosing an answer to her own audacious attack, mimicking the manner of the queen's probable reply. She could not mean an answer to the small matter of business relative to the queen's pictures, which she makes the excuse of venting her evil feelings in this unique performance, because she only asks for the unofficial signature of "Morley." The folly of reviling the princess Sophia, in her low-caste term of "creature," could only have been perpetrated by one who cared for no consequences but the free ebullition of her own spite and spleen. The brow-beating style of the epistle proves the terms on which she lived with the queen in the summer of 1707.

Only a few weeks subsequent to the date of the above quoted epistle, a circumstance took place, which is solely recorded in a private and hitherto inedited letter of Henrietta, the eldest daughter of the duke and duchess of Marlborough, who had married to the heir of lord Godolphin, and was of course one of the bonds of the "family-junta." Her intelligence is, therefore, correct when she declares, that in a stormy council-debate, her majesty rose up in a flutter, and overthrew the chair on which she had been seated. From this movement, an augury, in jest, was drawn by the triumphant family-faction, that the queen meant it as a type or emblem of their overthrow; a playful allusion to which circumstance is to be found in the following ex-

tract of a letter, preserved among the papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire :[1]

LADY RIALTON[2] TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

* * * * * * "Sept. 23, 1707.

"I leave this place, as does the duchess of Marlborough, for St. Albans, lord G——, and lord R——, and your slave, for lord Kerrs (?); from thence to Newmarket, where your lord's expected. *Wee* hear he can't stay for your grace.

"*Wee* are every hour expecting to hear of three or four new ministers in great places, but the manner of the work is, I own, what delights me extremely, though I hear you, madam, have had some meetings with *him*.

"*Wee* are all well here, and like mightily the queen's throwing back her chair, being a strong argument for the dissolution. All letters, *wee* hear, are opened; this can't be, because it comes by a servant of the duchess of Marlborough's. I am, my lord duke's, and your grace's, with great sincerity and respect,

"Most faithful, obedient, and humble servant,

"HTT. RIALTON."[3]

The time has been noted, when the queen's government made use of the protestants of the Cevennes in France, as a means of annoying Louis XIV.; of course their leader, Cavallier, with his comrades, (being guerillas, called *camisards*,) received a warm welcome in London, when they took shelter under queen Anne's protection from the wrath of their king. Scarcely were they settled as refugees, when the lively spirits of the natives of the south began to effervesce in a style extraordinary, even among the numerous sectarians of Great Britain. Their ministers, after remaining in trances or slumbers, such as would in these days have been called mesmeric, gave vent to such wild prophecies, that the government thought fit to interfere. John Aude and Nicolas Facio, for printing and publishing the writings of Elias Marion, were sentenced to be perched on a scaffold at Charing-cross and the Royal Exchange, with papers in their hats, signifying their crime; "and," adds Calamy, "they actually suffered accordingly." Such a

[1] Copied by permission of his grace.

[2] Lord Godolphin and the husband of the writer, lord Rialton, son-in-law to the duke and duchess of Marlborough, and son to lord-treasurer Godolphin. "*Lord* Kerrs" does not seem so intelligible, without we have mistaken the word for lord *Kent*, afterwards duke of Kent, and the head of the powerful Grey family. He was lord-high-chamberlain, and a virulent Whig.

[3] The letter is signed Htt. Rialton, the first name seeming to be a contraction of Henrietta; the construction of the epistle is more like that of a lord than a lady, but the indication of the Christian name shows that it *must* be written by *lady* Rialton.

proceeding was not a very hospitable transaction. It seems that the dissenters of England were exceedingly angry with their flighty rivals, considering, justly, that they brought scandal on them, by breaking up the bonds of moral law. A convert of good family, named Lacy, fancied that he imitated the Jewish patriarchs, by leaving his wedded wife, and taking a second spouse, who was but a candle-snuffer at one of the theatres, and was considered by the Cevennois as an enlightened person.

Edmund Calamy, the learned dissenting-minister, preached vigorously at Salter's Hall against these fanatics, and published his sermons under the collective title of a "Caveat against the New Prophets." Sir Richard Bulkeley, a small and crooked gentleman, who had been promised by the French prophets to be made "tall and straight as a poplar tree," published his answer in favour of the prophets, and a paper war ensued.

Whilst the consort of the queen lived, the dissenters always had a friend at court, who made common cause with them. Calamy sent a presentation copy of his "Caveats" to his royal highness prince George, "who," to use his words, "received it very graciously, and put it in the window-seat of his bed-chamber, as if it were among the books under course of perusal. Her sacred majesty, queen Anne, one day paying a domiciliary visit in the apartment of her spouse, espied this new book, and asked him 'how he came by it?' 'It was given me by the author,' replied the prince. Upon which the queen observed, 'that she thought she might have expected such a present.'"

Perhaps, here was some passing shade of jealousy of her royal authority; but her words fell not unheeded. Mr. Justice Chamberlain, gentleman of the bed-chamber to the prince, hurried to the author, and reported the words of her majesty. Calamy says, "that he had his book handsomely bound, and offered it to queen Anne by the hands of her rising favourite, Abigail Hill, (who was then privately married to Mr. Masham.) "This measure drew down on the unfortunate dissenter's head a raging storm from her imperious grace of Marlborough. The poor man finished his little episode of royalty with mysterious lamentations on the impossibility of knowing how to proceed in court matters, and with reproaches to his friend of the prince's bed-chamber for having drawn him into "a scrape." This was

the wrath of the Marlborough duchess, not of his sovereign; for her majesty sent Mr. Forster, page of her back-stairs, to thank the gentle dissenter "for his present to her, and the service he had done the public by appearing against the new prophets."

The terror that the queen's tyrant inspired may be ascertained by this little anecdote, and still more, that Abigai Hill, of full age, and apparent liberty to please herself (indeed, she must have been what is usually called an old maid,) could not marry a fellow-servant without keeping so unromantic a wedlock profoundly secret to the world in general. The poor woman, although supported by her royal mistress, actually retained her own name for more than a year, for fear of the tigerish rage into which both she and queen Anne well knew the Marlborough duchess would be pleased to transport herself.

Her majesty spent the height of the summer at Windsor, pursuing her usual amusement of hunting the stag in her high-wheeled chaise; the queen must have had great skill in driving, or that species of good luck which often attends persons of headlong courage, or she would have met with a series of disasters similar to that which befell her friend, the duchess of Somerset, when following the royal hunt on her majesty's track in the same species of vehicle. The duchess gives a lively description of her fall, and her letter[1] at the same time affords a view of life at Windsor Castle one hundred and forty years ago.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.[2]

"Windsor, Sept. ye 20th, 1707.

"I hope, deare madam, this will find you at London, and well after your journey. I am very glad you think of coming to stay some days here, and I will undertake to keep you in everything but lodging, and do all I can to incline you to like Windsor, though I must own we have not much diversion; but if sixpenny omber [*ombre*] will be any, you may have plenty of gamesters, and I hope you will find lady Harborough here; for though she has had the goute in her hand, 'tis now so much better, that she thinks she shall be able to come a-Saturday, in order to come into waiting [*on her majesty*], or a-Munday. I hope she will have better luck than I had; for I was overturned in *the chaise*[3] yesterday, and everybody thought I had broken all my bones, but, thank God, I had as little hurt as was possible.

"I am, deare madam, yr grace's most faithfull, humble servant,

"E. SOMERSET."

[1] Devonshire Papers [inedited], copied by permission.

[2] The daughter of lady Russell; the duchess of Devonshire had newly come to her title.

[3] The chaise was the hunting-chair.

The duchess seems to connect the overturn in the chaise with the duties of the lady in waiting, who was evidently expected to follow her royal mistress in her dangerous pastime, in the same species of dangerous vehicle.

Without fatiguing the reader with the wrangling correspondence addressed, at this period, from Woodstock to Mrs. Masham, at Windsor, wherein the queen is not mentioned, although her majesty's favour was the object of dispute, it is enough to say, that the queen took away the interesting bride, Abigail, with her Samuel, to attend on her at the Newmarket October meeting, where the royal family remained a whole month. Her majesty returned to town in time to open her first parliament of Great Britain, November 6, 1707, when she made a speech containing her usual entreaties that goodwill and friendship might prevail among all ranks and parties of her subjects, especially in regard to cementing the newly made Union; an exordium which those to whom it was addressed observed, much after the fashion bewailed by holy David in the Psalms—"I speak to them of peace, and lo, they make themselves ready for battle!"

The Scotch, in an access of discontent, were already getting up petitions for dissolving the Union, and the English were giving themselves a superfluity of arrogant airs on the disgrace and displeasure they felt at being associated in one senate with their northern neighbours, and showed withal no slight touches of that jealousy of the queen's Scottish connexions which formed a remarkable feature of the reign of James I.

Turning from these public troubles to the internal warfare in her palace, the queen still strove to soothe the rage of her tyrant-duchess, by letters full of the most submissive expressions. On her majesty's return to Kensington, where she went to reside on account of the prince's asthma, during the foggy month of November, she indited the following epistle as an apology for leaving unanswered the foregoing inimitable missive from the duchess, and a succession in the same style, which are not forthcoming; their tenour, however, appears from the queen's letter to consist of threats of Marlborough's resignation as commander-in-chief, and of lord Godolphin as lord-treasurer,—threats which they by no means intended to carry into execution.

"QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,[1] [under the names of Morley and Freeman.]

"Kensington, Oct. 30th.

"If I have not answered dear Mrs. Freeman's letters, (as indeed I should have done,) I beg she would not impute it to anything but the apprehensions I was in of saying what might add to the ill impressions she has of me."

Letters at once sneering, taunting, and insolent, like the last quoted, from the pen of the duchess, were thus answered by the queen with depression of spirit, almost amounting to sadness. It was the failing health of her husband, which Anne foresaw would, in a few short months, leave her alone in the world, which made her majesty thus lower herself, that there might be peace in his time at least, among the usually turbulent elements of her household and privy-council.

She proceeds:

"For though I believe we are both in the same opinion in the main, I have the misfortune that I cannot agree exactly in everything, and, therefore, what I say is not thought to have the least colour of reason in it, which makes me really not care to enter into particulars. Though I am unwilling to do it, 'tis impossible to help giving some answer to your last letter, in which I find you think me insensible of everything. . . . . .

"I am very sorry you who have known me so long, can give way to such a thought as that, 'I do not think the parting with my *lord*[2] Marlborough, and my lord treasurer, (Godolphin,) as of much consequence,' because I did not mention anything of my lord Marlborough's kind letter concerning me. The reason of that was, I really was in a great hurry when I writ to you, and not having time to write on that subject to *both*, I thought it was the most necessary to endeavour to let him see he had no reason to have suspicions of any one's having power with me besides himself and my lord-treasurer [Godolphin], and I hope they will believe me.

"Can dear Mrs. Freeman think I can be so stupid as not to be sensible of the great services that my lord Marlborough and lord treasurer have done me, nor of the great misfortune it would be if they should quit my service? No, sure! you cannot believe me so void of sense and gratitude! I never did, nor *never* will give them any just reason to forsake me. They have too much honour and too sincere a love for their country to leave me without a cause. And I beg *you* will not add that to my other misfortunes of *pushing them on to such an unjust and unjustifiable action*. I think I had best say no more for fear of being thought *troublesome*." . . . . .

Or rather, the queen felt she was too near the truth, by expressing her consciousness of whose restless spirit it was that was agitating her cabinet-councillors. She concluded with words sufficiently honeyed to cover the mistake in her last sentence: . . . . . .

"But whatever becomes of me, I shall always preserve a most sincere and tender passion for my dear Mrs. Freeman to my last moments."

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[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 200, 210.

[2] Both the queen and his wife often, according to long custom, spoke of him thus, instead of as duke of Marlborough.

The humiliating passages in this epistle were not deemed sufficiently expiatory by the froward recipient.

The queen was not a little alarmed at the expression of visage with which the duchess of Marlborough resumed her duties at St. James's. Her style of countenance elicited a deprecatory epistle from her majesty in the following strain.

"QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. [under the names of Morley and Freeman.]

"Saturday night, St. James.

"My dear Mrs. Freeman,—I cannot go to bed without renewing the request which I have often made, that you would banish all unkind and unjust thoughts of your poor unfortunate faithful Morley. I saw by the glimpse I had of you yesterday, that you were full of 'em. Indeed, I do not deserve 'em, and if you could see my heart you would find it as sincere, as tender, and passionately fond of you as ever; and as truly sensible of your kindness in telling me your mind freely upon all occasions. Nothing shall ever alter me!

"Though we have the misfortune to differ in some things, I will ever be the same to my dear *dear* Mrs. Freeman, who I do assure once more, I am more tenderly and sincerely hers than it is possible ever to express."

The queen's letter coming up to the duchess's ideas of her own deserts, she condescended to speak on the subject which had caused such portentous blackness to lower on her countenance, on her first meeting with her royal mistress.

It then appeared, that the said lowering looks were preparatory to a severe account to which the wrathful dame meant to call her majesty, for sundry derelictions on the part of Mrs. Masham, in omissions of answers to written lectures and calls unreturned, being clear avoidance of her irate cousin, who was greatly inconvenienced at not having opportunity of giving vent to her wrath, or, in her own style of self-laudation, frankly speaking her mind. Yet it is surprising, that notwithstanding the violent exaggerations of the duchess of Marlborough on the infamous conduct of the queen and her new favourite, she is unable to produce one tangible instance of injury, or even the least indication of aggression offered to her or hers by either.

"I took an opportunity," writes[1] the angry duchess, "of speaking to her majesty about Mrs. Masham's late behaviour," which behaviour was merely keeping out of the

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS. Inedited, Brit. Museum.

way of various ratings in preparation for her—rather in a slinking and cowardly manner, it is true, yet feminine cowardice is no crime. "Nevertheless, I could get from the queen little but this, 'Masham thought you were angry with her and was afraid to come near you.' Upon which I reasoned a good while with the queen, asking 'why Masham should be afraid if she had done me no injury?' All ended in this, that the queen herself approved of what Masham had done," or rather, of what she had not done, as the sins for which the queen and Masham were taken to task, were those of omission and not of commission.

Finding that the queen's passiveness gave very imperfect satisfaction to her ebullitions of fiery rage, the duchess went to molest the prime-minister Godolphin, by sending him to lecture her majesty. Lord Godolphin, after the interview with her majesty, when making his report, either real or pretended, told her grace "that he had, indeed, convinced the queen that Mrs. Masham was in the wrong, but that it was evident that her majesty would have preferred considering her to be in the right."[1]

The result of all these negotiations was, that the culprit was brought to express in writing, a request "that the duchess would please appoint a time to be waited on, that she might learn from her wherein she had offended." Accordingly, the time was set, the culprit made her appearance, and the duchess opened her list of grievances by saying, "that it was very certain that she (Masham) took frequent occasions of going to the queen, and being alone with her; and that as she took great pains to conceal these facts from me, it was a sign that no good was meant to me by it. On my saying so, Mrs. Masham *appeared* to cry, and made a protestation 'that she had never spoken to the queen about anything of consequence, only giving her now and then a petition that came from the back-stairs, just to save me the trouble of doing it!' Then I observed, 'how extremely changed the queen was in her disposition to me, and that it must be necessarily some ill offices that were the occasion?'"[2]

Here Mrs. Masham, who had proceeded thus far with

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS. Inedited, Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

praiseworthy caution, made a mistake, perhaps only a verbal one; indeed, she evidently thought she was saying something very satisfactory.

She answered, "that she was sure that the queen, who had loved the duchess so extremely, would always be kind to her!"

"Thus," exclaims the duchess, interrupting her own detail, "*she* who pretended just before to live at so humble a distance from the queen, should forget herself, and in the very next breath take upon *herself* to know so much of the queen's mind as to 'assure *me* that her majesty would be always very kind *to me*.'" It was very shocking to me to be assured of the queen's favour by one that I had raised from starving, and to whom I had given the opportunity of getting favour to herself, of which she made so ill use. Her speech produced only silence, without raising that passion and resentment natural—indeed, I was perfectly stunned! Upon which, Mrs. Masham rose nimbly from her seat, saying very briskly, "she hoped I would permit her sometimes to inquire after my health, and with the usual civility took her leave,"[1] or more correctly speaking, made her escape.

In whatsoever light the mal-apropos speech of Abigail may appear to impartial persons, it is certain that, small or great, it was the only personal offence ever given by her to her former patroness. It is very evident that the poor woman merely meant to say, "the queen has loved you so long and tenderly, that it is not likely such love can ever suffer any diminution."

However, the speech, such as it was, remained broiling and fermenting in the stormy mind of the duchess, ready for an outrageous explosion. The outbreak took place early as the Christmas holidays of 1707, when the belligerent party went ostensibly to compliment and congratulate queen Anne, but really to quarrel with her. "Before I went in," says the duchess of Marlborough,[1] "I learnt from the page that Mrs. Masham was just sent for. The moment I saw the queen, I plainly perceived she was very uneasy. She stood all the while I was with her, and looked so coldly upon me as if I should no longer doubt of the loss of her affections. Upon observing what reception

[1] Conduct.

I had, I said to her, 'I was sorry I had happened to come so unseasonably!' I then made my courtesy to go away, when the queen, with a great deal of disorder in her face, and without speaking one word, took me by the hand. And when thereupon I stooped to kiss hers, she took me up with a very cold embrace, and then, without one kind word, let me go."

A written lecture to the queen was the inevitable consequence of an unsatisfactory reception, which, according to the above description, might have been occasioned by trouble of mind, or even by personal pain:

"DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE, [under names of Morley and Freeman.]

"December 27, 1707.

"If Mrs. Morley will be so just as to reflect and examine impartially her last reception of Mrs. Freeman, how very different from what it has been formerly when *you* were glad to see *her* come in, and sorry when she went away, certainly *you* can't wonder at her reproaches upon an embrace that seemed to have no satisfaction in it, but that of getting rid of her, in order to enjoy the conversation of one that has the good fortune to please *you* better. * * *

"So much by way of apology for what happened on Wednesday last."

The last clause raises the idea that some scene took place of more positive demonstration of rage than the sullenness described in the narrative introductory of these written reproaches. A tradition of the last century, quoted from a periodical called the "London Chronicle," says that the duchess slammed the door of the queen's closet after her, so that the noise was heard several rooms off.

Over and above the rage and jealousy with which the queen's favour to Masham was viewed by the duchess, there was a matter of private interest pending, on which the queen was not quite so generous and compliant as usual; this was the grant of that portion of the demesnes of St. James's on which the present Marlborough House stands. The duchess had a great wish to possess an independent palace of her own, and this was the site she chose; but according to her own account, "the queen had suffered lord Godolphin to importune her for the gift of this ground to the duchess of Marlborough *since* a long time." Probably some reminiscences of her youth and departed friends caused the demur in the mind of the queen. It was the private pleasure-garden of her uncle Charles and his consort, Catharine of Braganza; it was the scene of

Anne's earliest sports and recollections, for she was born in the adjoining palace.

Sarah of Marlborough had fixed her mind on possessing this garden and its appurtenances, long before the death of the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza. According to her own account, she had extorted from queen Anne a promise of it, deeming herself at the same time an injured person, because she was not suffered to thrust out queen Catharine's lessees. "For my part," says the duchess, "I believe that the queen-dowager (Catharine) had no good right to anything after she lived in Portugal. Yet my lord Godolphin was so *nice*, that he would not displace the meanest person that had the pretence to plead of right from long service to her."[1] Why should he? Godolphin had sometimes the decency to remember those from whom he had received benefits in early life.

The wished-for death of the queen-dowager had taken place in the preceding year; nevertheless, queen Anne continued to resist the importunities of Godolphin and the angry duchess to deface her royal aunt's pleasaunce at St. James's. At length, the unappeasable fury of the duchess, and an approaching political crisis, caused her majesty to give way; and the grant was made over to the Marlborough family for fifty years, about this period. The duchess says, "queen Catharine had given her interest in the ground to the sisters of lord Feversham, her chamberlain. For full twenty years, these two French women lived in it."[2] Not *in* the ground, it may be supposed, but in some fragment of the old conventual remains of St. James's, called the Friary. "I had," pursues the duchess, "the house of the countess du Roy, and where queen Catharine's priests lived.[3]

"I had obtained the promise of the queen *before* the death of the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, of the site in St. James's Park, upon which my house now stands,"

[1] Duchess of Marlborough's Letter to Mr. Hutchinson, written in 1713, while on the Continent. Coxe MSS., vol. xv. Brit. Museum.

[2] Ibid.

[3] In another MS. paper, Brit. Museum, addressed to Hutchinson in 1711 or 1713, the duchess says,—"This ground which was enjoyed for twenty years at least by a Frenchwoman *without envy*, was valued to me by the Examiner (a periodical of that day) at 10,000*l*. But let this be as it will, I pay a certain rent for it to the queen's exchequer, and as it is her ground, the green-cloth have taxed me for that house at the rate of 300*l*. a year. It has cost the duke of Marlborough between 40,000*l*. and

continues the duchess of Marlborough; "the grant was at first but for fifty years, and the building cost between forty and fifty thousand pounds, of which queen Anne paid not one shilling, although many angry people believed otherwise."[1]

The rage of the people was, to do them justice, not at the outlay or supposed outlay, by the queen, of the public money in favour of the duchess, but they were peculiarly aggravated, because, in laying the foundations of the palace, called to this day "Marlborough House," she had caused to be rooted up a fine young oak-tree, sprung from an acorn which king Charles II. had set with his own hand. The king had plucked the acorn from his friendly oak,[2] that screened him so well at Boscobel. He had planted it in the pleasure-garden that belonged to his queen, Catharine of Braganza, which once occupied the site of Marlborough House and joined the park, extending nearly down the south side of Pall-Mall.

The English people have always been passionately fond of the historical circumstance of their king's preservation in their national tree. To this hour, there is not a town in England, and scarcely a village, but bears some memorial of "the royal oak" in the only pictorial indication that pertains to the people, which is, alas, but in the signs of their drinking-houses! It was in vain that wearing oak-leaves in their hats entitled the English peasants in the reigns of William and Mary and at this period of that of their sister Anne, to incarceration in the village stocks.[3] In vain was the singing "the blithesome song of the 29th of May," treated with the pains and penalties of clownish treason, and expiated at the stock and whipping-post. The song had got possession of the English heart, nor could the above pains and penalties hinder this refrain from being shouted even in the stocks, of—

> "Old Pendrill the miller, at risk of his blood,
> Hid the king of the isle in the king of the wood."

50,000*l.*, and the lease of it was but for fifty years, five or six of which are run out since the grant." This last remark dates the queen's grant of this demesne of the crown, in the year 1707, a period when in all probability queen Anne did not covet the very near neighbourhood of the duchess.

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 292, 293.

[2] Charles II. paid a visit to the scene of his peril after his accession, when he must have brought away this acorn. See Pepys' Letters.

[3] Swift's Mems. of a Parish Clerk.

When these predilections are remembered, it will not excite surprise, that all the wealth, the influence, and the enormous military power vested in the hands of her husband, could not prevent the favourite of queen Anne from being made aware of the indignation of the people, from amongst whom she was sent three epigrams on the destruction of Charles II.'s sapling-oak, each bitterer than the other. The first is endorsed—

"Upon rooting up the royal oak in St. James's Park, raised from an acorn set by the hands of Charles II., who brought the same from the oak of Boscobel, his old hiding-place.

"THE ROYAL SAPLING OAK.

"Whilst Sarah from the royal ground,
Roots up the royal oak,
The sapling groaning from the wound
Thus to the syren spoke.
Ah, may the omen kindly fail,
For poor Britannia's good;
Or else not only me you fell,
But *her*[1] who owns the wood."[2]

The conduct of the duchess was by no means considered as expiated by this literary castigation, for the epigram was succeeded by a bitterer one:—

"THE SEASONABLE CAUTION.

"Be cautious, madam, how you thus provoke,
This sturdy plant, the second royal oak,
For should you fell it or remove it hence,
When dead it may revenge the vile offence,
And build a scaffold in another place,
That may e'er long prove fatal to 'Your Grace!'
Nay, furnish out a useful gallows too,
Sufficient for your friends, though not for you.
Then let it stand a monument of fame,
To that forgiving prince who set the same;
For should it fall by you the world may say,
The fate may be your own another day."

A third severer monition appeared from the public:

"THE MURMURS OF THE OAK.

"Why dost thou root me up, ungrateful hand?
My father saved the king who saved the land,
That king to whom thy mother owed her fame.[3]
* * * * *

[1] Queen Anne.

[2] The author of these lines signed himself "H. G.," in the manuscripts of popular poems and songs collected by Robert earl of Oxford. Harleian MSS., Brit. Museum.

[3] This is an allusion to the scandals which pursued the memory of the duchess of Marlborough's mother.

But since the malice of her spawn, your grace,
Presumes to rend me from my resting-place,
Where by the royal hand I first was set;
And from an acorn thrived to be thus great.
May I be hewed, now rooted up by thee,
Into some lofty famous triple tree,
Where none may swing but such as have betrayed
Those generous powers by which themselves were made.
Then may I hope to gain as much renown,
By hanging up my foes that cut me down,
As my tall parent, when he bravely stood,
The monarch's safeguard in the trembling wood;
I know not which would prove the next good thing,
To hang up traitors or preserve a king."

Terrible disputes and divisions rent the queen's cabinet council, from the hour that the jealousy of the family-junta was excited against Robert Harley, the ex-speaker of the house of commons, and some individuals among them suspected that the queen's consort favoured this rival. Prince George, although their systematic supporter, had been at this period greatly enraged at the censure parliament had cast on his administration of the navy, and had proved that the sums voted for its support were directed to other channels, to swell the armies which Marlborough yearly led to the fruitless fields of Flemish victories.

At the close of the year 1707, the public were thrown into consternation, by the arrest of Harley's secretary, William Gregg, who was sent to Newgate, December, 1707, on a charge of traitorous correspondence with the French. Great efforts were made by the Marlborough family-junta to implicate Harley in the charge.

An ever-recurring incident in the life of queen Anne, was the necessity of witnessing daily contentions of angry men in those furious debates they called the queen's cabinet councils. The persons composing them had little respect for her past conduct, and not the least confidence in her earnest desire to atone, by her blameless conduct as queen, for the questionable course which had brought her to that high station; consequently they put slight restraint on their evil passions if irritated, and forgetting the deference due to a lady, as well as that which they owed to their sovereign, scrupled not to rage around her with all the coarseness and fury of brutal natures. A remarkable scene of this kind took place early in the year 1708, when the queen made her first endeavour to free herself from the chains of

the Marlboroughs, and to displace Godolphin as lord-treasurer. Her majesty told Mr. St. John her resolution, and sent him with a letter to the duke of Marlborough, having first read it to her messenger. A still more extraordinary step was, that the queen at the same time bade St. John "tell what she had done about town," which he did without reserve. The first week in February, 1708, was the period of this struggle, which produced an extraordinary excitation in a council where her majesty presided personally, on the evening of the second Sunday in that month. When Harley, who was the minister intended by the queen to succeed Godolphin, delivered a memorial to her relating to the war, the duke of Marlborough and lord treasurer Godolphin left the room abruptly. The duke of Somerset then rose, and pointing to Harley, said rudely to the queen, "That if she suffered that fellow to treat of affairs of the war without the advice of the general, he could not serve her."[1]

The queen succumbed to the storm, and Harley was for a time dismissed, and driven from her. His enemies thought they had proof strong enough of his correspondence with St. Germains, to take his life; but he probably received intelligence from his royal mistress, which enabled him successfully to recriminate on his enemies, and to hint sufficiently at the Jacobite letters of Marlborough and Godolphin, to keep them in check. The imprisoned secretary of Harley was hanged: his petty dealings with French bribes came out in that inquiry which was to have implicated his master. It was likewise discovered that the queen extended her private charity by sending comforts and necessaries to the wretched Gregg, in prison, by her physician Arbuthnot. A political outcry followed; but it was proved that such was the constant custom of her majesty in every case. Anne was most unwilling to sentence any one to death, and when forced so to do, tried to alleviate the miseries of the condemned by her secret beneficence.

The great magnates in the triumphant faction were not ashamed to combine for the purpose of agitating the house of commons to petition the queen to dismiss Mrs. Masham.[2] Yet some heads there are whose level is too lowly to afford

[1] Scott's Swift Correspondence, vol. xv. p. 297.
[2] Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum, vol. xv.

suitable marks for the launch of such mighty bolts. The woman was, after all, but a common chambermaid, a mere knitter of knots, and tier of strings. The English parliament would have denounced a *lady* of the bedchamber, but feared the ridicule that would have attended the solemn displacement of a dresser. So the queen's Abigail escaped; but many ominous notes exist, regarding the vengeance the Marlborough duchess longed to take on her humble rival, while the threatened petition was in agitation, as "Abigail is alarmed—she knows not which way to turn."[1] As this redoubtable enemy had been a servant-maid, and in rank was, even in 1708, (notwithstanding the favour of her royal mistress,) too low for political vengeance, the combination against her seems sufficiently contemptible. The queen, whose personal attentions to her dying husband made the assistance of Abigail Masham, as a handmaid in the sick chamber, more than ever needful to her, constantly protested, "that to make her a great lady or a political power, was perfectly against her will and wish."[2]

Marlborough's threat of throwing up the command of the army, every time the queen resisted any innovation by his family-junta, was, in the present instance, fully successful; although, at last, the rod which was never intended to fall, was shaken so often, that it lost the desired effect. As Harley had been driven off by this means, the duchess was determined to try what a similar proceeding would do in her case towards dislodging the mutual kinswoman of Harley and herself. In perfect ignorance of how she had, unawares, broken the charm of inducing the queen to believe, that, howsoever rough and rude she might be in speech and writing, yet Sarah Churchill, at the bottom of her heart, loved Anne Stuart better than all the riches, power, titles, and other good things that she had received from the said Anne,—she went with the full intention of playing on those feelings, totally unconscious that, by a mere accident, her own loud tongue and insolence of heart had exploded that belief in the queen's mind beyond any possibility of self-deception.

"The day before the duke of Marlborough writ his letter to take leave of the queen, in February, 1707-8, I waited

[1] Coxe's MSS. Brit. Museum, vol. xv.
[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

upon her majesty, and told her 'that she was not pleased to tell me of her affairs as formerly, yet I had an account of everything from my lord Marlborough and lord Godolphin, who, I perceived, would be forced to leave her service very soon, and upon that account I should be obliged to do so, too, but that I had one favour to beg of her majesty, and that was, that she would please to give me leave to resign my employments to my children, that I might have the satisfaction of seeing that her majesty would permit them to enjoy these as *legacies* from me in my life-time.'"[1]

A reasonable request, to render hereditary a few of the greatest places about the royal person in one family interest, to the amount of 6000*l.* per annum, according to the calculation of the duchess, and upwards of 9000*l.* per annum by the calculation of the opposite party. And while the queen was, at every turn, surrounded by the holders of these modest "legacies," the mother would take the maternal right of raising as many furious quarrels in the royal family and household, as had been her wonted custom since the accession of James II.

The queen was silent.

The duchess, after a pause for assent, went on with her oration, on the propriety of sanction being instantly given to such an admirable arrangement. "I observed," continued she, "that this was no injury to any one, as I thought none of the ladies of the bed-chamber could be disobliged by it, because nobody could wonder that her majesty should have so much consideration for me as to do this on my account, whom she had honoured so long with her favour and friendship, and especially since my daughters were married into some of the first families of the nation, and were of a quality very suitable to those places, according to all the precedents that had gone before them. For as to the place of groom of the stole, which was the most considerable, her majesty might remember that lord Bath was groom of the stole to king Charles II., lady Arlington to the queen-dowager (Catharine of Braganza), lord and lady Peterborough to king James II. and his queen, lord Romney (Henry Sidney) to king William III. (being a peer of his own making), and the

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS., (inedited.) Brit. Museum.

countess of Derby to queen Mary, her majesty's sister. I added, 'that though I had always used the best endeavours to serve her, yet she would not be worse served when she had three to do it, instead of one.'"

"All this," continues the duchess,[1] "the queen heard 'very patiently,' and, at length, told me, 'that she could not grant my request, not because she was not satisfied that my children could not serve her without giving just offence to any one, but because she should never part from me as long as she lived.' I answered in the most grateful manner I could, and many kind things passed on both sides. But I still continued to press the queen to grant me the favour I desired of her, and the queen denied it in the same kind way. At last, the whole ended with this, that if the duke of Marlborough *could* continue in her service, *I* should not desire to leave her; but if that proved to be impossible, I hoped she would be pleased to grant my request of resigning my places to my children. The queen promised me she would do it, and I kissed her hand on that account.'"[2]

The duchess pursues her narrative with the assertion, "that the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin were continued in their places by the interposition of the prince George of Denmark." Her testimony being in direct opposition to historians in general, who pronounce him to have been more inimical to that party than the queen. That the duchess of Marlborough ever deemed him the fast friend of herself and her party, can be ascertained by symptoms more certain than her words, even by her abstinence from abusing or reviling him.

It would, indeed, involve a tedious mass of contradictory statement, if the attempt were made to define to what party the queen's consort belonged; his profession of religion identified his interests with the dissenters, yet his resentments for insult and neglect made him adverse to the Whigs. The persons who were the most intimate in the palace, or with the ministry of queen Anne, give totally diverse statements on this head. The duchess of Marlborough's positive declaration was, that the prince was the friend of the revolutionary party, and kept the queen steady to its interests whilst he

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS., (inedited.) Brit. Museum.

[2] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

lived, and the result of events, which we see from the vantage-ground of nearly a century and a half, bears out her assertion. The change of the queen was too sudden after the loss of her spouse to be a mere coincidence.[1]

Others declare, that prince George, in the last year of his life, was thoroughly disgusted with the government of the family-junta, and would have cleared the administration of them, leaving, perforce, the duke of Marlborough at the head of the army, but he found a ramification of the endless chain all-powerful in his own domestic regime. George Churchill, who had been his favourite since the age of fourteen, and was now his factotum and dispenser of every species of business, soon showed, although he was himself an especial *bête-noir* of his sister-in-law, that his family interests were paramount to any party by which he chose to designate himself—albeit, George Churchill termed himself Tory and even Jacobite in his carouses. About a month before the duke of Marlborough departed for his usual Flemish campaign, George informed his prince, "that his brother was determined to throw up the command of the army, if Mr. Harley and his colleagues displaced lord Godolphin, or, indeed, if Mr. Harley was suffered to continue in place." "Prince George of Denmark, thus intimidated by George Churchill," adds Swift, who is the historical memorialist of Harley himself, "reported the matter to the queen, and time failing, and the service pressing, her majesty was forced to yield." And, as the duke of Marlborough said carelessly, at his levée next morning, "Harley was turned out."[2]

The head and front of Harley's offending appear to be confined to the fact, that he had been speaker to the economical Tory parliament, which had resisted the profuse grant that queen Anne proposed for the duke of Marlborough at the commencement of her reign. He belonged to the party in the house of commons who kept a sedulous watch on the public money. As for his Jacobitism, regarding which a loud outcry is made by the Marlboroughs, it does not appear from the view of events that he was more

[1] Life of Edmund Calamy exactly coincides with this statement, vol. ii. pp. 115—116.

[2] Swift's Memoirs relating to the change in the queen's ministry. Scott's Swift, vol. iii. p. 177.

sincere in that interest than themselves; his aim, like theirs, being but to cajole the exiled prince.

The queen was suffering, at this time, from her constitutional disease of ophthalmia. Prince George, who often took his place in the house of lords as duke of Cumberland, and now and then made a speech in his broken English, complained, "that it was not likely the queen's eyes would be better, since she was detained to sit up so late at council." His own increasing infirmities made early rest very desirable to him. An alarming crisis was at hand, which drew the queen's attention: Scotland and the northern counties of England were ready to burst into rebellion.

The attempted invasion of Scotland, in the spring of 1708, was observed to occasion great alarm in her majesty's mind, and an utter change in the style of her speeches from the throne. Hitherto, the word "Revolution" had never passed the lips of her majesty, neither had she ever mentioned the cause of it, nor any of the persons by whom it was promoted.[1] The persons who composed her speeches had tacitly implied that she succeeded her father by hereditary right, and was not an elective queen. As the danger of invasion became more manifest, the queen's speech found a new appellation for her brother; formerly he was "the pretended prince of Wales," but since the year 1708, he was called the Pretender, for by this epithet his sister branded him, in her dismissal of the parliament, in the autumn of 1708. It may be observed, that this epoch formed the third change of the feelings of queen Anne towards him since the Revolution.

One of those singular scenes took place, at this crisis, which told rather touchingly the divided state of the queen's heart between the safety of her country and the danger in which the last near relative that remained to her was involved. Sir George Byng, when he sailed to intercept his invasion, had no instructions as to the person of the pretender. Some in council had proposed "measures of despatch," (that is, the proscription of his life,) but the moving appearance of the queen's flowing tears prevented all further deliberation. The council broke up in confusion.[2]

[1] Tindal's Continuation, vol. ii. pp. 58—60.
[2] Birch MS., 4221, art. 6. Brit. Museum.

It has been said that the queen's brother was actually taken on board the Salisbury, an English ship, that had formerly been a prize to the French, which was now recaptured by sir George Byng near the mouth of the Forth at the time of the attempted invasion, and that sir George treated the young prince, according to the queen's orders, with the utmost respect, and landed him on the French coast. There were several Jacobites captured on board the Salisbury, who stood their trials for high treason. The queen was actually prevailed upon to sign the death-warrant of one of them, old lord Griffin, who was condemned to be beheaded, June 16, 1708. Swift speaks of this projected execution in terms of levity: "The boys of the town are mighty happy, for we are to have a beheading next week, unless the queen will interpose her mercy." In fact, Anne never would consent to the execution of the old Jacobite, but regularly respited him every month, till he pined away, and died in the Tower in 1710. His death, it is affirmed, was occasioned by old age, and not by the weight of the queen's death-warrant hanging over him.[1] The queen must have known lord Griffin from her earliest infancy; for he had followed her father in all his wanderings, and attended him when Anne was with him at Brussels and Scotland. He was, at the Revolution, remarkable for his personal fidelity to his unfortunate master, and was lieutenant-colonel of that regiment of his guards which bore the name of the Coldstream.[2]

Notwithstanding the pacification effected in the spring, disputes between queen Anne and her prime-minister Godolphin soon became frequent, and at last almost interminable, during the summer of 1708. The conduct of lord Sunderland of whom the queen complained often that he treated her with personal insult, was usually the subject of these differences.[3] The duchess of Marlborough was unwise enough, after she had failed in driving the queen to any distasteful measure, to send lord Godolphin to lecture her majesty into compliance. She had, withal, no judgment in regard to the importance of the matter on which she had recourse to this aid. The Whig premier was as often called upon to settle an old-

[1] History of Conspiracies against William, Anne, &c. p. 208.
[2] Burke's Extinct Peerage.
[3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

clothes insurrection as to coerce the sovereign in her appointment of a dignitary of the church.

Once the queen would not submit to the appointment of sir James Montague, the brother of lord Halifax, to some post, thought good for the family-interest, (for all the Montagues had become connexions of the junta that governed England, since the marriage of the duchess's daughter with the heir of the duke of Montague): therefore, the dispute was carried on vivaciously by lord Godolphin, and was met with unyielding obstinacy by the queen. "The battle," wrote lord Godolphin, "might have lasted till midnight if the clock had not struck three, when the prince of Denmark thought fit to come in, and look as if it were dinner-time."[1]

One of the matters in dispute when the prince thus broke the discussion, by "looking anxiously for his dinner," appears to be the same mentioned in the Walpole State Papers, where it is noted, that in June, 1708, a struggle ensued between queen Anne and the duke of Marlborough, relative to the appointment of colonels in the army. Marlborough declared, and certainly with justice, that, as general, he must best know what officers were the most deserving of promotion. Yet the offensive exercise of the queen's personal will in this matter arose, not from her own pleasure, but to gratify her husband, prince George, who, in his turn, had been solicited by his favourite, the brother of the duke of Marlborough, George Churchill. A violent dispute ensued, colonel Lillingston's regiment was given to colonel Jones, the protégé of prince George. Marlborough, although his own brother was at the bottom of the intrigue, was exceedingly enraged, and wrote a letter of reproof to him, while the whole of his party took the queen to task. There was, moreover, a report that it was effected through the agency of Mr. Harley: and Robert Walpole, then secretary at war, was accused of circulating that rumour. George Churchill ran with the duke of Marlborough's letter to the queen and the prince, who were both exceedingly displeased at the tenour of it.[2]

[1] Marlborough Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 242. Godolphin to the duke of Marlborough, June 73, 1708.

[2] The duchess of Marlborough's Letter to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe Papers. Brit. Museum.

Daily threats of impeachment, notwithstanding her humble station, continued to be thundered by the junta against the queen's Abigail, although great difficulties certainly existed to make out a case, either public or private, of any injury done to the duchess of Marlborough, or to any other person, by her cautious and quiet kinswoman. At last, the duchess found out something that looked like an invasion of one of her rights, and posted off to Kensington Palace to make a thorough investigation of the same. Kensington was the place where the queen withdrew, as often as possible, to nurse her declining husband in the quiet and good air. Sickness and silence have no charms for the gay world, even if they are the lot of the royal occupants of a palace. The queen and Abigail Masham, as may be gathered from the subsequent narrative, were permitted to remain almost in solitude with the dying prince, when the enraged dame broke upon the invalid seclusion of Kensington with furious representations of the injuries they were committing against her vested rights.

It seems some court-spy or gossiping mischief-maker had been commenting to the haughty duchess "on the grand apartments in which her cousin Masham received company, whenever her friends visited her at Kensington Palace." After due cogitation on the length, breadth, and other geographical particulars of the designated apartments, the duchess came to the conclusion "that they must be the same which had been fitted up by king William for his favourite Keppell, adjacent to his royal suite; and that they had been subsequently allotted by queen Anne to *her;*"[1] and though she never used them, and scarcely knew their situation, she flew off to Kensington, with the strong determination that they should be used by no other person.

It must be borne in mind, that the excessive corpulence of prince George, joined to his sufferings both from gout and asthma, made the ascension of flights of stairs almost impracticable to him; he was, therefore, lodged on the ground-floor at Kensington Palace, from whence he could make short excursions for air and exercise among his trees and plants, of which he was excessively fond. Among his

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, (inedited.) Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

few apparent tastes and pursuits, he was one of the greatest promoters of arboriculture and horticulture in England—tastes which, fortunately for the country, appertained to the throne for the preceding three hundred years, which has given to the face of England that paradisaical aspect which is always surprising to the eyes of foreigners; for the English, while sturdily limiting as much as possible the positive power of their monarchs, are the most sedulous mimics of all their personal tastes and habits, even when they have happened to be not so well deserving of imitation.

The queen, in the utmost anxiety for the existence of the husband whom she had devotedly loved from her youth upwards, established him in apartments at Kensington Palace, where, without painful exertion, he could find himself surrounded by his favourite flowers and plants. He occupied the royal suite on the ground-floor. The queen shared them; for they always inhabited the same apartment, and, of course, it was a mere matter of necessity, and no studied disrespect to her eminence of Marlborough, that her majesty's attendants inhabited the adjacent apartments on the ground-floor, that they might be at hand to give assistance to the queen in the night; for prince George had been in danger of death several times that spring and summer, and must have expired in the suffocating spasms of coughing, if the queen had not raised him in her arms, and supported him until aid could be summoned.

It was impossible for the duchess of Marlborough to be in ignorance of these circumstances when she posted to Kensington as the disturber of the queen's arrangements, relative to the comforts of her dying consort, for the only knowledge concerning them is actually gleaned from her own manuscript.[1] The angry inquisitor, moreover, marks the period full well, by observing, "that these occurrences took place *after* Mr. Harley had been turned out, and Godolphin and Marlborough continued in their places by the interposition of the prince." Now this was in the spring of 1708, and the prince was defunct before six months had passed away.

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, (inedited.) Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

"Having heard accidentally," says the duchess,[1] "in conversation with my friends, in how great state Mrs. Masham received her company at Kensington, by the description that was made of her chambers, I had a great suspicion upon me, that she had made use of part of my lodgings, which were what the queen had given me, and *furnished* for me, soon after her coming to the crown, and had particularly expressed to me 'that they were the same suite that my lord Albemarle, king William's Dutch favourite, had in his reign.' They were sufficiently known to the housekeeper and all the servants at Kensington-palace."

"I thought it was strange that Mrs. Masham should do this without my consent, but on the other hand, she had opportunities enough of doing it, because I seldom made any use of these lodgings. For when I had occasion to wait on the queen at Kensington, I chose to return in the evening to my family, which at so small a distance it was very easy to do, rather than stay there."

Thus the apartments, concerning which, in the true spirit of the dog-in-the-manger, she was hastening to snarl and wrangle, although furnished for her at the queen's expense, she had never occupied, and would evidently, by her last words, have made it a grievance, if obliged so to do.

"However, to know the truth of the matter, I went to Kensington, and ordered the housemaid to let me into my own lodgings; and as I was going to the *lower* rooms (for my lodgings consisted of two floors, one under the other), the maid told me, I could not go into any part of *that* floor, which was divided between Mrs. Masham and the bed-chamber woman in waiting.

"Upon this it was, I went to the queen, and complained to her 'of meeting with *such* usage as was wholly new at court, in Mrs. Masham's taking from me part of the lodgings which she herself long ago had been pleased to give me, and the bed-chamber woman in waiting had been put into another part of them.'

"The queen only answered, 'Masham has none of your rooms.'

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, (inedited.) Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

"She repeated this so often, and was so positive in it, that I began to believe that there was some mistake in what the maid had told me, and went away, begging the queen's pardon for having troubled her about the matter."[1]

But the matter was not destined to remain thus in abeyance. Instigated by her suspicions that, by some means or other, some portion of her own deserted suite was made available by somebody, the restless dame soon made another incursion on the queen's peace, at Kensington.

"When I came next to Kensington," pursues the duchess, "I inquired more fully about it, and found not only that Mrs. Masham had done all I suspected, but that she had used a great many little arts in the management of her design. She got the bed-chamber woman in waiting to be removed into one end of my suite, and thus had the chambers wholly to herself that had belonged to the bed-chamber woman in waiting, and were just beyond my lodgings on the same floor. Any one, in the common way of thinking, would have imagined this to be the same thing as if she had gone herself directly into my lodgings, since the bed-chamber woman was removed into them purely on her account, and to make room for her in another place. I supposed she thought she could give the whole the turn (if any noise should be made about it,) that it was done for the convenience of the queen's women."

It certainly was for that purpose, or rather that attendants might be at hand, who were indispensable to assist the queen in her nightly watchings over her sick husband. Thus the whole affair resolved itself into the fact, that the queen, in this exigence, had put her chamber-attendant in a vacant apartment of the duchess' deserted suite, and Mrs. Masham had got the use of those rooms this attendant had vacated; thus the queen was borne out in her remark, "Masham has none of your rooms." She was, however, suspected of occasionally passing through them, or having her visitors ushered through them, and that was enough to incite another attack on the queen.

"When I had discovered all this, I went again to the queen and told her, 'that I could now satisfy her how wrong an account had been given her of Mrs. Masham *not*

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, (inedited.) Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

having taken away any part of my lodgings, for I had just found by all the evidence possible, that she certainly had done it, for I had just then been in the upper floor for the housemaid to describe to me what part it was she had taken underneath!'[1]

"But the queen still persisted in saying, 'I am sure Masham has taken none of your rooms,' and 'that to say to the contrary is false and a lie!' Which was a way of speaking I had never heard her make use of to any one, till she came under the practices of Abigail.

"I desired then that she (*the queen*) would send for Mr. Lowman, the housekeeper, who was the proper person to determine in this matter, and knew best 'what my lord Albemarle's lodgings were, which her majesty had been pleased to give me, and what Mrs. Masham made use of at present.' But the queen said, 'I will not do that, for I know that Masham has none of your lodgings.'

"I called upon Mr. Lowman, as I went away, to talk to him about the matter, and I told him 'that though Mrs. Masham had taken a part of my lodgings and joined it to her own, yet as the queen had assured me that she had not done it, she must be imposed upon in this matter, and that I wondered how a bed-chamber woman that I had raised from nothing, should think of taking my rooms from me, who would not have taken hers without her leave.'"

"As I expected, the report of what I said was carried immediately to Abigail, and next morning she sent Mr. Lowman to tell me, 'that she did not know that the lodgings she had made use of were mine, but she had begun to take down her furniture, and would immediately clear them,' and this she did accordingly."[2]

As the summer advanced, the symptoms of prince George became more alarming. The queen found he did not recover his health at Kensington, and was anxious to remove him to Bath, the place where all physicians at that period sent their patients for restoration of health. Before, however, the royal household removed, the angry dame of Marlborough paid another visitation to Kensington, on her suspicion being roused that her suite of rooms had again been invaded by Mrs. Masham. "Afterwards," says the

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum.

[2] Ibid.

duchess,[1] "upon my not using my lodgings (which you will easily imagine I had no great inclination to do, though I did not care to be so far insulted as to have them taken from me against my consent), I discovered that Mrs. Masham had made use of them again. I complained of that also to the queen, telling her, 'Mrs. Masham cannot now pretend to be ignorant whose lodgings they were!'

"Her majesty was again angry and positive, saying, 'It was a lie, Masham had not made use of them.'

"Then I told her majesty, 'that I could bring forward before her several people that had seen her goods and servants in my rooms.' To which, almost in the same breath in which she had given me the lie, the queen asked 'how could she help using them?' Meaning, I suppose, that her own were too little for her grandeur!"

There is something here left untold by the self-partial narrator. The poor harassed queen, no doubt, asked her the question, in reference to the neighbourhood of the suite to her husband's sick room. The consequence was, that Mrs. Masham was given another suite of apartments, "suitable enough for her grandeur," observes the taunting narrator, "and it is very remarkable, notwithstanding all this rudeness and impertinence to me upon this occasion, she had the whole house, Kensington Palace being in a manner empty, to choose her lodgings in."[2]

It may be remembered, that the first quarrel between Anne and her sister, queen Mary, commenced with these contemptible wranglings about lodgings. As the Marlborough duchess commenced her court-career, so she finished it. In fact, it is impossible justly to accord this person the meed of greatness of mind or character, for the causes of her contentions were despicable for their pettiness. Great characters never contend for trifles, seek for affronts, or make stormy tumults for small results. Greatness is inseparable from magnanimity; there was nothing great about the duchess of Marlborough, excepting the enormity of the sums of money she amassed; her soul dwelt in the atmosphere most congenial to a chamber-maid, or a lodging-

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum.

[2] Ibid. The deserted state of Kensington Palace, at this period, is thus gathered from the duchess' own letter.

keeper, and seemed most in its element contending for perquisites of old gowns, or stoutly defending encroachments on the localities of dwelling-rooms.

The last inbreak of the duchess of Marlborough on the invalid quiet of Kensington was immediately followed by the removal of the queen from that palace. Her majesty retired to Windsor as early as July, not to the royal establishment of her stately castle, but to the small house or cottage in Windsor Forest, purchased by her in the days when the wrath of her sister, queen Mary, rendered her an alien from all English palaces. Thither queen Anne brought her sick consort, and there, unencumbered by the trammels of royalty, she watched over him and sympathized with his sufferings. The reason the prince passed the summer at the small house, was evidently because the site of Windsor Castle being high, the air was too bleak for his cough. The duchess of Marlborough was peculiarly incensed at this proceeding, attributing it to all kinds of furtive intrigues, in these words:[1] "Through the whole summer after Mr. Harley's dismission, the queen continued to have secret correspondence with him. And that this might be better managed, she stayed all the sultry season, even when the prince was panting for breath, in that small house she had formerly purchased at Windsor, which, though as hot as an oven, was said to be *cool*, because, from the park, such persons as Mrs. Masham had a mind to bring to her majesty, could be let in privately by the garden."

The queen was at this cottage at Windsor, when the news of the victory at Oudenarde reached her. Oudenarde was gained at more than its worth on the Flemish chessboard of war; it cost 2000 men on the victor's side. "Oh Lord! when will all this dreadful bloodshed cease?"[2] were the words of queen Anne when she received the news, together with the lists of the killed and wounded.

Notwithstanding the grief of heart with which she received the tidings of these useless slaughters, it was indispensable etiquette for her to return thanks to her general, and public thanksgivings to God for them. The first she performed from her cottage at Windsor, in the following letter:

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 222.
[2] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, vol. iv. p. 104.

"Queen Anne to the Duke of Marlborough. Anno 1708.

[After the victory of Oudenarde.]

"Windsor, July 6, 1708.

"I want words to express the joy I have, that you are well after your glorious success; for which, next to Almighty God, my thanks are due to you. And, indeed, I can never say enough for all the great and faithful services you have ever done me. But be so just as to believe, I am as truly sensible of them, as a grateful heart can be, and shall be ready to show it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my esteem and friendship for you; nor think, because I differ from you in some things, it is for want of either. No; I do assure you, if you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things as I fear you do now. I am afraid my letter should come too late to London, and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue His protection over you, and send you safe home again. And be assured I shall ever be sincerely,

"*Your humble servant,*

"Anne R."[1]

[1] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, vol. iv. p. 104.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Queen Anne's quarrel in St. Paul's cathedral—Silence imposed on her by the duchess of Marlborough — Queen's angry correspondence with the duchess—Queen's progress to Bath with her invalid consort—Pasquinade on the queen's statue at St. Paul's—Letters, in the State Paper Office, of a magician to queen Anne—Death-bed of the prince consort George of Denmark—Queen reproves the duchess of Marlborough—Queen's grief by her husband's corpse—She leaves Kensington for St. James's—Her anxiety regarding her consort's funeral—Her sorrow and seclusion—Her conduct in widowhood—Is jealously watched by the duchess of Marlborough—Queen importuned by parliament to marry again—Her answer —Publishes a general pardon—Her alarm at Marlborough's conduct—Her conference with lord Cowper on the subject—Queen's secret councils with the duke of Argyle—Queen's charity to her sick servant—Her letter of reproof to the duchess of Marlborough—She is subjected to her violence—Queen receives a taunting letter from her—Godolphin appeals to the queen against Dr. Sacheverel—Queen consents to his imprisonment—Verses left on the queen's toilet—[*Fac-simile of a letter of the queen.*]—Queen's estrangement from the duchess of Marlborough — Queen's mysterious proceedings—Confides a despatch to a Hampton-Court gardener—Her secret councils —Her dissension with Godolphin—Her personal endeavours to gain partisans—Her interview with the duke of Marlborough—Her stern reception of his duchess—Her impracticability in council.

The victory of Oudenarde obliged the queen to make her usual state procession to St. Paul's, for the purpose of returning thanks for the success of her arms. The thanksgiving was appointed for August 19, 1708. The duchess of Marlborough, who deemed herself the heroine of the day, was remarkably full of bustle and business on such occasions. Among other important affairs connected with

her office as mistress of the robes, she arranged the queen's jewels in the mode she chose them to be worn. But when the royal cortège was in progress half way up Ludgate-hill, the duchess happened to cast her eyes on the queen's dress, and made the notable discovery that her majesty's jewels were absent—a great disrespect to the occasion, and especially to her—her rage broke out instantly; but what she said or did, to induce an overflowing torrent of words from the lips of the usually taciturn queen, has not been recorded. It is certain, however, that they entered St. Paul's cathedral quarrelling—the queen retorting the taunts of the duchess so loudly, that the intrepid dame experienced some alarm, not at the anger of the queen, but lest the people, who detested the duchess, should overhear, and take an undesirable part in the contest. The queen continued to speak loudly and angrily, after they had both taken their places in the cathedral, on which the duchess insolently told her royal mistress "not to answer her!" Or, as other accounts say, bade the queen to hold her tongue!

The queen had endured much; but this insult, which she never forgot, brought all heartburnings to open and angry discussions. The duchess of Marlborough never committed an outrage against her much-enduring mistress without instantly flying to her bitter pen, and stamping the "airy nothingness" of uttered words with the visible and permanent injuries of written documents. No sooner had she obtained a letter from her husband, which she thought reflected on the queen, than she enclosed it to her majesty in the following meek epistle:—

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.[1]

[August, 1708.]

"I cannot help sending your majesty this letter, to show how exactly lord Marlborough agrees with me in opinion that he has now no interest with you, though, when I said so in the church *a Thursday*, you were pleased to say it was untrue!

"And yet, I think he will be surprised to hear that when I had taken so much pains to put your jewels in a way that I thought you would like, Mrs. Masham could make you refuse to wear them, in so unkind a manner; because *that* was a power she had not thought fit to exercise before.

"I will make no reflections on it, only that I must needs observe that your majesty chose a very wrong day to mortify me, when you were just going to return thanks for a victory obtained by my lord Marlborough!"

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 219.

In answer to this tirade on petty affronts, the queen replied with more dignity than usual:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

[Sunday.

"After the *commands* you gave me on the thanksgiving-day of not answering you, I should not have troubled you with these lines, but to return the duke of Marlborough's letter safe into your hands; and for the same reason I do not say anything to that, or to yours which enclosed it."

Had the queen always assumed the tone perceptible in this answer, she would have been spared many an insult from her ungrateful servant; who returned to the charge, it is true, in reply, but struck her sails in the conclusion of her despatch:—

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.

"I should not trouble your majesty with any answer to your last short letter, but to explain what you seem to mistake in what I said at church. I desired *you* not to answer *me*, for fear of being overheard.

"And this you interpret as if *I* had desired *you* not to answer *me* at all! which was far from my intention. For the whole end of my writing to you so often, was to get your answer to several things in which we differed. If I was in the wrong, that you might convince me; and I should very readily have owned my mistakes. But since you have not been pleased to show them to me, I flatter myself that I have said several things that are *unanswerable.*

* * * * *

"The word *command*, which you use at the beginning of your letter, is very unfitly supposed to come from *me*. For though I have always writ to you as a friend, and lived with you as such for so many years, with all the truth, and honesty, and zeal for your service that was possible, yet I shall never forget that I am your subject, nor cease to be a faithful one."

Many years had passed away since the grand duchess had concluded a letter to her royal mistress in a style so well befitting their respective stations.

Other griefs than those occasioned by the insolence of her puffed-up servant were pressing on the queen's heart. The symptoms of the prince required change of air; and in a few days after her stormy procession to St. Paul's, the queen commenced an easy progress with him to the west of England.

"The prince of Denmark being very much indisposed with asthma this summer, was advised by his physicians to go to *the* Bath, and her majesty, who was ever eminent for her conjugal affection, as another proof of it, resolved to attend him thither; and accordingly, her majesty and the prince set out the 26th of August at Windsor, designing to sleep at Oxford that night." Bath was a very favourite resort of Anne, who was very likely to have visited it on her own account, if

it had not been prescribed for the prince. "At their entrance into Oxfordshire, they were met by the earl of Abingdon, lord-lieutenant of that county, the high sheriff, and most of the gentlemen of that county, and at some distance from Oxford, by the vice-chancellor, doctors, and masters, in their robes, on horseback, and thus they were attended to Christ Church, where they supped. The next day, the queen was pleased to honour the university with her presence in convocation, where the university-orator congratulated her arrival among them, and many of the courtiers were admitted to the degree of LL.D. From the convocation-house, the queen went to the theatre, where she was entertained with a vocal and instrumental concert, and several poesies were exhibited in honour of her visit. She was afterwards entertained by the university at dinner, and then set out with the prince for Cirencester, where she rested that night, and the next day reached *the* Bath. They were previously met on the borders of the county of Somerset by the high-sheriff and gentlemen of the shire, and within half a mile of the city of *the* Bath, by two hundred maids, richly dressed in the costume of Amazons, and at the west-gate, by the mayor and corporation, in their formalities, who attended them to the Abbey House, which was prepared for their reception. The night closed with illuminations, and other popular manifestations of joy."[1]

The same autumn, the queen's statue was completed, which is still in the area before the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral. Bird, the sculptor, received, by a very odd computation, 250*l.* for this statue, for each of the four allegorical figures round the base the sum of 220*l.*, and 50*l.* for the arms and shield.[2] As a work of art, the statue of the queen has been furiously abused; it has, however, the merit of personal resemblance. Just as the figure was placed in its present situation, public rumour was universal, that the queen meant to free herself from the domestic tyranny of the duchess of Marlborough, and all the Whigs foresaw their ensuing banishment from the public wealth which they were actively and greedily imbibing. An outcry was raised against the poor statue, of the most malignant description; pasquinades issued daily, in which the original

[1] Life of her Late Majesty Queen Anne; in two vols.
[2] Life of Sir Christopher Wren, by Elmes, p. 491.

was not spared. Indeed, all sorts of vices were attributed to Anne with unsparing calumny, in order to degrade her in the eyes of her loving people against the day when parties should try their strength. A malignant epigram which was found one night appended to the statue, is attributed to the pen of the Whig physician, Dr. Garth. In positive terms, it accuses the queen of the habit of intoxication, when, at the most, over-indulgence in eating and drinking more rich food and strong wine than was wholesome for a person who had no great personal fatigue to endure, is all that can be justly laid to the charge of queen Anne. Had it been more, her domestic foe, the duchess of Marlborough, in the malicious character she afterwards drew of the queen, would have been delighted to mention any time when she had actually seen her royal mistress in a state of inebriety, but she only notices that calumny to deny it.[1] Nevertheless, the solitary assertion which fastens on queen Anne this disgraceful imputation may be traced to one of her familiars. It is conveyed in a letter of baron de Schutz (envoy from Hanover to England); he informs baron de Bothmar, (Hanoverian minister at the Hague,) that Cadogan[2] had told him "that he considered the greatest advantage to the Whigs was the continuation of the war of the emperor against France: he likewise thought that the deaths of Louis XIV., the Pretender, and queen Anne would be advantageous to them, and very likely to happen, for the first was old, the second consumptive, and as for queen Anne, that she got drunk every day as a remedy to keep the gout from her stomach."[3] Garth's epigram is as follows:—

Verses on Queen Anne's Statue in St. Paul's Church-yard.[4]

"Here mighty Anna's statue placed we find,
Betwixt the darling passions of her mind;
A brandy-shop before, a church behind:
But why thy back turn'd to that sacred place,
As thy unhappy father's was to grace?
Why here, like Tantalus, in torments placed,
To view those waters, which thou canst not taste?
Though, by thy proffer'd globe we may perceive,
That for a dram, thou the whole world wouldst give."

Whilst the decline and illness of the queen's consort

[1] Character of Queen Anne by the duchess of Marlborough, Coxe MSS.
[2] Cadogan was a corrupt tool of the Marlborough faction; he bears no very high character in documentary history.
[3] Hanover Papers, Macpherson 1703, vol. ii. p. 503.
[4] Add. MSS. 5832, fol. 144.

became matter of conversation and speculation throughout Europe, an Italian magician wrote several letters to her majesty, which now remain in the State Paper Office. They are indited in rather elegant Italian, and written in the true Italian hand of the seventeenth century. The writer professes to be a nobleman in distress—an Italian philosopher of anti-catholic principles. But his domain pertained to the state of Asti, near the seat of war, on the Italian side of Piedmont, where he was surrounded by persecuting papists, who neither relished his liberal principles, nor his profession of art magic. In consequence, the French armies had totally ruined him, and devastated his estate; they had done him mischief to the amount of 30,000 English pounds sterling. He would, however, be contented if her high and mightiest majesty of Great Britain would, out of her beneficence and good grace, accord him 10,000*l.* sterling English money. Principe Eugenio (prince Eugene), he adds, knew him right well, and could inform queen Anne that he was a true sufferer in the protestant cause. He moreover insinuates, that *principe* Eugenio was a customer of his in some of his magical quackeries, an assertion which irresistibly recals the memory of the prosecution of that prince's mother in the *chambre ardente* as a customer of La Voisin.

The first letters, although too long for direct translation, seem to be appeals deserving of the queen's attention, being evidently penned by a man of erudition and refinement. It is not possible to tell whether any notice was taken of them by the queen or prince George, who is apparently the object of the application, as he is repeatedly named in the course of the correspondence, with allusions to his failing health. The last letters contain the gist of the writer's mind: he there very frankly offers, in consideration of the ten thousand guineas, (which he trusts queen Anne will award him in compensation of all he has suffered in her cause,) to send her his famous elixir of life, which will restore her to her former beautiful youth, and will entirely heal and restore the serene Danish prince, her spouse, and make him as handsome and young as ever; likewise, if she will give him a place in her Tower of London, he will there work for her in his wonderful art of alchymy, turning all her old copper, pewter, tin, brass, and lead into the purest gold and silver. Thus, another Raymond Lully volunteered to be master

of the Mint! It happened that queen Anne had put her affairs of that department in very different hands—even in those of sir Isaac Newton, who was then master of her Mint. No indication appears that queen Anne gave any encouragement to this earlier Cagliostro of the seventeenth century. It is said, that there are no archives of any sovereign in the world but what contain similar temptations and proposals. Queen Elizabeth was beset with them all her life, and, in some instances, gave heed to their wretched delusions. Queen Mary II. consulted vulgar fortune-tellers; but there is no weakness of the kind at present discovered of queen Anne, whose name is in no way connected with occult practices, or with any encouragement given to the writer of these curious letters preserved in the State Paper Office. Her majesty was troubled with mysterious missives from Italy, which are extant in the same collection; witness the letters written by the order of the pope, very affectionately claiming her as a dear daughter of his church. How queen Anne deserved these tender greetings, cannot be guessed, excepting, as before remarked, the Pope considered the healing office a sign of her compliance; but Henry VIII., queen Elizabeth, and all the sovereigns of the Reformation, practised the same; therefore the solution must be left unexplained—only remarking, that if the Roman-catholic religion had been cherished by no other person more than by queen Anne, it must have long ago disappeared from Europe.

The queen's married life now drew to a close, although she thought her husband perfectly recovered on her return from Bath. Her people felicitated her on her hopes, and poured in congratulatory addresses on his convalescence. Prince George himself knew better; and when the queen prepared to take her usual excursion to the October sports at Newmarket, he entreated her not to leave him. Bishop White Kennet, then attending the court, and officiating at divine service, makes the following remarks, in a letter,[1] dated October 2, 1808 :—

"On Thursday night, I was pressed away by command into service here the next morning, for want of ordinary chaplains, which I wish it were in my power to rectify, that you might see the duties of waiting. I was under the sad apprehension of being hurried away to Newmarket; but her majesty resisting the advice of her physicians, was pleased, yesterday, to comply with

[1] Inedited Lansdowne MSS. 825, fol. 79.

a *motion* (wish) of the prince, and declared her resolution of *not* going this season to Newmarket, which is a great joy to most of the good courtiers, and gave the ladies a new lesson, that she who governs the nation so well, can govern herself so well as always to oblige her husband."

The comment of the literary bishop is certainly true; the queen was an instance of conjugal felicity, which had not then been witnessed in the life of a queen-regnant. There are some panegyrical lines to be seen in the print-room at the British Museum, representing queen Anne and her consort in the same engraving, in profile. The poetry is fulsome, like most of that stamp, yet the first line very happily expresses this singularity in the regality of queen Anne:—

> "The only married queen that ne'er knew strife,
> Controlling monarchs, but submissive wife,
> Like angels' sighs her downy passions move,
> Tenderly loving and attracting love.
> Of every grace and virtue she's possest—
> Was mother, wife, and queen, and all the best."

Among the struggles in the political world, much agitation existed to carry the point of inducing the queen to receive the Whig republican, lord Somers, as her lord-president of council. On that head, lord Godolphin observes, "that the duke of Somerset had told him, with the air of a great minister, 'that the queen had no aversion to Somers; but he had once disobliged the prince, and it was vain to suppose he would ever suffer his appointment.'"[1] A few days afterwards, Godolphin wrote these words to the duchess of Marlborough: "The prince seems in no good way at all, in my opinion, as to health, and I think the queen herself seems now much more apprehensive of his condition than I have formerly known her on the same occasion."[2]

The intimation thus conveyed gave rise to a proceeding on the part of the duchess of Marlborough, which must have woefully increased the anguish that rent the heart of the queen; for it is no slight aggravation to sorrow, when hard fate obliges any one to suffer the extremity of grief in the presence of a sneering enemy, who has a right to intrude as an evil observer, watching and commenting on every emotion that takes place round the bed of death; and such (as will be speedily shown from her *own* narrative)

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 156.
[2] Ibid. Letters of Godolphin to the duchess, p. 170.

was the fiendish conduct of the cruel woman, who played the part, firstly of Anne's temptress to all the evil she did commit, and lastly as her reviler and calumniator.

The unhappy queen was assiduously attending on her dying husband, performing all the offices for him of a tender and patient nurse, when one of the hateful missives of the duchess of Marlborough was put into her hands. It was in her usual style of insult; no mercy of common decency or respect to the poor queen's grief was shown, but her intimation of taking advantage of her high court-offices, and intruding her detestable presence at the bed of death, was prefaced by these words, justly termed offensive by her late biographer:[1]

"Though the last time I had the honour to wait upon your majesty, your usage of me was such as was scarce possible for me to imagine, or any one to believe..." The queen had scarcely read these lines, when the insolent writer entered her presence; for, craftily expecting exclusion from the sick-room of the prince, she had brought her letter herself, and taking advantage of her privilege as mistress of the robes, she boldly thrust herself into the presence, before the queen could order her to be excluded.

The queen received her coolly, and as a stranger. The duchess was, in consequence, as much exasperated as if she had deserved a different reception. According to the testimony of an eye-witness, "the deportment of the duchess of Marlborough, while the prince was actually dying, was of such a nature, that the queen, then in the height of her grief, was not able to bear it." Agony conquered the timidity with which this overbearing spirit had always inspired Anne; and assuming the mien and tone of sovereign majesty, with marked displeasure in her countenance, she said to the duchess, "Withdraw!"[2] For once, the queen was obeyed by her.

In a few minutes, death dealt the blow, and made Anne, queen of Great Britain, a widow, after a happy marriage

[1] Life of the Duchess of Marlborough, by Mrs. Thomson.

[2] Scott's Swift. Memoirs on the Change of the Queen's Ministry, vol. iii. p. 174. Informed by Abigail Masham, who is, as a witness, as much deserving credit as any other contemporary. The fact is confirmed, by the extra-malignity which the duchess infuses into her narrative of the death of the prince-consort, that she had met with some rebuke of a more decided nature than usual from the queen.

of twenty years' duration, unruffled by a dispute and uninterrupted by a rival on either side.

The prince died at Kensington Palace, October 28, 1708, O.S. He was born at Copenhagen, February 29, 1653; consequently, the birth-day of the prince-consort occurred only once in four years, when Leap Year brought round February 29. On those occasions, his loving queen kept it with four-fold splendour. George of Denmark was very lofty[1] in stature, and when he grew corpulent his appearance was gigantic.

The queen sat by the bed of death, "weeping and clapping her hands together,"[2] or wringing them in the unutterable anguish of her first bereavement. She was a monarch, and etiquette—whose chains are almost as inexorable as the sterner tyrant that had just bereaved her of the husband of her youth—required that the mistress of the robes should lead her from the chamber.

The duchess of Marlborough had not departed when the queen bade her withdraw; she had only retired into the background—she saw the prince die. When it was needful for her to act a decided part, she noticed that the prince's servants were crowding round his body, which prevented her from speaking to the queen, to perform her office. Upon which, she went up to lady Burlington,[3] and desired her to give her an opportunity of speaking to the queen. Lady Burlington did so readily, and every one went out with her; the queen and the duchess of Marlborough were left alone with the corpse of the prince. The duchess knelt down by the queen, and began to offer consolation. Her majesty heeded her not, "but clapped her hands together, with other marks of passion." When the duchess had exhausted her consolations, she continued kneeling in silence by her royal mistress.

After some time, the duchess asked the queen, "If her majesty would not please to go to St. James's Palace?" "I will stay here!" replied the queen. "That is impossible," said the duchess; "what can you do in such a dismal place?"

[1] Swift's Journal. "This is Leap Year and Leap Day," writes the dean, "Prince George's birth-day."

[2] Such are the words of the duchess of Marlborough.

[3] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 410 to 416.

"I made use of all the arguments," pursues the duchess of Marlborough, "*common* on that head, but all in vain; the queen persisted 'she would stay at Kensington.' Upon which *I* fancied that her chief difficulty in removing was for fear she should not have so much of Mrs. Masham's company as she desired, if she removed from thence."[1]

Who but this person, at such a time and place, with the dead body of the queen's husband stretched before them, could have had a recurrence of her paltry jealousies or attributed such reasons to the bereaved widow?

The duchess then resumed her strain of consolation, in a manner and phraseology peculiar to herself: "I said, 'Nobody in the world ever continued in a place where a dead husband lay, and where could she be but within a room or two of *that dismal body;* but if she were at St. James's, she need not see anybody that was uneasy to her, and she might see any person that was a comfort to her, as well there, as anywhere else.'"

I could see by her face that she had satisfaction in that, and so I went on saying, "she might go away privately in my coach, with the curtains down, and see nobody, and that if she would give me leave, I would tell Mr. Lowman to make the company go away that she might go to the coach easily. Upon which she consented to go. I led her to her closet in Kensington Palace; when she left *him* (the prince's corpse), she expressed some *passion*"[2]—meaning that the queen gave way to paroxysms of grief.

The queen required to be left in her own closet, to commune with her own spirit on her bereavement. Her majesty, taking off her watch, said to the duchess of Marlborough, "Don't come in to me before the hand of my watch comes to this place." The duchess took the watch, and the queen added, "Send to Masham to come to me before I go."

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 410 to 416.

[2] Ibid. This remark is in the beginning of the dialogue between the queen and the duchess of Marlborough; but from several traits, it evidently occurred as the writer has arranged it. The duchess, like many persons writing from memory, mentions a fact, and then recurs back to what preceded it. Of course, the prince's servants would not have intruded into the queen's closet, nor could they have crowded round the prince's body *there*, as expressly described; therefore, the scene evidently took place in the prince's chamber after it had been cleared, for the duchess appeals to that "dismal body," and to the act of her "leading the queen away from *him*."

If the duchess had had previously the slightest feeling for the queen's loss and distress, this order turned it all to gall and bitterness, although the queen's wish to see and give her commands to one who had been her chief attendant during her long vigils by her suffering husband was very natural. The duchess of Marlborough from that moment continues her narrative with unsparing malignity. She says, withal, commenting upon the royal order, "I thought it very shocking, but at that time resolved not to say the least wry word to displease her; and therefore answered that 'I would,' and went out of the queen's closet with her watch in my hand."

Thus the duchess did not, as usual, both defy and disobey the directions of the queen; but, out of consideration for her majesty's state, was contented with disobedience only.

"I gave," she continues, "Mr. Lowman[1] the necessary orders, but as I was sitting at the window, watching the minute when to go to the queen's closet, I thought it so disagreeable for me to send for Mrs. Masham to go to the queen before all that company, that I resolved to avoid *that*. When the time came, I went into the closet and told the queen, 'I had not sent for Mrs. Masham, for I thought it would make a disagreeable noise when there were bishops and ladies of the bedchamber waiting without, that her majesty did not care to see, and that she [the queen] might send for Masham herself to her to come to St. James's at what time she pleased.' To this she [the queen] consented."[2] The royal widow, in the first anguish of her grief, did not trouble herself to question who was most likely to make a "disagreeable noise?" but it was not probable that either the bishops or ladies would have done so, because her majesty merely required the personal attendance of her bed-chamber woman before she went into the open air to the carriage.

It was the policy of the jealous duchess to take utter possession of the queen in her solitary state. Well she knew it would run through the town that she had carried off the royal widow in her own carriage, without Harley's relatives being apparently thought of by her majesty. For this great end, the duchess had swallowed her present rage at the queen's rebuke just before the prince expired, and clung to all the

[1] Lowman was housekeeper at Kensington. [2] Correspondence.

privileges of her places with patience and pertinacity: yet she did not succeed quite so thoroughly as her bold and clever diplomacy deserved.

The queen called "for her hoods,"[1] and Mrs. Mary Hill, the sister of Abigail Masham, fulfilled the duties of her office by putting on the queen's carriage costume. As she did it, the duchess saw the queen whisper to her, and suspected that it was a kind message to her sister, Mrs. Masham; "who," adds the duchess, "had not appeared before *me* at Kensington, but upon the alarm of the queen being to go with *me* to St. James's Palace, she came into the gallery (at Kensington Palace) with one of her ministers, the Scotch doctor Arbuthnot, to see her majesty pass."[2] The queen was, as of old, leaning on the arm of the duchess of Marlborough, as she took her way through her household, in Kensington Palace gallery; her servants seem to have lined each side of it.

"Notwithstanding the queen's affection for the prince," observes the duchess, her venom warming as her tale proceeded, "at the sight of that charming lady, as her arm was on mine, I found she had strength to bend down towards Mrs. Masham like a sail; for, in passing, she went some steps nearer to her than was necessary. And when that cruel touch was over, of going by her with me, she [the queen] turned about in a little passage room and gave orders about her dogs and a strong box. When we came to my coach, she [the queen] had a very extraordinary thought, as it appeared to me: she desired me 'to send to my lord-treasurer [Godolphin], and to beg him to take care and examine whether there was room in *some vault*[3] to bury the prince at Westminster, and to leave room for her, too?' I suppose it was where her family, kings and queens, had been laid."

What lack of affection was there here; even if the thoughts of the bereaved wife were employed in cares, however useless, regarding his remains in death whose comforts she had just been sedulously watching over while life lasted, not

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 415.

[2] Ibid.

[3] The royal vault of the Stuarts, at one side of Henry VII.'s chapel, made by Charles II., where Mary II., William III., George of Denmark, and queen Anne herself were actually buried.

even leaving him in the last struggle, and scarcely prevailed on to quit his breathless clay when all was over! Was it any proof of coldness in the queen, that in a moment like that, thoughts should occupy her mind of the time when she should be placed by his side, and, as she must perforce die childless and friendless, that heed might be taken to leave room in the vault to put the coffin by that of her husband? It was natural enough for the poor queen to whisper to herself, "Who is there that will take heed for me when I am dead, that I am laid by him?" No crime in this; but it is one of the instances which prove, that, however active malice may be, if a contemporary writer will but narrate individual traits in their course of occurrence, the truth of character and feeling must appear, to unprejudiced persons, whatsoever may be the coloured veil that adverse party may throw over facts by forced inferences being drawn.

"When we arrived at St. James's," continued the duchess,[1] "I carried her very privately through *my* lodgings to her green closet, and gave her a cup of broth. Afterwards she *eat* a very good dinner. At night, I found her at table again, where she had been eating, and Mrs. Masham close by her! Mrs. Masham went out of the room as soon as I came in, not in the humble manner she had sometimes affected, as bed-chamber woman, but with an air of insolence and anger. I attended the queen upon this affliction, with all the care that was possible to please her, and never named Mrs. Masham to her. She [the queen] would make me sit down, as she had done formerly, and make some little show of kindness at night, when I took my leave; but she would never speak to me freely of anything, and I found I could *gain no ground*. Not to be wondered at, for I never came to her but I found Mrs. Masham just gone out from her, which at last tired me, and I went to her seldomer."

There is great trouble taken by the duchess of Marlborough, as she pursues her narrative of the royal conduct in the early days of widowhood, to force inferences that the queen regarded the memory of her husband with indifference. Nothing, however, bears out her assertion, excepting the cup of broth and the good dinner; but then she does not

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 415.

tell how long her majesty had been watching and fasting before the prince expired. She again recurs to her grand proof of the queen's hard-heartedness, which was the care her majesty took lest the body of her departed consort should be shook or discomposed in the removal, to lay in state in the "painted chamber," at the old palace of Westminster, previously to interment at the adjoining Abbey, in the vault of Charles II.

"Before the prince was buried," continues the duchess, "the queen passed a good deal of time looking into precedents, that she might order how it was to be performed, which *I* thought unusual, and not very *decent*. But she [the queen] naturally loved all forms and ceremonies, and remembered more of them than I could ever do, but she had *bits* of great tenderness for the prince.

Anne evidently continued to think that she was doing duty to her lost consort, by occupying her thoughts incessantly about him. It is no proof that she did not feel grief, but that she took the natural way of giving it vent. Her known predilection for these little ceremonials of etiquette and precedence gives reason to suppose the account is true, although most maliciously told against her.

The queen's care throughout was to ascertain whether she could, when dead, be laid by the side of her husband, without any trouble or expense to her successors; because, if that was not clearly the case, her majesty meant, according to the inimical duchess's own showing, to have a new vault or mausoleum instantly constructed, which would hold the prince's coffin and her own. Such anxiety can only be construed by the inverted logic of party spite into indifference for the dead. In truth, although funeral rites and ceremonies do seem as nought to many minds under the acute pressure of grief, the necessity of the nearest relatives giving orders concerning them was wisely ordained, even for those who most truly grieve. Many a heart would have burst with sorrow, if the attention had not been forced to these observances. Neither is there any reason to blame matter-of-fact persons, who have by nature no ideality, because they show their love by affectionate solicitude concerning the remains of their lost friends.

Perhaps the muniments of historical biography contain

not a more revolting remark than the following sneer at this very natural emotion, felt by the queen:—"I remember she wrote me a little note, at which *I* could not help *smiling*, 'that I should send to my lord treasurer [Godolphin], to take care that some door might be taken down at the removing of the dear prince's body to Westminster, for fear the body of the dear prince should be shook as he was carried out of some room;' though she [the queen], had gone long jumbling journeys with him to the Bath, when he must feel it, when he was gasping for breath."[1]

There was nothing in the queen's note, as thus quoted, which could irresistibly provoke a grin—at least, on any *human countenance*. It was, likewise, natural enough, that the royal lady who had shared these jumbling journeys with her husband, caring for him, and tending him while gasping for breath, should take the fond heed her enemy laughed at, lest the "body of the dear prince should be shook or disturbed." The enemy winds up her climax of malignity by saying, "I did see the tears in the queen's eyes, two or three times after his death, and I believe she *fancied* she loved him. She was certainly more concerned for him than she was for Gloucester's death; but her nature was very hard, and she was not apt to cry."[2]

The few persons who have seen and read this statement, actually quote it as a proof that queen Anne was indifferent to the loss of her husband. How could they mistrust the assertions of such celebrities as the duchess of Marlborough or Horace Walpole, although the real facts stared them in the face, even in the very fabric of these persons' own narratives!

Perhaps, queen Anne ought to have comported herself differently, and shown conjugal grief after the model of her censurer, of whom it is said, that in the sick chamber of the duke of Marlborough, her ungracious grace being thrown into one of her furious fits of rage at something the physician, Dr. Mead, had said or done, she flew after him to the grand staircase—not only threatening loudly to pull off his wig, but with the positive intention of performing that feat, if he had not been too nimble in his escape.[4]

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 416.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. vol. ii. p. 114. [4] Coxe Papers.

The interment of the body of the queen's consort took place November 13; it had rested in state at Kensington, since his demise, until November 11, when it was conveyed to the Painted Chamber, Westminster, and laid in state one day before burial. The funeral was splendid,[1] being attended by all the ministers and great officers of state, and yet it is quoted as being private; which means that it was performed in the evening or night, by torch-light. A general mourning and closing of all theatres followed the death of the prince of Denmark.

The queen, absorbed in her grief, could not open her new parliament. The ceremony was performed by commission; addresses of condolence to the queen were voted by both houses of parliament.[2] That portion of the Whig leaders which was considered entirely republican, hitherto excluded, now obtained easy possession of places in the government, having formed a coalition with the family-junta of Godolphin and Marlborough.

The palace-warfare carried on against the queen by the Marlborough duchess, which just before the death of the prince had arrived at an open outbreak, sustained something like an armistice and pacification, whilst the queen was in the first depth of her grief. What, however, the duchess of Marlborough suppressed in outward clamour, she made up in jealous vigilance; of which the following notification in her own words is an instance:—

"Soon after the prince died, the queen, not caring to have it known how much time she passed with Mrs. Masham, ordered Foyster—I think that was her name—a woman that had served her from a child, to make fires in two closets that had been prince George's, which led by a door into the waiting-room that was between the queen's dressing-room and the prince's bed-chamber at St. James's, and another door that opened upon his back-stairs, went down to Mrs. Masham's lodgings. After the prince was dead, nobody having occasion to go that way, Mrs. Masham could go to the queen without being seen, for the queen went to these closets as if she went to prayers, or to read alone. Before I saw the use she made of them, I wondered why she chose to sit in them, which she had never done

[1] Vie de la Reine Anne. [2] Ibid.

before, belonging as they did to the prince; besides, these closets looked only into a very ugly little close space, where Mrs. Masham used to dry linen. When the prince was living, the queen used to sit in her dressing-room, or in one of her other closets, which were both pretty—one looking into the garden and park, and the other into the second court (of St. James's Palace), furnished agreeably with pictures and a couch. But the prince's closets were far from agreeable, one being full of his tools, which he worked with."[1]

Here were the same tastes developed in George of Denmark, that were afterwards remarkable in Louis XVI., and thus does the human mind instinctively seek its level, even if accident has exalted the person above its natural bias. George of Denmark filled a station which suffered him quietly to play the carpenter in his dull little nook at St. James's; yet the times in which the benevolent but hapless Louis were cast would not permit him with impunity to indulge, among the stately gew-gaws of Versailles, in his predilection to the smithy. I have held in my hand, the rude and simple keys which the absolute monarch of France amused himself by fashioning. Alas, alas! the true vocation of an absolute ruler must ever be the high science of unlocking the intricacies of the human mind, and adapting those who can govern best to their fittest stations!

The fierce duchess, after hunting the royal widow into her deceased husband's work-closet, made it out a crime that she should sit surrounded by his tools, declaring that a widow by whom real grief was felt, could not bear to behold aught that belonged to a lost husband. It was probably in this very apartment, that the queen had consulted with her only friend when trouble or danger menaced her, and she clung to the place where she used to confer with her husband, howsoever unpicturesque it might be.

"In about a fortnight after the death of the prince-consort," pursues the duchess of Marlborough, "his closets were ordered to have fires in them; for the queen herself ordered the pages of the back-stairs and her women to call her from thence when my lord treasurer Godolphin came to speak with her, or anybody that she was to see. I remember my lord-treasurer Godolphin told me once a thing that happened one night, which became plain

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

enough afterwards. As he was waiting, the page told him that he had *scraped* at the door a good while, but the queen did not hear. I suppose that was occasioned by her being in the further closet, for fear anybody in the waiting-room might overhear what she and Mrs. Masham said, or that she [the queen] might be gone down to her [Mrs. Masham's] chamber, for all that time she saw everybody that Mrs. Masham pleased, professing all the while to have no regard for anybody but lord Godolphin and the duke of Marlborough."[1]

Strong suspicions were excited by this active dame that some contraband interviews, with the ex-speaker Harley, were effected either in Mrs. Masham's suite or in the tool closet of the deceased prince; for the queen, after taking possession of this nook for some weeks, remained inclosed therein several hours every day. Such a line of conduct could not be permitted by her imperious *maire du palais;* who at length called her royal lady to task for her irregular and unlawful proceedings, by telling her, "she was amazed." "When I spoke to her of it," continues the duchess, "she seemed surprised, just like a person who, on a sudden, becomes sensible of her having done something she would not have done, had she duly considered."[2]

Among other symbols of public grief, the opening of the opera season was delayed until the 14th of December, when a new opera came out, a translation from the "Pirro and Demetrio" of Antonio Morselli. The Italian singer and actor, so well known by the praises of Addison, in the Spectator, Nicolini Grimaldi, then made his *début.* The other favourite performers in the opera of queen Anne's time were Valentini, and Mrs. Tofts.[3] The Italians sang or recited in their native language, while the English singers took up the answers in English.

The death of George of Denmark was expected to produce a great change in affairs of state very early in the queen's widowhood.

Cunningham, who had been the tutor of one of the queen's intimate advisers, the great duke of Argyle, and therefore had the opportunity of knowing the truth, is the

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, the original being printed from the Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

[2] Conduct, by the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 223.

[3] History of the Italian Opera in England, by W. C. Stafford.

only historian who comments on the influence the queen's lost consort had possessed according to the bearing of facts. He says, "the prince of Denmark, who had little favour for the pretender, and had been secretly acquainted with the queen's thoughts, had formerly very much moderated the aversion she had long conceived against the duchess of Marlborough." The same author, likewise, bears witness of the deep grief which the queen suffered, in these words. "The queen being a widow, was so oppressed with fears and so overwhelmed with grief for the loss of her deceased consort that she could scarcely endure the light, though the two houses 'begged that she would not indulge her just sorrow so much as to decline the thoughts of a second marriage,' in which they professed 'that all *their* hopes of happiness did consist.'" But the queen continued a mourner for her late husband, and seemed incapable of consolation.

The queen's widowhood had only lasted three months, when her faithful houses of parliament sent formal addresses importuning her to marry again.[1] Her majesty's answer was neither devoid of regal nor feminine dignity.

"I have," replied the royal widow, "taken sedulous care for the protestant succession—a proof of my hearty concern for the happiness of the nation; but the subject of the addresses is of that nature, that I am persuaded that a more particular answer is not expected."

For some personal reason not yet revealed, lord Somers had been so entirely obnoxious to the queen's late consort, as to prevent his previous appointment as one of the queen's ministers. He likewise remained under the parliamentary ban of impeachment for corruption;[2] he was president of the council; the ill-living lord Wharton was viceroy of Ireland; lord Pembroke succeeded prince George in the mismanagement of the navy. Godolphin, the lord-treasurer, who did not wholly approve of the doings of his new colleagues, was scared into silence, by a letter concerning his correspondence with St. Germains, held *in terrorem* over him, by this clique.[3]

[1] Parliamentary Journals, January 28, 1708-9; likewise Toone's Chronological History, &c.

[2] Sir Rowland Guin's Letter to the Elector of Hanover, Macpherson's Stuart and Hanover Papers, vol. ii., p. 137.

[3] Carte's Memorandum Book, vol. xi., 4to, p. 27, as quoted in Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii. p. 104.

A very strange proclamation, emanating from the remnant of prerogative left to queen Anne—namely, that of mercy—is supposed to have been issued by her, to save her old servant from this terrible dilemma; this was her general pardon, in which forgiveness for correspondence with St. Germains was particularly dwelt upon; it surprised the world, but was confirmed by parliament.[1]

The people of England, who believed in the principles of Christianity, were greatly alarmed at the now frequent publication of works, under the patronage of the new ministers, which, wholly leaving the common path of polemics to the numerous dissenters who raged at each other and the church of England, flew on the Christian religion itself, and boldly attacked the very existence of divine revelation. The known infidelity, and the immoral lives of Somers, Wharton, and Pembroke, joined to these proceedings, gave determination to the great body of the people to oppose the first flagrant injuries to the church or clergy, that the new powers meditated. The queen, absorbed in her grief, seemed disposed to let the world go on its own way, during the first winter of her widowhood. Her people remained in moody quiet, waiting respectfully till the queen should be roused from her torpor to make some response to their feelings; but they watched with jealousy the rise of such clergymen as the "facetious Hoadley,"[2] who were nominated to vacant benefices at the caprice of the minister of state.

The queen had not sufficiently recovered her spirits to prorogue her parliament in person, May 21, 1709. She had not even then left the seclusion of the privy-chamber;[3] nevertheless, in that seclusion, according to the Stuart Papers, was contrived the act of amnesty just mentioned. It was brought before parliament by a wile of Godolphin, and received the royal assent by commission, with fifty other acts. Our readers well know, that the shelter the queen

[1] Carte's Memorandum Book, vol. xi., 4to, p. 27, as quoted in Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii. p. 104.

[2] Bio. Britannica. After this *bon vivant* of theatrical tastes (such as the theatre was in *those* days) had been forced, against the will of the queen and people, into the see of Bangor, he never beheld his diocese, remaining obstinately an absentee while bishop of Bangor. He was finally endowed with the "Golden Winchester," as a warning to uncompromising church-of-England clergymen of self-denying habits and clerical pursuits.

[3] Vie de la Reine Anne, &c., for the fact of her seclusion at this time. Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii., for the rest.

gave her lord-treasurer, for correspondence with the court at St. Germains, was a mere act of self-defence; she too well remembered, how deeply she had been compromised by the same correspondence, during her quarrel with queen Mary, and that if revelations were commenced, her share would be soon proclaimed; and when the consequences of her favourite Marlborough's betrayal of his countrymen at Camaret Bay were blazoned abroad, there would be some difficulty to induce the country at large to believe the queen herself had no share in the iniquity.

In order to develop entirely the situation of queen Anne at this juncture, outraged and goaded as she was by the Marlboroughs and their family-junta, due remembrance must always be had of her terrors, lest her share in all the evil-doings perpetrated by the various agents of the Revolution should be proclaimed to the world in one of the mad fits into which rage occasionally threw the duchess of Marlborough. Anne dared not exasperate her; she dared not remove her, until sufficient wealth had been gathered by the duke of Marlborough to render their stake in the country such as to insure their interest in keeping affairs in general in stability. The duchess of Marlborough well knew the uneasy state of the queen's mind regarding the past; she therefore boldly gratified her arrogance by subjecting her sovereign to the most galling insults.

Thus the poor queen was not permitted to rest in peace during the twelvemonth which she had devoted to bewail in retirement the loss of her beloved consort. The cannons of the dearly bought victory of Malplaquet, won by the duke of Marlborough, broke her repose, and forced her again to enter public life. She was obliged to make another procession of thanksgiving to St. Paul's Cathedral, but, with her eyes red with weeping, and her heart appalled at the carnage of twenty thousand of her subjects, who laid stiff and stark in the trenches of that fatal Flemish town.

The queen's broken spirit certainly emboldened the duke of Marlborough to make a proposition, little consistent with the English constitution. On his return from the campaign of Malplaquet, he very coolly demanded of the queen, "her patent to make him captain-general for life, intimating that the war would probably last not only the duration of their lives, but probably for ever."

Some preliminaries of peace had, for the first time, been discussed that summer; the queen had thus been encouraged to hope a little in the possibility of seeing, in the course of a few months, an end of that murderous war, the details of which filled her with horror. To her, every list of the killed and wounded was a personal reproach; her desire had become ardent to put an end to such slaughter; and here was a man, who, in his drawling condoling voice, was very quietly proposing war for ever, and himself at the head of it! The queen dismissed the question, by telling him, "That she would take time to consider of it."

Those who deny queen Anne all talent have never examined the personal proceedings of her regnal life. Instead of going with an outcry and complaint to the rest of the Marlborough clique, blaming the wickedness and selfishness of such a proposal, she very naively asked a question of the keeper of her conscience, lord-chancellor Cowper, one of her ministry who was not a member of the family-junta. "In what words," asked queen Anne, "would you draw a commission which is to render the duke of Marlborough captain-general of my armies for his life?"

Lord Cowper started with astonishment; no doubt visions of the turbulence of Prætorian guards, and the tyranny of the military dictators of Rome, flitted before his classic memory. He believed that the queen, in perfect ignorance of what she had promised, was about to yield the constitution of England into the hands of a military dictator. He expressed his opinion forthwith most warmly against drawing any such commission. The queen, with no little tact, bade him "Talk to the duke of Marlborough about it." Lord Cowper accordingly went to the great man, and after relating the proposal of the queen, told him, honestly, "he would never put the great seal of England to any such commission."[1] The division in their own party caused the Marlboroughs to withdraw this extraordinary manifestation of ambition,—he had gone too far even for his own colleagues, and, in consequence, many pious aspirations for a good peace

[1] Swift's Mems. on Change of the Queen's Ministry. Scott's Swift, p. 179. Coxe, in his Life of Marlborough, fully confirms the facts of this incident. The MS. Diary of Lord Cowper presents a long hiatus at this important juncture, but in its continuation he alludes to these circumstances.

afterwards adorn the epistles of the godly general, and even those of his ungodly spouse.

The queen, roused by a demand, the tendency of which was so unmistakeable, apprehended an attempt by Marlborough on the crown. The duke of Argyle,[1] and several lords in whom she thought she could confide, were secretly brought to confer with her majesty on this subject. They were consulted as to what course should be taken by the queen, if, on her refusal of the duke of Marlborough's demand to be made generalissimo for life, any danger should be apprehended from him? When the duke of Argyle suddenly answered—"Her majesty need not be in pain, for he would undertake, if ever she commanded him, to seize the duke of Marlborough at the head of his troops, and bring him before her, dead or alive!"

A proceeding of this kind might be satisfactory, for the gratification of private revenge; but queen Anne must have felt that, even if successfully performed, such an exploit would only cast her from the power of one military despot into that of another.

It was Harley who had brought the secret council together for the protection of the queen, after she had learnt, from the lips of Marlborough himself, the point to which his ambition was tending.[2] The continuance of the deadly hatred of the duchess for Harley, the origin of which is carefully veiled under generalizing assertions of his worthlessness, needs no further elucidation.

The resistance of the queen to rendering the duke of Marlborough military despot of England for life, was, in a very short time, traced to the agency of Harley; and it was discovered withal, that his cousin, Mrs. Masham, introduced the secret council to the royal presence. It may be supposed that the duchess of Marlborough, when she discovered the proceedings of the adverse party, gave way to torrents of loquacious rage, which were chiefly vented on Abigail. Among other sayings, she reported that the

[1] The confidence which Anne always reposed in Argyle, invests his tutor Cunningham's History of Great Britain, at this period, with more authenticity than his contemporaries.

[2] Swift's Mems. on Change of the Queen's Ministry. Scott's Swift, p. 180.

new favourite had been heard to boast "that she could make the queen stand on her head, if she chose to require it:"[1] a trope and figure more in unison with the duchess's own style of audacity, it must be owned, than with the sayings of her cautious kinswoman.

The duchess of Marlborough very soon had an opportunity of venting her exasperation on the queen. Her majesty, before the end of October, had signified to her, as mistress of the robes, that she should lay aside her mourning for her deceased consort, at the ensuing Christmas festival;[2] of course, the preparations for the renewal of royal splendour occasioned immediate intercourse between the queen and her officials of the stole and the robes. That intercourse was soon marked by decided hostility. The battle began with skirmishing concerning vacant lodgings and chambermaids' situations, but soon soared to the usual high political controversy. The belligerent parties appear to have resided, while the paper war raged, the queen at Windsor Castle, and the angry duchess at the ranger's lodge, and occasionally at St. Alban's. The following is the severest letter the queen ever ventured to address to her tyrant. It was an answer to a fierce epistle written by the duchess in anticipation that Mrs. Masham meant to give away some menial situation in the palace, which was in her gift:

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"Windsor, Thursday Noon, October,[3] 1709.

"I had written so long a letter to you yesterday (which I desired lord treasurer [Godolphin] to send), when I received yours, that I could not then write more, or I should not have been so long answering it. You need not have been in such haste, for Rainsford[4] is pretty well again, and I hope will live a great while. If she should die, I will then turn my thoughts to consider who I know that I could like in that place, being a post that next my bed-chamber woman is the nearest to my person of any of my servants; and I believe nobody—nay, even yourself, if you would judge impartially—could think it unreasonable that I should take one in a place so near my person that were agreeable to me.

"I know this place is reckoned under your office, but there is no *office* what-

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[1] Coxe MSS., vol. xlv., fol. 83, Brit. Mus.

[2] MS. Letter of the Duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

[3] The date of the month is absent, but the duchess has endorsed it as in answer to one of hers, of October 26, 1709.

[4] The person in the menial office, whose expected demise had caused the duchess to make an attack on the queen, lest the place, which was about the royal bed, or sleeping-room, should not be of her own appointing.

soever that has the entire disposal of anything under them, but I may put in any one I please when I have a mind to it.

"And now you mention the duke of Somerset again, I cannot help on this occasion saying, that wherever he recommends any body to me, he *never* says 'it is his right,' but he submits to my determination."

This submission was from a prince of the blood, the "proud duke of Somerset," and very dexterously is the arrogant parvenu reminded by the queen, that she had lately interfered with some appointments pertaining to the office of this very duke, that of master of the horse:

"He has done so upon occasions in which *you* have recommended people to *me* in posts under *him*. But I do not say this that you should think I hearken to everybody's recommendation, which, indeed, I do not, and will not. As for the person[1] you are so mightily afraid should put any one into Rainsford's place, I dare say she will not go about recommending anybody.

"If this poor creature should die (which, as I said before I hope she will not), I shall then hearken to no one's recommendation but my own, which I am sure you ought not to think any wrong or injustice to *you*.

"I have not yet so perfect an account of Somerset House as I would have, which is the reason I have not said anything concerning poor Mrs. Howe; but I shall be able in a few days to let you know what lodgings she can have.

"I am ashamed to send you such a blottish scrawl, but it is so late that I cannot stay to write it over again."

The bellicose duchess annexed a paper to the above letter, on which was written: "The queen's letters, when Mrs. Masham designed to give her favourite a place in my office, who had been my nursery-maid, but she was useful to Mrs. Masham, and often went on messages, and was in private with the queen." She likewise indorsed the royal epistle with these words, 'This is a very odd letter, and a very extraordinary thing to make *her* excuse to me for writing a very fine hand; it would have been much more *excusable* to have been ashamed of the change in her style." There certainly was a change in the style, which is clear, terse, and temperate; the construction bears powerfully on the sense which it is the writer's intention to convey. In all these points, it is the direct reverse of Anne's usual correspondence, both before and after this period. Mrs. Masham had doubtless assisted the queen in the composition. The duchess, after she had recovered her first consternation at the tone of command conveyed by the royal missive, evidently thought the same. After due cogitation, her grace's state of wrath became of the requisite height of tempera-

[1] Mrs. Masham.

ture to impel an inbreak on the royal seclusion at Windsor Castle. When there, she made a general survey of the proceedings in every department of "her office," in order to furnish herself with a sufficient case of grievances; when this was done, she swooped down on offending majesty, breathing vengeance for a very small infraction on "her rights!"

"All the storm was raised," said Mrs. Danvers, (when describing the furious scene which she witnessed,[1] being that day lady in waiting,) "merely because the queen allowed a bottle of wine every day to a sick servant in her laundry, without having previously asked leave of the duchess." Mrs. Abrahal was the person, according to the duchess of Marlborough's own assertion, when giving her version of the quarrel; indeed, the name of this poor woman haunts the duchess of Marlborough's letters, without her offences being intelligibly defined; she is the same person who was previously named as one "that had washed the queen's Brussels lace-heads for twenty years."

On the very slight ground of ostensible dispute that her majesty's charity to Mrs. Abrahal afforded, the queen received a more than usual share of the duchess's vituperation; the tone of which was so loud and shrill, that the footmen at the bottom of the back-stairs could hear the whole of her harangue. The queen rose to quit the room, but the duchess intercepted her, and, whisking between majesty and the only means of egress, set her back to the door, and informed her royal mistress "that she should hear her out, for that was the least favour she could do her *for having set the crown on her head, and kept it there.*" Her grace was then pleased to rage for one hour, before any symptoms were apparent to the queen of the hurricane being lulled. At last Sarah finished, with the information that "she did not care if she never saw her majesty again." The queen replied calmly, "that she thought, indeed, the seldomer the better." Upon which, the duchess flounced out of the royal presence.[2]

"There is one thing more," says the duchess's version of the fray, "that I had occasion to speak of to the queen, and that is in relation to Mrs. Abrahal, who, by means of Mrs.

[1] To lord Dartmouth, the queen's lord-privy-seal, after the dismissal of lord Sunderland. Dartmouth Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 445.

[2] Ibid.

Masham, had an order from the queen to have the allowance of her place raised (which there was no apparent reason for), without any mention being made to *me*, though she had been a servant of mine, and *I* had given her the place. The secret of the matter was, that this woman had served Mrs. Masham when she lay in, and could not attend the queen herself, to carry messages to her majesty. This was no reason with *me* to pass over so crude and irregular a thing, which, I remember my lord Godolphin was so shocked at, that he delayed executing it, till he had represented to her majesty the unfitness of such a proceeding, and though the queen could allege nothing for it, she positively commanded him to sign the order."

Majesty was at a low ebb in England, in 1709, when a queen-regnant could not order a small benefaction to a superannuated and sick laundress, who had washed for her for thirty years, without receiving lectures from a prime minister.

The duchess then proceeds to give her own account of the scene, which has been related from the evidence of the lady in waiting, Mrs. Danvers. "I took an occasion to speak to the queen of Mrs. Abrahal's matter. I told her majesty that this was a thing contrary to her own rules, and the practice of all the courts she ever knew, and that it was a maxim with all gentlemen not to interfere in one another's business, and that Mrs. Masham might have better intermeddled in the archbishop of Canterbury's affairs, or the lord chancellor's office, than in mine."[1] This was undoubted truth, but the queen denied "that Mrs. Masham had anything to do with it, for it was her own wish to reward and comfort her sick servant."

But having fairly tired her powers of utterance, the duchess again flew to her pen. The epistle that succeeded this notable interview has not been preserved, but the queen, in her reply, used the words, that "she prayed God to open her eyes." There exists several varied editions among the Marlborough papers of the answer to her majesty, being compositions which the angry dame had tried before she pleased herself. The queen seems finally to have received the following letter, which varies from the printed copy in

[1] Coxe MSS.; Duchess of Marlborough's Letter to Mr. Hutchinson, Brit. Museum.

many respects—among others, the old familiar term, "Mrs. Morley," is changed to "majesty." The letter was occasioned by information of the existence of a recently published character-romance written to depreciate her and her duke, and to exalt the queen and Abigail. It is a singular study to compare the letter of the duchess, and that of her satellite, Maynwaring, who sent her the news. She has evidently never read the book with which she taunts the queen; but copies her informant's expressions, amplifying some hints in hopes of making a little mischief between her majesty and the hated Masham:

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.[1]

"I am very thankful to your majesty for your letter, and for the profession at the end of it, which deserves more acknowledgments than I am capable of paying; and if you shall dislike anything that I am going to say in answer to it, I hope you will continue to forgive me; for since I write to you only as a friend, it is impossible for me to say the least word that I don't think.

"You are pleased to say, 'you doubt not, I wondered very much, that you were so long without taking notice of my last letter;' indeed, I was in hopes either to have heard from you sooner, or that, since you took so much time about it, you would have given a more particular answer to several things that I mentioned, and especially, that you would have convinced me that I was in the wrong as to what I said of Abigail's power; but since you passed that quite over, I cannot help renewing my request, that you will explain this matter a little more at large, and without troubling yourself to write a very long answer to this, will please only to tell me what it is that can prevail with you to oppose the advice of your ministers and council, if it be not this pernicious woman and those that apply to you by her? What is all this *strangling* [struggling] about to form an insignificant party, but only to support her? And who are those that you told me you had somewhere, but a few inconsiderable men, that have undertaken to carry her up to a pitch of greatness, from which she would be thrown down with infamy in a fortnight? What did some people in your service ride lately about from her to Mr. Harley at London, and thence to Mr. St. John's in the country, and then back again to her, and so again to London, as if they *rid* post all the while; but about some notable scheme which I dare swear would make the world very merry, if it were known? And I can't help taking notice that it was much about the time that lord Haversham was introduced to you; so that, perhaps, he is an undertaker in this fine work, whom you yourself have so often heard revile your government in the house of lords. But it looks as if nobody were too infamous to be countenanced, that would but apply to the

[1] Coxe's Papers, vol. xlv., fol. 201, ad finem.

great new favourite, to whom his lordship would have gone directly from you, but that he unfortunately mistook the room.[1] I can't imagine what your majesty means *by your six years' experience of my ill opinion of you*,[2] unless it be that I have had the misfortune to differ in opinion; which I must own I have very much; for I did always think just as I do now,—that those who persecuted you when princess, were very unfit to serve you when you were queen, and that you might much more safely rely on men that were really for the church and present government, than on others who only pretend to be for one and are certainly against the other. And this was all we differed about for a great while, that I remember; though *now*, indeed, we differ about another thing, which is, that I certainly think you are influenced by Abigail to do things that are directly against your interest, quiet, and safety; and you seem to think there is nothing of all this; therefore, I will tell you very plainly, why I think so at present, and what it is that would make me think otherwise. I think the first, because I find every day, that you do not follow the advice of lord Marlborough and lord-treasurer as you used to do; and I do not think even now, that any men have more credit with you than they have; therefore, who can it be but that woman?[3] for you see nobody else; and to show you that I am not alone of this opinion, if I should ask the first ordinary man that I met, what had caused so great a change in you, he would answer me, 'twas because you were grown fond of Mrs. Masham, and were governed by her and by those that govern her;' and, because you 'pray to God to open my eyes,' I will tell you how you may do that yourself, which is, by living with your old friends, as you used to do, and hearken to the advice of your faithful ministers and council; for this will open *my* eyes and everybody's else; and, indeed, I can't help advising you either to change your ministers quite, or to get another general and treasurer; and so to let her and her creatures govern all as long as they can, or else to be directed by those in your chief employments, and convince the world that Abigail has no more to do than another bed-chamber woman; and this, I cannot but think, would be a wiser resolution, than the pursuing any project she can put you upon, especially that of dividing the Whigs; which you may easily apprehend would be very dangerous, since *lord M.*[4] (who was never violent that way), is so absolutely against it; but Mr. Harley likes it, as the best means of giving him another opportunity to do mischief, and your majesty a happy occasion of owning his hand-maid, Abigail, and of bringing all the worthless men of the kingdom into your service; and I can't but take

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[1] "And went to Mrs. Cowper," according to the printed copies, which differ essentially from the MSS.

[2] Not in any other printed copy. The passage is of the more importance, since it is a dark hint, confirmatory of the story already related—that, in 1700 or 1701, after the death of the duke of Gloucester, Anne accidentally overheard lady Marlborough reviling her with loathing contempt; it is at the same time evidently inexplicable to the Marlborough duchess, who dreamed not of the gloves, but referred all to political differences.

[3] Abigail Masham.

[4] The duke of Marlborough; she often so calls him.

notice upon this occasion, what opposition was made by those people to the getting a flag for this very man who has done so much service in the West Indies, for no other reason that I could ever learn, but that he was then known to be the most deserving man of his time in the navy.

"I had almost forgot to tell you of a new book that is come out; the subject is ridiculous, and the book not well wrote at all; but I think that looks so much the worse, for it shows that the notion is universally spread among all sorts of people. It is a dialogue between madame Maintenon and *madame Masham*, in which she thanks her for her good endeavours to serve the king of France here, and seems to have great hopes of her, from her promising beginnings and her friendship for Mr. Harley; and there is stuff not fit to be mentioned, and a long account of that lady's famous amour with Mr. Chudd, managed by lady Newport. Some part of that I knew to be true; but I will not trouble you longer upon so disagreeable a subject.

"The woman that has been put upon writing it, and the printer, have been in custody, and are now under prosecution.[1] It has appeared that she kept correspondence with two of the favourite persons in the book—my lord Peterborough and Mr. Harley, and I think it is to be suspected that she may have had some dealings with Mrs. Masham, who is called Hillaria.[2] She says, '*that she* [Abigail] *loved, and understood letters, introduced—nay, applauded the ingenious, and did ever endeavour to make them taste the royal bounty.*' This is in the book. The favourite characters are your majesty, Mrs. Masham, my lord Peterborough, and Mr. Harley. Speaking of her, it begins thus—'*She had a soul fitted for grandeur, a capacious repository for royal favour, happy in a mistress deserving such a favourite, her mistress, in a favourite deserving to be such.*'

"I think in this part she is made to take the place of your majesty, and then it goes on, '*That Don something* (*who is Mr. Harley*) *made his applications with assiduity to Mrs. Masham, arising from the awful esteem he had of her thousand virtues. She could not be ungrateful* (*no, poor soul, not she!*); *her fine sense did the don* (*who is Mr. Harley*) *justice; from mutual admiration they grew to mutual esteem and confidence*'—and your majesty, who is called the royal Olympia, '*permitted them to have a share in the sweets of her appropriated hours!*'

"Now, since the people who desire to support your government, find, by woful experience, that delays every day happen in things of the greatest consequence—that this lady is your favourite, and that the Tories, in such simple books as they get written and published, proclaim this great favourite to all the world, I hope you will no longer think it a crime in me, what you have formerly imputed for one, that I believed your majesty allowed her

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[1] Her name was Manley. The jury refused to punish her, the defence being, "wonder how the great general and his duchess could insist that the detail of such fictitious adventures of mere romance pertained in any way to their own illustrious and virtuous career."

[2] From her name of Hill, as Abigail would not have suited the nomenclature of romance.

great liberties, or think that *I* was the only person that discerned the private way of conversing with Mrs. Masham, since all that matter is now in print; and notwithstanding *our prosecution*, I suppose, sold in every shop."

To this extraordinary epistle and gratuitous review on a new novel, which the royal Anne had never read, is appended, by the duchess: "On a strange book, wrote to compliment Abigail, in 1708 or 1709;" to which is added, "I wrote this to the queen, hoping it would do good, when she would not own that she had any commerce with Mrs. Masham but as a bed-chamber woman."

An interview succeeded this letter; the queen's manner was greatly changed. According to the duchess of Marlborough's description to Maynwaring,[1] her majesty told her, "with such an air, that she had friends." "Then," adds the duchess's satellite, without perceiving the natural inference of his words, "*they* can be none but the duke of Marlborough's sworn enemies. I should think the expression ought to alarm him and the lord-treasurer; therefore, for God's sake, madam, when you go to Windsor, pay that most necessary duty of disturbing her quiet possession of Abigail." In the mocking comments of Maynwaring, it appears that the poor queen, in reply to the tauntings of the duchess, had exclaimed, "Sure! I may love whoever I please!"—a permission the duchess was far from suffering to be taken as granted.

Anne's imprudent boast of her friends, whom she named not, alluded to the secret council for her defence, which Harley had convened about the same time.[2] Taciturn as the queen was, the taunts of the irate duchess extracted this vaunt from her usually sealed lips; and well was it remembered, that the same expression had been used by her in one of the last angry interviews she had with her sister, queen Mary. The consequences of which interview were that she did her best, by the aid of the unnamed friends (then the Marlboroughs and their clique), to overturn the throne of her sister and her spouse. Therefore, when queen Anne, "with such an air," spoke of "having friends," the Marlboroughs could construe her words by the results of former facts.

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol i. p. 263.

[2] A passage which identifies the truth of Swift's tract of secret history before quoted.

Nor was the queen suffered to feel the effect of the natural yearning of long affection; for the duchess so freely boasted of the hatred she felt for her majesty, that Mayn-waring, in his letters, alludes to it repeatedly, not only in regard to present anger, but that she had, by her own showing, always detested her:[1] "Since you have lost nothing but her *passion*, which it is plain you never cared for, and since the cause of your falling out is removed, she being entirely in the hands[2] you would have put her in from the first, I think whenever *she* [the queen] shall have owned herself to be in the wrong in her late actions, which she ought to do, you should then for the future live with her like a friend and good acquaintance, always remembering to give yourself high and just airs on the subject of politics. And then for that noble treasure, her heart, I would tell her, 'that since she has given it to so worthy an object as fair-faced Abigail, I would never think of regaining it;' and if you would see her pretty often in this jocose manner, (which you could perform rarely if you pleased,) it would give your friends infinite satisfaction; and I should not at all despair, when the Whig party is well settled and *re-united*, to see what you mentioned performed, of sending the sweet soul [Abigail Masham] and her husband to a government, quite to discourage the Tories, and keep them down for ever.

"You say the queen would so hate all those that contributed to this, and particularly the Freemans, that there would be no living with her after it with any satisfaction. I have heard others, and even yourself, say that she would forget her dear charms in a month." This exquisite code of directions concludes with the proposal "to write books as himself and the duchess had done before the last election, to prove that all Tories were Frenchmen, and must never rise again.

"The right bottom of almost everybody," pursues this most righteous statist, "is *their interest*, and there was never such a bottom as these ministers have to stand on—a strong, industrious, able, and well-intentioned party, that no one can ever get between them and the queen. And if

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 264.

[2] Evidently Somers and Wharton, with whom the duchess's son-in-law, Sunderland, an avowed enemy to revealed religion, was closely allied.

you do not like to be at the head of this party, as you naturally should be, what do you think of resigning your place to my lady Orkney? Do you think she could be prevailed upon to take it?"

Thus, there were divisions among the Somers, Wharton, and Mohun Whigs and the Godolphin and Marlborough Whigs. Godolphin was probably the cause of the disunion; and if Dr. Sacheverel had not made the grand mistake of attacking him instead of the more bitter opponents of the church, that disunion might have led to remarkable results.

The lady who succeeded the duchess of Marlborough in the queen's favour, and subsequently in her office of mistress of the robes, was the duchess of Somerset. She had, in the preceding reign, been the friend of the queen, and had, in the midst of her disgrace with queen Mary II., even assumed the character of Anne's protectress. Mrs. Danvers, who had been one of the ladies of the queen's mother, and had served her majesty from her infancy, told lord Dartmouth "that she could not wonder at the favour of the duchess of Somerset, who was one of the best bred ladies at court; but she had always been surprised at the queen's attachment to the duchess of Marlborough, who was the very reverse of the queen in manners and disposition."[1]

Although it would, perhaps, be preferable to place the following letter, relative to the queen's health and daily routine, at the period when the duchess of Somerset was the queen's first lady, yet, as it is endorsed by the noble family who received it, as pertaining to 1709, it here follows:—

DUCHESS OF SOMERSET TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, 1709.

"I can so little forgive myself the not acknowledging the favour of your letter from Chatsworth, that I can hardly hope for your pardon, though I can, with great truth say, that you have not a more faithful servant than I am, or one that values your friendship more than I do. I told the queen when I received your first letter, and she then commanded me to give you thanks for inquiring after her; and, as soon as I had yours this morning, I told her 'you would have come yourself if you had been able.' The queen then *bid* me tell you 'she was glad to hear you were come safe to London,

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, p. 32, vol. vi.

and that after so great a journey, 'twas soe necessary for you to rest, that she would not have you think of coming hither [probably to Windsor], but thanks you for inquiring after her;' she is still very lame, but is well in health, and went yesterday to take the air in her coach, and will do so every day when the weather is good."

In the second year of the Whig government, the queen was forced by her ministers into the precedent established by her predecessors, William and Mary, of silencing the convocation.[1] The grievances connected with this measure burst into the popular flame which attended the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, one of the orators of the high-church *Lower* house of convocation.

Dr. Sacheverel sprang from an old Norman family, whose name occurs on the Battle Abbey roll. He had inherited the courage and grandeur of person that generally distinguish the lines of the *nobiles minores*, in England. His name, like most of those of old county families, was found in the ranks of both Roundhead and Cavalier. He has been reproached for the misdeeds of both, but it seems that his father was a stanch loyalist.

All historians who wrote in the last century concur in representing Sacheverel as a person of the meanest capacity, and their universal chorus has been echoed by their fraternity since. It is not a common case to find paucity of ability in any individual who has started from the conventionalities of private life to become the leader of a nation. Question principles and motives, if it so please the objector—abilities speak for themselves.

One case is a clear one, Sacheverel was no pen orator, or author; but he possessed the mightier gift of eloquence, and he did with his hearers whatsoever he chose. He chose, or it fell in the course of his duty, to preach a sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral, of all days in the calendar, on the far-famed fifth of November, anno 1709. It was considered the bounden duty of the preacher of St. Paul's, to celebrate the two deliverances from popery—one from "Gunpowder Treason and Plot," the other the landing of William, that had occurred on that anniversary, 1688.

Likewise, a progressive glance was expected to be thrown

[1] Somerville, Reign of Anne, p. 124, for the fact. Somerville has not gone deeper into the causes of the animosity between the two houses of convocation than the surface presented.

on "queen Bess's day," as the 17th of November, queen Elizabeth's accession-day, was called by apprentices, who usually burnt in effigy, near her statue on St. Dunstan's Church, Temple Bar, all the political bugbears furnished by the dominant powers, who put themselves to considerable expense at Monmouth-street, to furnish toilets for the obnoxious effigies, not only of the pope, pretender, and their Satanic colleagues, but nearly forty well-dressed opponents of the Whigs and low church.

Sacheverel celebrated all these events so as to make the very walls of the new cathedral ring. When he mentioned "queen Bess's day," he told all the evil he knew of Elizabeth, and none of the good, which was not fair. He said little of the first deliverance from popery, but a great deal regarding the last; and, without knowing a quarter of their treachery and corruption, he told some alarming truths of the leaders of the Revolution—lord Godolphin he especially castigated under the name of Volpone: his sermon lasted three hours—a moderate share of "spiritual provender," as "douce Davy Deans" would have said; yet no one among his crowded audience was tired, and, what was more singular, this oration of the polemic-politic class, although it unsaid and contradicted what all other polemic politicians had said, was received by the people with intense satisfaction.

Lord Godolphin, against whom it was particularly aimed, flew to the queen, and, in an agony of rage and passion, claimed the character of Volpone as his own, in which he behaved far more like a goose than a fox. He called down the vengeance of the crown on the daring churchman, and told the queen, that in the contempt with which the revolutionists were mentioned her majesty shared, and recalled to her royal memory some passages which perhaps Anne was doing her best to forget. The queen had, however, been mentioned in the orator's most florid terms of affectionate admiration, which had their due effect with all his hearers who could not draw inferences.

The result was, that Dr. Sacheverel was imprisoned, and had to prepare for impeachment at the ensuing sessions of parliament. The consequences, in case of his condemnation, were those to which death seems a trifle—the lash, the pillory, loss of ears, imprisonment for life—such had

been dealt out to several Englishmen, even in the "golden days of our queen Anne,"[1] not for reviling queen, or church, but for libelling any of the members of parliament. A clergyman had been condemned to this horrid fate very recently, for having published a pamphlet on some of the duke of Marlborough's deeds, but the queen, on due consideration, pardoned him,—the duchess says, at her intercession—if so, the duchess took the wisest part, considering the temper of the times.

Directly the queen consented to the incarceration of the champion of high church, all London rose *en masse* against the Godolphin administration. Vast mobs paraded the streets—intimations having been given them that the heart of the queen yearned towards the church of England, as she had received it in her youth. The streets and courts round St. James's rang with the cries of "God save the queen and Dr. Sacheverel"—"Queen and high church."

The queen, and every one inclined to peace, blamed lord Godolphin for his hasty petulance in taking upon himself the cognomen of Volpone. Dr. Sacheverel's sermon was published; certainly not as it was spoken, for the printed copy is an involved double-minded composition, remarkable for nothing but dulness. People began to look at one another, and wonder what lord Godolphin could mean. The literati greatly despised the style and want of power; but those who had heard the words of fire which still tingled in their ears, did not abate one jot of their enthusiasm for the orator.

The following verses were left on the queen's toilet; they are the only readable compositions on the subject, and probably had considerable influence on the queen:—

> "O Anna, see the prelude is begun,
> Again they play the game of forty-one;
> And he's the traitor that defends the throne.
> Thus Laud, and thus thy royal grandsire died,
> Impeached by clamours, and by faction tried.
> Hoadley's cried up, who dares thy right oppose,
> Because he crowns the whigs and arms thy foes.

[1] The author of Robinson Crusoe (Defoe) lost his ears, and stood in the pillory in this reign. Edmund Curl had likewise lost his ears, or rather the remnants of them thrice. In short, it was not fashionable for political authors or their booksellers to possess any ears; but wigs were mighty convenient.

O stop the dire proceedings, ere too late,
And see thy own in poor Sacheverel's fate.
Fatal experience bids thee now be wise;
At him they strike, but thou'rt the sacrifice—
Let *one* blest martyr of thy race suffice![1]

In the midst of these stormy preludes for political contest, queen Anne returned from the seclusion of her widowhood to the public exercise of her regal functions, by opening her parliament in person, which she did in great state, November 15, 1709. Maynwaring, the satellite of the duchess of Marlborough, thus describes the royal manner on this occasion:—"The queen's speech was very well *cited*, but it was observed, that she spoke in a much fainter voice than she used to have, and her manner was more careless and less moving than it has been on other occasions." Perhaps the queen's heart fainted within her, at the necessity of obeying the orders of her ministry, by announcing the utter failure of the negotiations for the pacification of Europe, on which her wishes were ever fixed.

As a strong counter-party to the united Marlborough and Somers branches of the Whig ministry was now organized in the queen's behalf, her majesty did not fail to pay court to those powerful nobles whose private inclinations she thought might lead them to support the remnant of the regal power. The ducal magnates of Somerset and Devonshire were among these; and the accompanying hasty and ill-spelled note was addressed by her majesty to the young duke of Devonshire,[2] as a mark of her confidence and private friendship; it is endorsed as being received in 1709, and in the absence of all other date, excepting the word "*teusday*," it may probably be referred to this epoch, when all England was watching the result of the impending trial of Sacheverel. There is the more likelihood in this surmise, as the name of Nelson, (since so glorious in war,) when mentioned in the course of this erudite royal billet, was illustrious, as pertaining to a celebrated divine and author, one of the leaders of the reformed catholic church of England.

[1] Popular MS. State Poems, originally collected for Robert, earl of Oxford, Brit. Museum, Lansdowne Papers, 852, p. 54.

[2] William, second duke of Devonshire, who had succeeded to his father little more than a year, August, 1707. His mother was lady Mary Butler, daughter to the great duke of Ormonde.

Dr. Nelson was, like Sancroft and Ken, a nonjuror. The queen, perhaps, refers to some provision for him. The duchess of Devonshire, mother to the young duke, was a lady of the cavalier house of Ormonde, and held communion with the clergy of Nelson's principles.

LETTER OF QUEEN ANNE. (Holograph.) (*See fac-simile.*)

"teusday.

"I wish you could *deffer* saying anything to my l^d^ Gallway[1] *this post conserning* M^r^ Nelson *becaus* I forgot to speake to l^d^ *treasure*[2] on y^t^ (that) subject last night and have not now time to *writt* to him I desire when you have copy^d^ y^e^ (the) enclosed w^th^ your own hand you would burn it.

I am your very affection*ett freind*

ANNE R.

Whatsoever became of the enclosed, the royal letter, although somewhat scorched, has been very carefully preserved until the present hour, when it was copied, by special permission, from the collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire; it is endorsed in a hand of the same era—"*From the queen,* 1709."

The letter presents a specimen of queen Anne's genuine mode of writing before her epistles were corrected and copied out fair, by her confidante and favourite for the time being.

The queen and the duchess of Marlborough had scarcely spoken since the series of stormy quarrels which had raged so loudly at Windsor Castle in the autumn, and the irate dame felt all the uncomfortable sensations of one who has gone too far for her purposes, and raised an insurmountable barrier against further colloquies of any description taking place between her royal mistress and herself, excepting on formal official occasions. With this conviction, the loud-scoffing freethinker laid a scheme to efface the impression her violence and arrogance had made on Anne's mind, by an appeal to religious feeling, and the necessity of dismissing all resentment from memory, before partaking of the holy sacrament at the Christmas festival. Accordingly, she wrote the queen a long letter, in some passages extremely insolent, but finishing with a schooling lecture on the necessity of forgiveness of injuries before communication, according to the service in the Common

[1] Lord Galway, one of William III.'s foreign officers, lived in retirement since the loss of the unsuccessful battle of Almanza, where he lost his right hand. Large packets of his letters, written with his left hand, are among the Devonshire Papers.

[2] By l^d^ *treasure,* the queen means her lord-treasurer Godolphin.

Fac-simile from the Collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

Thursday

I wish you could defer Saying any thing
to my L^d^ Galloway this post Concerning m^r^.
Nelson, becaus I forgot to Speake to L^d^ Treasurer
on y^e^ Subject last night, & have not now time
to write to him, I desire, when you Send Copys of
enclosed to y^e^, your own hand, you would burn it

I am
your very affectionate freind

(Endorsed on the back)

From the Queen Aug: 9
1709

Prayer. She likewise obliged the queen with a prayer-book, interlined, and a copy of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," with the leaves marked and turned down of the passages by which her majesty's soul was to profit before partaking of the sacred rite.

The presumption of the insolent upstart in presuming to school her sovereign on the duties requisite for a worthy participation in the most solemn rite of the church, of which that sovereign was the ostensible head, is only less startling than the cool effrontery of a woman of the duchess's temper addressing exhortations to Christian meekness, and forgiveness, to her royal mistress. The whole movement is a striking instance that hypocrisy is by no means confined to those who profess belief in religion.

All the fruit gained by the theological studies which duchess Sarah had been pursuing in such uncongenial ground as Jeremy Taylor's divinity, was that, as the queen passed to the altar of St. James's Chapel, to communicate, she gave her a gracious smile and nod; but as no friendly interview succeeded, the duchess observed "that the smile and nod were only meant for bishop Taylor and the Common Prayer-book."

The queen spent the month of January at Hampton Court, in deep consideration of the best means of breaking the chains in which the Whig faction held her. Some warm indications of popular sympathy encouraged her project. The death of her lieutenant of the Tower, lord Essex[1] which occurred January 10, 1709-10, brought her determinations to a climax; yet her task was difficult. "Hemmed in, and as it were imprisoned by the Marlborough[2] family junta, she was at a loss how to proceed in her first steps towards emancipation." The lowliness of the messenger she made use of at this crisis proves how closely she was locked round from communication with any

[1] Conduct, by the Duchess of Marlborough.

[2] Swift's Memoirs relating to the change in the queen's ministry. Scott's Swift, vol. iii. p. 182. The fire of this Memoir, contrasted with the vacuum and vapidity of Swift's responsible history, "The Four Years of Queen Anne," is remarkable. In fact, he noted down, with all the free confidence of a pen detailing individual incidents, the events Harley told him. The foolish pedantry called "the dignity of history," prevented him from embodying these facts. The real dignity of history is *truth*, whensoever attainable.

fitting agent. One evening, a letter was brought to Mr. Harley, all dirty. The superscription, however, he saw was in the queen's own handwriting. In astonishment at the begrimed complexion of the royal missive, he sent for its bearer, who said, "he knew not whence it came, but it was delivered to him by one of the under-labourers in Hampton Court gardens." The letter had assumed its soiled appearance while it remained in the paw of this uncouth but faithful bearer of a queen-regnant's despatches.

The contents of the communication were details of the difficulties with which the royal writer was surrounded; there was blame for caution of speech and action, and withal direct demand of assistance. This remarkable epistle brought Harley, again, as the courtier of the back-stairs. He told her majesty of the danger to the church and monarchy itself from the conduct of some of her ministry; that it did not become her to be a slave to one family, but to dispose of vacancies in church or state as she deemed best.

Her majesty, in pursuance of Harley's advice, made the first step towards breaking her bonds by disposing of the lieutenancy of the Tower (vacant then by the decease of the earl of Essex), according to her own good pleasure. The earl of Rivers was the person whom the queen meant to invest with this great office. If the duchess of Marlborough is to be believed, the nobleman on whom fell her majesty's choice bore, in common parlance, the appellation of "Tyburn Dick"—having, among the numerous transgressions of his youth, unrighteously escaped conviction at the criminal bar for robbing his own father. Various are the duchess's exclamations of rage and despair at the exaltation of Richard Savage, lord Rivers, in a manner[1] so inconsistent with his youthful cognomen of "Tyburn Dick." The method pursued by queen Anne for inducting the said "Dick" into the Tower government is not the least curious passage in the annals of her times, and proves that either her majesty or her advisers were able to turn to account the duke of Marlborough's habitual suavity, in making promises which meant nothing. Lord Rivers went to the duke of Marlborough, in his retirement at Windsor Lodge, with the news "of the demise of lord

[1] Both in print and MS.

Essex, the lieutenant of the Tower," adding "a request for his interest with the queen to bestow the vacant post on him." When "Tyburn Dick" prepared his request concerning the lieutenancy of the Tower, the duke of Marlborough loaded him with offers of kindness, and affectionate protestations, but assured him "that the lieutenancy of the Tower was a place infinitely beneath his merit, and entreated him to think of something better." He of Tyburn, however, stuck to his first proposal, with true English tenacity; he said, "he was going to ask the queen to appoint him to the Tower, and as the duke was so very obliging to him, he wanted to know whether he might tell the queen that his grace had no objection?" Marlborough, who had as much idea of the queen's giving away one of the crowns out of the Jewel House as the custody of the Tower without consulting him, told lord Rivers, "he might say so if he pleased." On which his petitioner departed in a great hurry to the queen, with this permission.

The duke of Marlborough, in the course of the morning, went leisurely to the queen's closet, to notify his pleasure to her majesty—"That the lieutenancy of the Tower falling void by the death of lord Essex, he hoped her majesty would bestow it on the duke of Northumberland" (son to Charles II.)

The duke had encountered "Tyburn Dick" bolting out of the royal presence with infinite glee, and on seeing the duke, he overwhelmed him with a torrent of very incomprehensible acknowledgments. The mystery was soon explained, when Marlborough entered on his code of instructions as to the Tower appointment. The queen was surprised at his change of intention, since she had just given the same to lord Rivers, according to his own wish, for that nobleman informed her, "on his honour, that the duke of Malborough had no objection." The duke of Marlborough was at first mute with astonishment; he then broke into complaints, when the queen asked, seriously, "Whether earl Rivers had asserted what was not true?" The duke could not say that he had, for the words Rivers had extracted so dexterously from him, had been too recently uttered, and the matter remained without redress.[1]

[1] Scott's Swift, vol. iii. pp. 183, 184. Memoirs of Queen's Ministry.

Not only the lieutenancy of the Tower, but the colonelcy of the regiment lord Essex had commanded was destined to become matter of contest between the queen and the Marlboroughs. A most violent paper war ensued, between the queen and the Marlboroughs, duke and duchess, on her majesty's determination of giving the regiment to Abigail's once ragged brother, Jack Hill. This attempt produced the first serious rupture with her majesty and lord Godolphin. He left the palace, and retreated to the Lodge at Windsor, the seat of the Marlboroughs, January 15. It was council-day, but the queen neither asked where her lord treasurer was, nor took the least notice of his absence.[1] Such was the sure indication of a previous contention between Anne and her prime minister, the particulars of which have not come to light. Great agitation ensued, and many remonstrances were made to the queen on the value of Godolphin's services by the nobility of his party; her majesty acknowledged them in many gracious words. Finally, Anne became intimidated, for in the course of five days she sent for Godolphin, and requested him to write to the duke of Marlborough, that he might give the regiment to whomsoever he pleased.

Although her majesty yielded the point in dispute, she only bided her time for retaliation, as Godolphin felt, a few weeks afterwards.

The approaching trial of Dr. Sacheverel brought the contentions into which the queen's household and ministry were divided to a determined crisis: the queen, who had until then striven to balance the inimical factions, openly took part with high church and Sacheverel. After the clerical champion had been committed to prison on the impeachment of the commons, the Whig lords held daily cabinet consultations, on the best mode of crushing him under the weight of the oligarchical power. At the same time her majesty every day gave audience to her peers in her closet at St. James's; one by one they were admitted to conferences with her, the tenour of which is preserved by Alexander Cunningham, tutor to the great duke of Argyll, one of the partisans for her support. Her majesty understood "that the victorious army commanded by the duke of Marlborough, were getting up a petition in

[1] Conduct, by the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 250.

order to place him in a life-long command:"[1] alarmed at this resemblance to the proceedings of Oliver Cromwell, the queen made it a personal request to her peers—

"That they would be mindful of their duty to her, and neither to agree to any petition from the army, which the duke of Marlborough should present to parliament, nor suffer Mrs. Masham to be taken from her." And as the peers severally departed out of the royal cabinet, queen Anne thus earnestly addressed each of them:

"If ever any recommendation of mine was of weight with you, as I know many of them have been, I desire this may be especially regarded."

Many of the peers, in answer to her majesty, replied—

"That they knew not of any such matter [regarding the army] as her majesty had intimated, but they were prepared to behave themselves in parliament as became their duty."[2]

Such reply proceeded from those of the nobility who were either neutral, or belonged to the Whig faction, for the queen was supported and urged on by a large body of the nobility, among whom might be reckoned the most influential of the Scottish peerage. The inimical houses of Hamilton, Argyll, Marr, and Gordon, enraged at being excluded from the privileges of their English peerages, united together (whatsoever were their differences of creed with each other and with the church of England) to defend the queen against the encroaching Whig oligarchy. The Jacobite and Tory nobility of England, many of whom—as the semi-royal houses of Rutland, Beaufort, and Aylesbury—had kept themselves aloof from the revolutionary court, now threw their influences into the popular scale.

"When the business for which the queen had called the peers separately into her closet began to transpire," says Cunningham, "the duke of Marlborough took an opportunity to wait on her majesty in order to clear himself from the calumnies of his enemies."

Marlborough positively denied the matter charged against him—namely, endeavouring to render himself perpetual military dictator, by means of the army's petition to par-

[1] Hist. of Great Britain, Book xii. p. 279; by Cunningham.

[2] Ibid. This scene illustrates an obsolete custom of royalty which was greatly objected to when practised by the Stuart sovereigns, before the Revolution, under the epithet of *closeting*.

liament. Yet, the queen well knew the startling proposal of making him general for life had been demanded of her by his own lips.[1] At an audience that the duke of Marlborough had with queen Anne before he betook himself to his campaign, in the commencement of the year 1710, he asked as a favour "that her majesty would permit his wife to remain in the country as much as possible, and that she would be pleased to accept of her resignation, in favour of her daughters, when the peace was made." The queen granted the first request, which relieved her of the presence of her tyrant, with such willingness that the second was taken for granted.

The queen soon after received a visit from the duchess, who endeavoured to clinch this extorted admission by returning florid thanks for the advancement of her family. According to her custom, when aught was proposed contrary to her inclination, queen Anne observed a dogged silence, with a drooping mouth and a sullen brow. The fiery duchess demanded whether the duke of Marlborough had misunderstood her majesty's meaning. "I desire that I may never more be troubled on the subject," was the reply of her majesty in a peremptory tone.

The confusion and divisions which prevailed at the queen's cabinet-councils, owing to the distrust of her ministers, at this crisis, are thus sketched by the pen of the duchess of Marlborough, from the description of Godolphin.

"The queen gives no answer to Godolphin's representations: she says 'she will send for Somers; she wonders the lords should persuade the duke of Marlborough to return.' The duchess sent a copy of the duke's letter to Godolphin, which she desires him to show to lord Sunderland. She had spoken before on some subject, (*probably on the appointment of the duchess's daughters to her places,*) but too soon;" he writes, in continuation, "that the queen only made him a bow, but gave him not one word of answer." Lord Godolphin further wrote, "that the queen told Somers 'that she would send for him and let him know her mind,' but

[1] Among the collections of Hume, the historian, is a very important one relative to the intended deposition of the queen by the Whigs, by means of Marlborough's army. Hume's Life, vol. xi.

[2] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 296. Feb. 10, 1710.

he believed that would not be until she had talked with Abigail. After such a description, you will wonder with me why these should think it reasonable for Lord Marlborough to come. If he does, I shall wish he had never proceeded in this manner—never to the queen alone, but had gone to council in a cold formal way, and declared 'to the world' how he was used, 'that he served only till the war was ended, because he did not think it reasonable to let a chambermaid disappoint all he had done.'"[1]

All parties now made themselves ready for the approaching struggle, in which the question of triumph or defeat was to be decided by the fate of Sacheverel, whose trial was to take place in Westminster Hall after the duke of Marlborough had departed for Flanders.

[1] Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IX.

Cries of the populace to the queen as she goes to Sacheverel's trial at Westminster Hall—Proceedings of the queen and her ladies in her curtained box—Queen's momentary alarm at the riots—Sends her guards to suppress them—Her servants found rioting—Her observations—Her discussion with the duchess of Marlborough—Resolutions of the queen on the defeat of the family-junta—Queen informed of the duchess of Marlborough's contempt—Queen's unwillingness to a private audience with the duchess—Remarkable interview between them—Queen writes to lord Godolphin—She dismisses lord Sunderland—Receives an insolent letter from the duchess of Marlborough—Dispute regarding the queen's promotion of Mrs. Masham's brother—Her interview with secretary Walpole—Queen receives homage from North American Sachems—Queen's uneasiness at the threats of the duchess of Marlborough to print all their letters—Queen worked upon by spy-agents—Queen demands the return of all her letters—Receives a tantalizing answer—Queen's letter to lord Godolphin—Dialogue between them—Queen finally dismisses him—Queen's dialogue with a menial-spy—The spy alarms the queen concerning the duchess's revelations—Queen places the office of premier in the hands of seven commissioners—She is warned by the Marlboroughs of an assassination-plot—She treats it contemptuously—Bishop Burnet warns her of assassination—Queen plays on Burnet's propensity for gossip—Anecdotes of the queen and lord Somers—Interview between the queen and lord-chancellor Cowper—Queen's remarks on her Scotch guards—Queen witnesses lord Nottingham's attack on her—Anecdotes of her household—Queen beset by madmen—Duchess of Marlborough reviles and defies the queen—Queen's interview with the duke of Marlborough—He brings his wife's gold keys to the queen—Her final rupture with the duchess of Marlborough, &c. &c.

CRIES of "God bless your majesty and the church!" echoed from the vast crowds of the English populace who sur-

rounded the sedan of queen Anne, as she was carried to Westminster Hall, to witness the impeachment of Dr. Sacheverel. Those among the people who pressed nearest to the chair of the royal Anne, added to their loyal shout the confiding exhortation of "We hope your majesty is for God and Dr. Sacheverel!"

A court had been prepared in Westminster Hall for the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, exactly according to the arrangement of the house of lords, with seats for the peers, in their due order and precedence. A box was erected near the throne for the queen, who chose to witness the trial incognito. On one side of the hall, benches were erected for the members of the house of commons of Great Britain; on the other side, for peeresses and gentlewomen. A scaffold was raised for the managers of the house of commons, who conducted the impeachment—among whom were distinguished the names of Coningsby, Robert Walpole, Spencer Cowper, and several others, not remarkable for attachment to any form of Christian worship, but into whose hands our church afterwards fell.

A stage with benches, below the bar, was prepared for the prisoner and his counsel. Opposite to the whole scene were balconies and galleries for the populace. The ladies, it is reported, although they filled the places appointed for them in great crowds, were uneasy lest the "Tatler" or "Observator," should turn their dress or conduct into ridicule in their papers, for the amusement of the London breakfast tables. Not one, however, who could gain admittance, stayed away; for the opinion among them was very general, that the church was in great danger of ruin by the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverel.

Westminster Hall, notwithstanding its vast extent, being, on the morning of February 27th, 1709-10, full to overflowing, and a still greater crowd gathered close to the doors, the lord chancellor demanded of the peers "whether it was their pleasure that Dr. Sacheverel should be brought before them?" On their answering, "Yes," Dr. Sacheverel came to the bar "with greater boldness and confidence in his crimes than conscious innocence and ingenuity." Such are the words of an eye-witness,[1] from whose information the scene is described. What those "crimes" were, after

[1] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 290.

every possible exaggeration that his enemies could make, the following articles will show:—

The prisoner being asked whether he was ready to take his trial, he declared "his willingness to submit to the laws of the land." Four articles against him were read: they were absurdly inconsequential:

"That Dr. Sacheverel had publicly reflected on the late Revolution, in very harsh terms, and suggested that the means used to bring it about, were odious and unjustifiable."

"That he had cast scurrilous reflections upon those who defended liberty of conscience, and upon archbishop Grindal in particular, and had opposed toleration to dissenters, and had wrested various passages of holy writ to suit his purposes."

But why this proceeding was more criminal in him than in the numerous sects of tolerated dissenters, who could not *all* be scripturally right, is an enigma? Surely, no great regard for the liberty of any kind of conscience could be found in the persons who framed these very strange articles. As to the offence given to archbishop Grindal, who was one of queen Elizabeth's prelates, the man had been dead more than a hundred years, and was therefore fair subject for historical disquisition. The above article of impeachment is the only instance in which any person had been put in danger of prison, torture, and disgrace by public trial, for historical comment on characters long deceased. The articles went on:—

"That he had seditiously suggested that the church of England was in peril under her majesty's administration."

How the great assembly there convened could suppress risibility when the last article of accusation was recited, seems difficult to imagine.

"That the said Dr. Sacheverel had plainly called the lord high treasurer, [Godolphin,] of this kingdom, Volpone; that he had applied opprobrious names to the rest of the state-ministers. He had withal termed many of those whom her majesty had advanced to high stations in the church, false brethren."[1]

In the last clause, the great preponderance that then existed of bishops and archbishops, bred dissenters, who had forsaken their sects to receive preferment and emolu-

[1] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 1, and following.

ment in the church, was indicated; but such were the facts, as the biographies of these dignitaries testify to this hour.

One truth is undeniable, which is, notwithstanding the torrent of abusive words with which Sacheverel is overwhelmed in history, if his character had not been stainless, his prosecutors would never have exhibited articles thus replete with folly; could they have proved against the champion of church and poor, one clerical dereliction from the code of morality, they would have crushed him beneath it, and spurned him out of their political path.

Perhaps the driest and most intolerable passage in all political domestic history, is that called the "Affair of Dr. Sacheverel." All old libraries in country halls are provided, among other literary nuisances pertaining to the last century, with two or three duplicate copies of duskily bound tomes, bearing the above title; the paper, the vilest yellow stained, wire-wove, the print and orthographical arrangement ugly enough to be in unison with the dulness of the inexplicable contents. No person can open the book without perpetrating a succession of yawns; no person, excepting for the necessity of professional information, ever endured the reading of two pages of the narrative. It is the perversion and suppression of facts which render that, and all history of the same era, dismally fatiguing.

Yet this overpowering *ennui* pertains to the narrative of an event so stirring that it convulsed the whole island, and rendered every man in England, particularly of the poorer class, an interested and almost agonized watcher over the fate of the victim whom the depressors of the church of England were haling to the parliamentary bar, for the purposes of condemnation to the pillory, to the lash, if not to death, in the most horrid form of personal degradation.[1]

[1] The fate of Sacheverel, had he fallen into the power of the Whigs, may be guessed by the following notation in the Life of Edmund Calamy, vol. ii. p. 391, of the inflictions to which a high churchman, the Rev. Mr. Bisse, was sentenced, for seditious sermons and seditious words, Nov. 27, 1718:—"He was sentenced by the King's Bench to stand *twice* in the pillory, to be imprisoned *four* years, to find sureties for good behaviour during life, and fined 600*l*." Those persons who wish to trace the reasons of the final submission of the reformed catholic church to the will and pleasure of a man like sir Robert Walpole, will be able to collect from chronological records a sufficient number of severe examples of this kind to account for the same. There were many clergymen who would have faced the scaffold and the stake unmoved who shrank from the pillory.

Sacheverel defended himself with spirit, fire, and a flow of magnificent eloquence. Although his orations undeniably proceeded from his lips, the composition was, nevertheless, attributed to Simon Harcourt, his legal counsellor, or to any person but himself. There is only this small impediment to such appropriation, which is, that Harcourt did not at any subsequent time produce speeches in the same style. The truth is, Sacheverel was a great orator, but, like Wesley and Whitfield, had not equal powers of authorship; and the excellence of his discourses, whether speeches or sermons, solely depended on the skill of his reporter.

While these scenes were proceeding on the public arena of Westminster Hall, another species of performance was in progress, behind the curtained recess that contained the royal auditress and her attendants. The jealousies and policies that were fermenting in that little world of courtly intrigue are described by the pen of the Marlborough duchess.

The queen, as before observed, went incognito to the trial of Sacheverel. Her desire was to pass unknown, but her people recognised her in the manner which has been shown. "Her majesty," says the duchess of Marlborough, "when she arrived in the hall, entered the curtained box which had been prepared for her near the throne; she was accompanied by all her ladies who were on duty. Those in waiting the first day, were her near relative lady Hyde, lady Burlington, and lady Scarborough, with the duchess of Marlborough. The etiquette of court was for these ladies to stand, unless the queen gave them an express invitation to be seated."[1]

The duchess of Marlborough was in some perplexity to account for the circumstance why the queen, with her usual graciousness, did not ask her ladies to sit. The queen had scarcely spoken to her since her last violent outbreak about the allowance to the sick laundress, and had just then closed a furious paper war, regarding the resignation of the places held by the duchess to her daughters, by reiterating her former request "not to be further troubled."[2] The queen firmly denied any promise to make such places hereditary

[1] Coxe MSS. Duchess of Marlborough's Letter to Mr. Hutchinson, Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

in the Marlborough family, the duchess strenuously insisted that such a promise had been given her.

Great suspicions that she had gone too far visited the mind of the duchess, and she began to be jealous that the very ladies present, her colleagues in waiting, were eager expectants of the preferment which she meant to surrender only to her own daughters; she saw symptoms, or fancied them, that they paid unusual homage to her majesty, in hopes of gaining the spoils she had repeatedly threatened to resign.

"After standing for two hours, I said to the vice-chamberlain," observes the duchess, "that when the queen went to any place incognito, as she came to this trial, and only looked behind a curtain, it was always the custom for the ladies to sit down before her, but her majesty had forgotten to speak to me now, and that as the trial was likely to continue very long every day, I wished he would put the queen in mind of it."

The vice-chamberlain was certainly not aware that her majesty and the grand duchess were not on speaking terms, for he replied—

"Why, madam, should you not speak to the queen yourself, who are always in waiting?"

"This," continues the duchess, "I knew was right; and therefore, I went up to the queen, and stooping down to her, as she was sitting, to whisper to her, said—

"'I believed her majesty had forgot to order us to sit, as was customary in such cases.' The queen looked as if she had, indeed, forgot, and was sorry for it; she answered in a very kind, easy manner—

"'By all means! pray, sit.' Before I could get a step from her chair, the queen called to Mr. Mordaunt, her page of honour, 'to give stools, and desire her ladies to sit down.'" Which they all did, excepting lady Hyde, who, having advanced quite close to her royal mistress with the evident determination of hearing what the duchess had to say to her, refused the proffered accommodation, and stood the whole time of the trial.

When Mr. Mordaunt had brought the stools, the duchess, as mistress of the robes, sat nearest to the queen; but as she was, from the stern manifestations of the populace against her party, on her very best behaviour that day, she describes "that she sat at a respectful distance, and drew a

curtain between majesty and herself," which she seemed to consider a most reverential device, as it appeared as if queen Anne was sitting in a different room from her ladies.[1] Such might be the case, but it likewise appeared as if her majesty was alone and bereft of all attendance.

Lady Hyde, when she found how the duchess proceeded, went and stood behind the royal chair, and there remained the whole time the queen stayed. Lady Hyde's conduct the duchess pronounced to be an unwarrantable attempt to court favour with the queen, having the reversion of her places in view.

The queen came, the next morning, to witness the trial, and the duchess of Somerset entered the royal box for the same purpose, just before the duchess of Marlborough and the rest of the ladies established themselves comfortably on the tabourets, or pliants, that the queen had graciously ordered the preceding day.

The duchess of Somerset had been recognised at the English court as a great lady of semi-royal rank, as heiress of the mighty name of Percy, one of the representatives of Charlemagne, at the time when Sarah of Marlborough occupied a station by no means commensurate with her present lofty assumption. The duchess of Somerset, although hated by her with no common share of jealous rage, had, besides her high rank, a degree of personal dignity which commanded deference from the spoiled favourite who treated her royal benefactress with so much contumely. "Before I sat down," resumes the manuscript narrative,[2] "I turned to the duchess of Somerset—having always used to show her a great deal of respect—I asked 'if her grace would not please to sit?' At which the duchess of Somerset gave a sort of start back, with the appearance of surprise, as if some very strange thing had been proposed, and refused sitting."[3]

Upon this, duchess Sarah, without a word of remonstrance being added, commenced her defence, telling the duchess of Somerset, "That it was always the custom to sit before the queen in such cases—that her majesty had ordered us to do so the day before, but that *her* refusing it now looked as if *she* thought we had done something that was not proper."[4]

[1] Coxe MSS. Duchess of Marlborough's Letter to Mr. Hutchinson, Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

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Here was as promising a commencement of a quarrel as might be, if the duchess of Somerset had responded to the uncalled for explanation; her grace knew better what was due to her own high station and the royal presence. She merely said—"I do not care to sit," passed onwards, and took a station behind her majesty's chair, where she remained standing, as lady Hyde had done the preceding day, during the whole time the queen stayed in Westminster Hall.[1]

While this marked personal deference was thus paid to queen Anne by the greatest lady among her subjects, the belligerent power, duchess Sarah, whose violent instincts for a wrangle had been thus coolly suppressed by the Percy heiress, retired to her joint-stool by the side of the gentle co-heiress of the Cliffords, lady Burlington. Here her cogitations were of that species, which, at any subsequent period, would have boded infraction of her majesty's peace, besides great damage to the auricular nerves of her ladies in waiting. As the duchess of Marlborough has favoured us with the detail of the thoughts which were fermenting while she there sat swelling, the detail of them cannot be justly attributed to any flight of fancy in queen Anne's dutiful biographer.

"I took no further notice, *then*, but sat down by lady Burlington as we did before. As I reflected on what these two ladies[2] had done, I plainly perceived that in the duchess of Somerset, especially, this could not be the effect of humility, but that it must be a stratagem they had formed, in their cabal, to flatter the queen by paying her *vast* respect, and to make some public noise of this matter that might be to my disadvantage, or disagreeable to me. And this I was the more confirmed in, because it had been known before that the duchess of Somerset (who, with her lord, was to act a cunning part between the Whigs and Tories) did not intend to come to the trial. As, therefore, it was my business to keep all things as quiet as possible till the campaign was over, and preserve myself in the meanwhile, if I could, from any public affront, I resolved to do what I could to disappoint these ladies in their little design."

The queen had little leisure to attend to the heartburn-

[1] Coxe MSS. Duchess of Marlborough's Letter to Mr. Hutchinson, Brit. Museum.

[2] The ladies were lady Hyde and the duchess of Somerset.

ings and affront-taking of the mighty duchess that evening; other events of vital consequence claimed her attention.

The proceedings of the people, on that second afternoon of the Sacheverel trial, had, in fact, scared even those who were the most desirous of frightening his persecutors. At four o'clock in the afternoon of February 28, the mob attacked Dr. Burgess's meeting-house, near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and made a bonfire of the "sacred cushions and vessels," as Cunningham rather oddly calls some part of the paraphernalia, besides "pulpit, pews, benches, and sconces, and would have murdered the venerable old man himself if some friend had not received him, and hid him, at past midnight." Other detachments of the populace demolished Earl's meeting-house in Long Acre, Bradbury's in Shoe-lane, Wright's in Blackfriars, and a meeting-house in Clerkenwell. When the rioters were busy in Clerkenwell, they tore down St. John's parochial chapel, out of detestation to bishop Burnet, who lived in that district: they made a desperate sally against his residence, with the full intention of putting him to death, if they could have caught him.[1] While the meeting-houses were blazing, in a similar way to the catholic chapels in 1688 and 1780, the government took little heed of the riots, but when the populace began to bend their fury against "low church as by law established," and another mob beset the Bank of England, the earl of Sunderland rushed into the queen's presence with such an account of the proceedings of her loving lieges, in behalf of "her majesty's high church and Dr. Sacheverel," that the royal widow was seen to turn deadly pale, and was seized with a fit of visible tremour.

It was but for a short period that Anne suffered from fear; she recovered her courage, and bade her hated secretary of state "Send her foot and horse-guards forthwith and disperse the rioters."

Accordingly, captain Horsey, who was then on duty at

[1] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, book xiii. p. 294. Burnet was always most obnoxious to the poor; they considered that the new practices in the church of England, which they felt severely, were owing to him. Long after the death of queen Anne, (consequently when his party was finally triumphant,) he died an aged man; he was buried in the church nearest to his residence in Clerkenwell; yet short as was its progress to the grave, his coffin went to its resting-place strewn, not with flowers, but with mud from the hands of the poor.—*Bio. Britannica.*

St. James's, was summoned into the presence of royalty and her statesman.

Lord Sunderland repeated the queen's order to captain Horsey, with the injunction that he was to use discretion, and not to proceed to extremities. The captain was malcontent, and would evidently have preferred a skirmish to disperse lord Sunderland himself, her grace his mother-in-law, Godolphin, Montague, and the rest of the family-junta, and their faction, who kept the queen in check.

"Am I to preach to the mob," asked captain Horsey, "or am I to fight them? If you want preaching, please to send with me some one who is a better hand at holding forth than I am: if you want fighting, it is my trade, and I will do my best."[1]

The queen's guards captured some of their comrades of her royal guards, and some of her majesty's watermen, leading the mob, and in the very act of rioting, burning, and destroying. "So," adds Cunningham, "the very court itself was not free from suspicion. When the queen was informed of the species of prisoners made, her majesty declared that she herself would be at the cost of the damage they had done, and as for those who were her servants they should have a fair trial, without favour on her part."[2]

Here Cunningham (the only historian who enters into the particulars of the incidents connected with this singular period of Anne's reign) indulges in a furious tirade against queens-regnant and female government in general, affirming that "the English people were perfectly disgusted with the authority of women." But if they were, the people had a remarkable way of showing it, since all the facts of the case prove that the popularity of the queen was just then unbounded.

As wide from historical truth is his sarcasm levelled at queen Anne and all other female sovereigns, when he commends the French for having excluded females from "the administration of government." The shallow historian

[1] "Colonel Horsey" (says Edward Calamy) "told me that he ventured his neck by going upon verbal orders, the hurry being so great to secure the Bank, that the queen gave him no warrant until his return." (Life of Calamy, vol. ii. p. 228.)

[2] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, book xiii. p. 294.

ought to have known that the reins of empire in France had been placed, by preference, not only in the hands of queens who were mothers to their minor kings, as regents, but in those of the sisters of their infant sovereigns, and very gloriously had some of the French female-regents reigned. In short, there had been more female-sovereigns in France under the title of regents than in England, as regnant-queens. To three royal ladies France was indebted for her preservation in very dangerous times; —these were Blanche of Castile, queen-regent—the lady of Beaujeu, regent-governess: likewise Louise of Savoy, who, in the dire distress after the battle of Pavia, governed France with sagacity and courage of high degree. The French refused their crown to the princesses of their royal line, and forbade the succession to pass through female descent, lest France should either be made a province to another nation, or a prince should claim the throne who was a foreigner, and spoke their beloved language imperfectly, or not at all. Such was the origin of their Salic law, according to their most ancient authorities.

All the alarms and conflagrations of the tumultuous night of February 28th, which scared sleep from the royal pillow, did not prevent queen Anne from visiting the focus of agitation, Westminster Hall, as on the two preceding mornings. Notwithstanding the restless throngs which pervaded the streets of her metropolis, she went incognita, and therefore without guards. Before her majesty entered her chair, she was destined to a severer trial of her courage, for the duchess of Marlborough came to carry on one of her discussions, on the usual theme of offences, either given or taken.

"I waited on the queen the next morning," writes the duchess, "half an hour before she went to the trial, and told her 'that I had observed the day before that the duchess of Somerset had refused to sit at the trial, which I did not know the meaning of, since her majesty was pleased to order it, and that was nothing more than what was agreeable to the constant practice of the court on such occasions; but, however, if it would be in any respect more pleasing to her majesty that we should stand in future,' I begged 'she would let me know her mind about it, because I should be

very sorry to do anything that should give her the least dissatisfaction."[1]

To this the queen answered, with more peevishness than was natural to her—"If I had not liked you to sit, why should I have ordered it?"

This plainly showed that the cabal had been "blowing her up."[2] Few persons are aware of the antiquity of this phrase of the commonalty, and still fewer would expect to find it among the flowers of feminine rhetoric used by a duchess and a court beauty, and applied withal to the majesty of Great Britain. It stands among the manuscripts of the haughty mistress of the robes, in full proof of the truth of the saying, "that queen Anne might make Sarah Churchill a duchess, but that it was beyond her power to make her a gentlewoman."

The next day the duchess of Ormond and lady Fretcheville came into the queen's box to witness the Sacheverel trial; they were, however, contented to avail themselves of the queen's gracious permission for the ladies to sit while she remained incognita.

By the exertions of the queen's guards, the populace were restrained from molesting the persons whom they deemed most inimical to the church of England; they, nevertheless, continued to show their tendencies by escorting the queen and the prisoner home to their several abiding places, with formidable threats against the foes of the church. Vast masses of the people remained blocked and wedged in St. James's Square and the environs of the palace all night, and every night in the first fortnight of March. Their cries of entreaty on the queen "not to desert the church and Sacheverel," were distinctly heard by her majesty and the household.

It was dangerous for any person, of whatever party they might be, to pass without wearing the oak-leaf, which was just then the popular badge, being considered the symbol of "monarchy restored."[3] Artificial bouquets must have been prepared and sold for the purpose, since oak leaves are not to be found in February, or even in March.

At the end of a contest, lasting for three weeks, Sache-

[1] Coxe MSS. Duchess of Marlborough's Letter to Mr. Hutchinson.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Cunningham's History of Great Britain.

verel received the sentence of suspension from preaching for three years. As so much worse had been expected, this mild sentence was treated by the people as a triumphant acquittal, and symptoms of the greatest delight were manifested throughout London.[1]

The popular indications so thoroughly apparent at the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverel, encouraged queen Anne to act on her determination to expel the junta that had for years enslaved her. Her subjects of the lower classes had risen, shook their rugged strength, growled defiance on the Whig ministry, protected the church and the person of Dr. Sacheverel, and then laid down again, perfectly satisfied that the queen was on the side of that beloved church. The people showed unmistakable inclination to rise again to the rescue, if further danger threatened either.

The attachment which the English people manifested to the established church at this period, and for the preceding fifty years, has been treated by historians either with utter superciliousness, or with tirades of abuse, which give not the slightest information to the very natural questions of wherefore the populace rose to protect when the usual movement of that class is to destroy?

It is with simplicity of conviction, from every bearing of evidence, we assert that the causes of the insurrectionary movement of the English populace for the protection of the church and Dr. Sacheverel, proceeded from gratitude for the manner in which the poor were relieved and governed by the church of England, and fears lest the mighty charity of the daily offertory should be extinguished with the vital functions of their church—apprehensions which were realized in a few years.

Supported by the recent manifestation of popular sympathy, the queen slowly but surely took measures to free herself from the insupportable yoke of the family-junta; and as the spring advanced, most of its members came to the

[1] The popularity of Dr. Sacheverel has been mentioned by historians as extremely evanescent, and that circumstance is alleged in proof of his utter worthlessness of character. But it appears, in the course of Lady Sundon's Correspondence (lately edited by Mrs. Thomson, author of the Times of Henry VIII.) that, as lately as the reign of George II., Sacheverel was greeted with the same manifestations of affection from the populace, which, in the depressed state of the church of England, he endeavoured to avoid, as likely to draw on him the malice of the Whig ministry.

conviction that their places at court and in her majesty's government were untenable.

As soon as the disunion between queen Anne and the duchess of Marlborough became matter of public notoriety, the court ladies divided themselves into violent factions, the royal ear was besieged with extraordinary anecdotes, illustrative of the ingratitude and insolence of her whom her majesty had delighted to honour. Among others, it was said that the duchesses of Somerset and Marlborough, standing as sponsors for a noble infant, the latter duchess had contradicted the proposal of her grace of Somerset to name their godchild, Anne, saying, "There never was any one good for much of that name—I will not stand for the babe if she is called Anne!" The duchess herself, hearing that the queen was much hurt and offended at this tale, wrote an explanation, declaring the whole to be the malicious construction of her grace of Somerset, and thus relating the incident: "At the christening of the child of Mrs. Meredith, I was pressed very much to give the name, which properly it was the place of the duchess of Somerset to do; at last, to end the dispute, it was agreed by all that the child should have the queen's name. After this had been settled, I turned to the duchess of Somerset and said to her in a smiling way, 'That as the duke of Hamilton had made a boy a girl, and christened it Anne, after the royal godmother, why should we not make this girl a boy, and call her 'George?'

"The duchess of Somerset laughed at it, as I dare say the queen herself would have done, if she had been present. But this was represented to the queen in as different and false a way as possible, as I heard afterwards from very good *hands*."[1]

From very good *tongues*, the duchess possibly meant. There were informers who insinuated to the queen that the name of George being recommended by her in contradistinction to that of Anne, evidently signified that her discarded favourite wished all possible homage should be offered the rising sun in Hanover; the sole personal interest that the queen had felt in the name of George being entombed with her deceased consort.

Queen Anne had mentioned, in the hearing of Mrs. Darcey, one of the palace-ladies, many stories which had

[1] Inedited Letter to Mr. Hutchinson from the duchess of Marlborough. Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

been told as illustrative of the disrespect and ill will that the duchess of Marlborough was perpetually manifesting towards her majesty. Mrs. Darcey repeated the queen's observations to the duchess, and the duchess, impelled by the despairing Whigs, determined to force an interview with the queen, for the purpose of explaining away her conduct, and circumventing those "who were watching for their share of her spoils;" which spoils, however, merely meant the reversion of her court-places.

The queen, seeing that her former favourite, who still retained all her appointments, meant to have some discussion with her, manifested so much distaste and reluctance, that the duchess contented herself with requesting that her majesty would please to grant her a half-hour's audience before she retired into the country. The queen did not think proper to deny the request, but required that she should put what she had to say into writing. The duchess persisted that her communication was "of a nature that rendered writing it impossible." The queen, whose curiosity was perhaps piqued, finished by appointing six o'clock the next afternoon, for the conference; "this was an hour" which the duchess of Marlborough observes "that the queen usually spent in prayer." [1]

But before the day and hour came, the queen wrote to the duchess of Marlborough to "send her *commands*," as she expressed herself, "by the bearer"—in other words, to make a memorial of whatsoever she had to say. Instead of writing as desired, the duchess, whilst performing some official duty about her majesty, again seized the opportunity of demanding a private interview. The queen alarmed, lest a public scene of violence should take place, once more made an appointment, which she broke the next day by writing to the duchess, telling her "that she had been exceedingly fatigued with business, but that she was going to Kensington to dine that day, and to rest and refresh herself for two or three more; but that she would not detain her from the country, and it would be the same thing if she put in writing what she had to say as if she talked with her." [2]

[1] Conduct by the duchess of Marlborough.

[2] MS. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

It was in vain her majesty strove to escape the dreaded interview: her tormentor followed her up very closely, and immediately answered the royal billet to the following effect:—

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.

"I am glad your majesty is going to Kensington to make use of the fresh air, and to take care of your health. I will follow you thither, and wait every day, till it is convenient for you to see me, as what I have to say is of such a nature as to require *no answer*."

The queen received this unwelcome missive on Sunday, April 6, 1710, at Kensington Palace; and by the time it reached the royal hand, the audacious writer followed it; and in order that there might be no answer or denial written, stationed herself at once on the window-seat of the back-stair, "where," she says, in her MS. narrative, "I sat like a Scotch lady waiting for an answer to a petition."

The queen having just dined, there was no bed-chamber woman there,[1] only Mrs. Abrahal, and a page of the back-stairs. Mrs. Abrahal had been the ostensible cause of the rupture between majesty and the Marlborough duchess, therefore her agency was not invoked; but the duchess condescended to ask the page in waiting "whether he did not occasionally scratch at the queen's door when anybody came to see her?" The official having acknowledged that such was the case, the duchess desired him to make the usual scratch, and then go to the queen, and tell her that she was there, and ask "whether her majesty would please to see her then, or whether she should come some other time?"[2]

A long pause ensued; the duchess retreated to her window, and sat in an unwonted attitude as a suppliant for audience, while the page made the signal-scratch, and delivered her message to her royal mistress.

The signal-scratch was a court refinement introduced from France; the knock for admittance was considered importunate, startling, and even of boding import. It had been interwoven in many ghostly tales of that era, while the scratch at the door seemed only like the supplication of some gentle and affectionate animal, some purring pet,

[1] MS. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

[2] Ibid.

or some faithful dog, attached, not to the sovereign-power but to the sovereign's person.

While waiting there in her window-seat, the duchess affirmed that she ruminated on her position as one of undue humility, for with queen Anne's gold keys by her side, she had every right to walk in after the page, without either knocks or scratches, or any other announcement.[1] Indeed, her recital of the gradual approaches she made, on this occasion, so softly and stealthily, to the presence of her royal mistress, proves more than any narrative extant, how outrageously she must have conducted herself in their last private conference.

The queen was alone, and writing, when the duchess was admitted by the page of the back-stairs. As she opened the door, the queen said—"I was going to write to you."

"Upon what, madam?" asked the duchess, forgetting, the instant she was in the royal presence, her recently conned lessons of humility.

"I did not open your letter till just now, and I was going to write to you."

"Was there anything in it, madam, that you had a mind to answer?"

"I think there is nothing you can have to say but you may write it," was the royal reply.

"Wont your majesty give me leave to tell it you?"

"Whatever you have to say, you may write it," reiterated the queen.

"I believe your majesty never did so hard a thing to anybody as to refuse to hear them speak—even the meanest person that ever desired it," said the duchess, after the queen had twice more reiterated the same phrase.

"Yes," said her majesty; "I *do* bid people put what they have to say in writing, when I have a mind to it."

"I have nothing to say, madam," replied the duchess, "upon the subject that is so uneasy to you; that person [Mrs. Masham] is not, that I know of, at all concerned in the account that I would give you, which I can't be quiet till I have told you."

Notwithstanding the once-awful intimation, "that the

[1] MS. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. Likewise another inedited fragment among the Coxe MSS., collated with the "Conduct."

duchess could not be quiet," queen Anne reiterated the same note—

"You may put it into writing."

The duchess kept down her wrath, and proceeded to tell the queen the gossip which Mrs. Darcey had communicated to her, adding "that she was no more capable of making such disrespectful mention of her majesty than she was of killing her own children." Here the queen must have strongly remembered the insulting expressions regarding herself, which she had heard issue from this person's own lips; therefore, turning away, her majesty coolly remarked—

"There are many lies told."

Then the duchess humbly begged "that the queen would be pleased to let her know if anybody had told her anything of her of that nature? that she might then take an opportunity of clearing herself, or begging her majesty's pardon."

One whole hour, according to the statement of the duchess herself, passed away in these fruitless protestations, at the end of which time the queen took refuge in the repetition of another sentence, which at the same time applied to the memorable scene in St. Paul's cathedral, at the thanksgiving for the victory of Oudenarde, when the duchess, in the height of her imperious humour, had bidden the queen "be silent, and give her no answer." In her late notes she had used the same sentence, saying "that she required no answer," or that "she would not trouble the queen to give her one." Great offence was taken by her majesty, who replied to most of the duchess's deprecatory speeches with a quotation from her own directions, which the queen had thus repeatedly received both verbally and in writing.

"You said you required no answer, and I will give you none."

The voice of the duchess then began to wax louder, she taunted the queen with what had been uttered in her hearing by some of the lords at Westminster Hall during the late trial of Sacheverel;[1] the queen interrupted a torrent of expostulations with the words—

"I will leave the room."

In the former stormy interview, Sarah of Marlborough

[1] Private Correspondence of the duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 304.

had set her back against the door, and told her sovereign "she should stay and hear all she chose to say!" Times had changed, however. With a passionate burst of tears she prevented the queen's retreat by retiring into the long gallery, where she sat for some time, sobbing and wiping her eyes, and cogitating what should be her next movement. At last, having thought of a plan to touch the feelings of her former friend, she scratched at the door of the royal cabinet; the queen herself opened it. The duchess said—"I have been thinking, whilst I sat there, that if your majesty came to the castle at Windsor, where I had heard you are soon expected, it would not be easy to see me in public now, I was afraid; I would, therefore, take care to avoid being at the Lodge at the same time, to prevent any unreasonable clamour, or stories that might originate in my being so near your majesty without waiting on you."

"Oh," replied queen Anne, very readily; "you may come to me at the castle; it will not make me uneasy."

From this, the duchess of Marlborough truly enough concluded, that the queen would have no objection to see her when she was guarded by the rigour of public receptions or state official duties, but that her resolution was immutable never to permit another private conference.[1] The duchess had neither the good sense nor tact to permit the conversation to drop with this rather placable ending. She returned to her passionate recrimination, and denounced judgments on the queen, saying "she was sure her majesty would suffer for her inhumanity."

"That will be to myself," replied queen Anne,[2] closing the colloquy with more dignity than she had sustained it.

So ended the last conversation the queen ever had with the woman who had ruled her for more than thirty years.

It was long before the duchess of Marlborough could convince herself of the fact, that this was the last conference she was ever to hold with her once-loving and familiar friend. She had always built hopes on the circumstance of the queen's speaking to her, with kind condoling inquiries "regarding a bad cold she had when in waiting on the occasion of the late trial in Westminster

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum.

[2] Ibid.

Hall."[1] The duchess had heard that the queen never meant to talk confidentially to her, after her furious conduct at Windsor Castle: but from the incident at Sacheverel's trial, she had hoped that the queen's reported resentment would prove merely a false alarm.

The duchess immediately wrote an account of the ill-boding scene with royalty, which had occurred on the 6th of April, to Godolphin, who was then at Newmarket attending the Easter meeting.

Queen Anne was employed in other thoughts than the wrangling interview she had just endured with her former favourite. She was certainly cogitating on a measure, which brought conviction to the whole family-junta that their fall was resolved upon. The first removal the queen commenced with, was the substitution of the Tory duke of Shrewsbury for the Whig marquis of Kent, as lord-chamberlain of the household. Anne announced this measure to lord Godolphin in a letter,[2] dated a few days after her final interview with the duchess of Marlborough:—

QUEEN ANNE TO LORD GODOLPHIN.

"St. James's, April 13, 1710.

"I am sorry to find by your letter, you are so very much in the spleen, as to think you cannot for the future contribute anything towards my quiet, but your wishes; however, I still hope you will use your endeavours. Never was there more occasion than now; for by all one hears and sees every day, as things are at present, I think one can expect nothing but confusion. I am sure, for my part, I shall be ready to join with all my friends, in every thing that is reasonable, to allay the heat and ferment that is in this poor nation.

"Since you went to Newmarket, I have received several assurances from the duke of Shrewsbury, of his readiness to serve me upon all occasions, and his willingness to come into my service: which offer I was very glad to accept of, having a very good opinion of him, and believing he may be of great use in these troublesome times. For these reasons, I have resolved to part with the *duke* [marquis] of Kent, who I hope will be easy in the matter *by being made a duke;* and I hope that this change will meet with your approbation, which I wish I may ever have in all my actions.

"I have not yet declared my intentions of giving the staff and the key to the duke of Shrewsbury, because I would be the first that should acquaint you with it."

The want of wisdom, in the character of queen Anne, is apparent in this letter. She commences by addressing a taunt, regarding the spleen, to a man, whom she

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum.

[2] No authority but Universal Magazine, March, 1748; but it is fully corroborated by quotations made from it in the duchess's correspondence, Coxe MSS.

tries by flattery to propitiate at the conclusion. If she really wished to conciliate him, she should not have mentioned the spleen; on the contrary, if she meant to defy him, it was absurd to beg for his approbation. Whether queen Anne felt as a friend or enemy towards Godolphin, her letter was equally ridiculous, especially when she knew well that his temper was exceedingly irritable. As may be supposed, he took fire in his answer at the paragraph touching "the spleen:" "I have the grief to find," he replied, "*that* which you are pleased to call spleen in my former letter was only a true impulse of mind, that your majesty is suffering yourself to be guided to your own ruin and destruction as fast as it is possible for them to compass it, to whom you seem so much to hearken." It is impossible to follow lord Godolphin throughout this long angry letter, in which he reproaches the queen for having resolved to make peace without mentioning the same to the duke of Marlborough or him. He declares, "that her crown depends on the continuance of the war." In which instance, he was mistaken. Lord Godolphin ended by telling her majesty to keep his letter, and read it about Christmas, and then she would find who gave her the best advice. As for the staff and key, on which his royal mistress demanded his counsel, he was in too great a rage to mention them.

The queen next hastened to remove lord Sunderland from the office of her secretary-of-state; for the insults with which this young man loaded her were felt by her majesty more severely than even the conduct of her arch enemy, his mother-in-law. It is supposed, that lord Sunderland had usually heard her majesty spoken of, in his wife's family-circle, with such insolent familiarity, that he found it impossible to treat her with common respect; the queen complained, "that he always chose to reflect on all princes before her, in the most injurious manner, as a proper entertainment for *her*."[1] Yet this nobleman, who affected republican bluntness, would have found it difficult to quote any action of a royal personage parallel to that with which his political career closed.[2]

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. p. 7.

[2] The petty fees of 500*l.* &c., with which Barillon purchased the fathers, would have been scorned by the sons. Lord Sunderland the younger, when

It has been seen, that a furious paper-war had taken place between the queen and the duchess of Marlborough, on the appointment of lord Sunderland, first as lord-privy-seal, and afterwards as secretary-of-state. It is possible, that if lord Sunderland had forborne from personal aggravation, queen Anne would have endured patiently, while her life lasted, the heavy bondage with which his imperious mother-in-law oppressed her.

The remembrance that she had formerly gained the victory in the contest with the queen, relative to the appointment of lord Sunderland, gave a fresh impetus to the courage of the defeated duchess of Marlborough. She knew she had one card to play, which she thought would cause the queen to succumb; she therefore boldly plunged into a fresh attack by letter. The following is one of the most insolent she ever addressed to Anne; it has been hitherto inedited:—

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.[1]

"There was something very unusual in the manner of the last conversation I had with your majesty, in your declaring you would give no answer to whatsoever I said; and in the disorder that appeared by your turning from the candle,[2] when you thought I was going to mention something that you did not care to hear of, that I can't but think you are ashamed of the company you generally have, and sensible of the ill consequences of having such a favourite, and of the reflections that are made all over the town upon it, since 'tis certain, that nothing your majesty ever does, can be a secret; if then there can be a pleasure in anything one is ashamed to own (for which I have no taste), I am sure you will pay very dear for it. I never yet heard of any prince that kept little company that was not of course unfortunate.[3] * * * * What I now say, is for no private interest, nor with any particular regard to myself; I only wish you would choose such people to converse with, as would keep your character from falling in the opinion of your subjects; and besides the interest you would have in it, you would find it much more easy to pass your time in such a way as to have no need of any disguise. I beg you, madam, for your own sake, to think what the world must say, upon your showing that your real confidence and kindness is gone from those that have done you much true service, (and that have so much respect paid them at home and abroad), to Mrs. Masham, her sister, and a Scotch doctor, and others one is ashamed to name; and in short to anybody that will make court to *her* [Mrs. Masham], who must always be contemptible

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the South Sea iniquity was unravelled, was found to be the owner of 50,000*l.* of the newly created stock, for which he had not paid one penny of purchase money.

[1] Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum, vol. xliv. art. 72, inedited.

[2] Thus the final interview between the queen and the duchess must have lasted from after the queen's three o'clock dinner until candle-light in April.

[3] Here a break and some illegible words occur.

wretches, since they can condescend to *such lowness* in order to compass their ends with your majesty.

"Your majesty having often said, that you were always ready to live with me as you had done, and that it was not your fault if it were otherwise, *I ave attempted* several times to come to you in the same easy manner; and when you went to Windsor, I did most humbly desire you to give me one-half hour when you received, and to consider well upon my subject, and to let me hear from you."

The queen again determined to advance Mrs. Masham's brother in the army, which Marlborough positively refused. The queen as positively affirmed, that she would not sign one of the numerous commissions, according to Marlborough's appointment, until her will was obeyed in this matter. There is no doubt such determination would soon have had its due effect, for it appears that the great duke received payment for them; but, after having uttered the threat to Robert Walpole, secretary-at-war, her majesty recalled her words in a fright, and requested him never to tell the Marlboroughs what she had said; and at the same time acknowledging that she had purposely stopped the commissions on this account, yet she desired that they might not know the delay arose from anything but accident.[1]

As may be supposed, her faithful secretary-at-war instantly communicated the whole conversation to the duke of Marlborough. The duchess of Marlborough protested, with far more vehemence than her lord against the advancement of her cousin, repeating his words, that "Jack Hill was good for nothing as a soldier." Jack had, however, shared in most of the bloody actions in Flanders, with at least the credit of personal courage. It is undeniable, nevertheless, that general Hill had treated her with black ingratitude, for she mentions him at times with something like maternal tenderness. She said, and apparently truly, "that she had given him a home and education when he was a destitute vagabond." She speaks with indignation of his rising out of a sick-bed, and going in a wrapping-gown and cloak to vote for the ruin of the duke of Marlborough, when she had ever treated him with the kindness of a mother. The duchess declares that his sole talent consisted in mimicry, in which his sister, Mrs. Masham, likewise excelled.

Perhaps, the threat that the queen had ventured to

[1] Walpole Correspondence, edited by Coxe, vol. ii. p. 17. Letter of Sir R. Walpole to Marlborough, May 12, 1710.

express, although weakly recalled in her interview with Walpole, had its due weight when it was communicated to the duke of Marlborough; for he hastened to write, "that he begged the commission of colonel Hill might be made out, and sent to him directly; but as some accident might happen, to show his wish to make everything easy to the queen, and to obey her commands, he should directly send for colonel Hill, and *declare* him brigadier."[1] The matter in dispute was thus amicably adjusted between Anne and her general; not so in regard to her former favourite and present tyrant, the duchess Sarah, who never abated her maledictions on the head of "Jack Hill," till other offences from the queen crowded this one out of its supremacy and pre-eminence.

So early as the preceding reign, it has been shown that the conquest of Canada was deemed an important measure for the security of British America; likewise that the attempt under the government of queen Mary had been abortive. There is reason to suppose that the determination to persevere in the same measure sprang entirely from queen Anne's own mind, since the general was of her especial appointment, being no other than the redoubtable Jack Hill.

For the first time in English history, the allegiance, or rather alliance, of the savage tribes of North American aborigines was demanded by the British monarch, and the atrocious policy of unloosing human fiends on Christian colonists was adopted, to the unspeakable woe of harmless families belonging to either the French or English settlements for more than a century. A deputation from the savage chiefs made a voyage to England, and were introduced at the court of Anne. The circumstance is recorded by the excellent Transatlantic historian, in these words:—"Five Sachems from the Iroquois had sailed with Schuyler for England. They appeared, amidst the gaze of crowds, dressed in English small-clothes of black, with scarlet ingrain cloth mantles, edged with gold, for their blankets; they were conducted in state in coaches to an audience with queen Anne; and, giving her belts of wampum, they avowed their readiness to take up the hatchet, and aid her in the reduction of Canada."[2]

[1] Walpole Correspondence, edited by Coxe, vol. ii. p. 23.
[2] Bancroft's United States, vol. iii. p. 219, A.D. 1710.

Wigs are not enumerated with the rest of the court costume of the queen's savage allies, although long flowing ones might have been considered, by the children of the forest, as the English warriors' helms of terror. The Tatler and Spectator often allude to the visit of the Sachems to the court of queen Anne; the attempt on Quebec utterly failed, to the great exultation of the Marlborough opposition.

The struggle relative to the dismissal of the son-in-law of the duchess of Marlborough, from his place of secretary-of-state, continued to be maintained by her angry grace, by means of violent letters to the queen, long after that measure took place, which occurred June 15, 1710. One furious letter to the queen was sent abroad, for the duke of Marlborough to copy and send to the queen as if from himself; it was tossed by that sagacious politician behind the fire, as if by mistake—a measure which did not prevent the queen from receiving a worse edition of the same composition;[1] but written by the duchess in her own name. In desperation at the apprehended fall of her party, and utterly forbidden all private access to the queen, the duchess had recourse to one of the royal physicians, sir David Hamilton, to insinuate to her majesty, "that in case of continued obduracy, she should publish to the world all the queen's former letters of friendship and fondness for her."[2]

It is not exactly clear whether the physician-spy was in the interest of his royal mistress or of her enemy; perhaps he made his advantage out of both. One circumstance is undeniable, which is, that the arrow launched by the duchess had its effect in giving pain to the queen. In order to follow up the effect of sir David's insinuations, the duchess enclosed one of the queen's former fond letters, to remind her majesty how high her opinion of her had been at its date, and to raise suitable ideas of the sensation which would be created in the world if such epistles became matters of public discussion.

The queen eagerly detained her own letter; and to her reply, indited by her advisers, she added a postscript, written in her usual style, demanding, in a strain of something like tender reproach, the restoration of *all* her letters,

[1] Coxe's MSS., vol. xlv. fo. 42, Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

"as she was sure the duchess did not *now* value them." This demand was considered as a proof that the queen felt the alarm the duchess wished to inspire. She exultingly wrote back to her royal mistress—

"I hasten to the latter part of your letter in which you desire that all the letters I have of yours, may be sent back, and give the reason for it, because 'tis impossible they can now be agreeable to me; but though your majesty takes care to make them less pleasing to me than I once thought they would have been, I cannot yet find it in my heart to part with *one*. And though I cannot dispute your keeping your own letter that I sent you, I can the more easily spare it, because I have drawers full of the same in every place wherever I have lived. Yet I much wondered at your majesty's keeping the duke of Somerset's, which I only sent to show what he once thought of the duke of Marlborough's services; 'tis not, surely, usual to detain *another body's letters*."[1]

The dismissal of Sunderland was followed by that of the queen's long-trusted lord-treasurer, Godolphin, an event which occurred August 6, 1710. The queen commenced this measure by the following letter; the offer it contains is magnificent, although the rage with which it inspired Godolphin was too overpowering to permit himself to accept it:

QUEEN ANNE TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN, LORD TREASURER.[2]

"Kensington, August 7, 1710.

"The uneasiness you have showed for some time, has given me very much trouble, though I have borne it; *and* had your behaviour continued the same as it was for a few years after my coming to the crown, I *could have* no dispute with myself what to do. But the many unkind *returns* I have received since, especially *what* you said to me before the lords, *makes* it impossible for me to continue you any longer in my service, but I will give you a pension of four thousand a year; and I desire, that instead of bringing the staff to me, you will break it, which I believe, will be easier to us both."

The duchess of Marlborough's manuscripts give some characteristic particulars of Anne at this momentous period of her history. She says: "After the receipt of this letter, lord Godolphin hastened to the queen; he reasoned with her on her danger in dismissing the Whigs, and finished by asking, 'Whether he should go on?' meaning as lord-treasurer. The queen answered, 'Yes.'[3] Lord Godolphin noticed, however, something strange and gloomy in her looks.[4] He supposed, nevertheless, she meant to abide by

[1] Coxe's MSS., Brit. Museum.
[2] Coxe's Marlborough.
[3] Coxe's MSS., Brit. Museum. Add. MSS. vol. xlv. folio 90. 1710.
[4] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to sir David Hamilton, the physician-spy.

the assent he had extorted from her, and had not the least idea of what was to happen the next day, "when he was removed in an unheard of manner, for a man in the high station of lord-treasurer, with no more ceremony than a letter, written by the queen, and left with his porter." "The contents of this letter," continues the duchess, "were so extraordinary, that I am not at liberty to name them, though I cannot help touching on them a little. The queen began with a complaint, 'that she had not been satisfied with his behaviour for a long time, and insinuated that had only been the case in the beginning of her reign.'"

Several of lord Godolphin's friends expressed to the queen their concern at his dismissal from the office of lord-treasurer, particularly at her manner of parting with a man "who, like Mentor in Telemachus, had taught her for more than *twenty* years—her majesty being in all things the most ignorant and helpless creature living."

"The queen," continues the duchess, "made these persons the very same answer that she did to a valet-de-chambre that was turned out of the office of the robes. 'I am sorry for it, but cannot help it.' And, to show her sorrow, the next thing her majesty did was to turn out lord Godolphin's son also, lord Rialton, who was likewise the duchess of Marlborough's son-in-law, with which he was very sensibly affected."

A base intrigue was revealed in the same letter by the duchess of Marlborough. She describes to sir David Hamilton, whom she is in the act of suborning for the same purpose, "that there was a servant in an humble station, but in waiting near the royal person, with whom her majesty often gossipped."[1] The menial had agreed with the duchess "that nothing succeeded with queen Anne but flattery or fear." The residue shall be told in the ungrateful woman's own base words:

"For which reason, he pretended he would fright the queen about the letters I had in my power, and give her to understand 'how unwilling he should be to fall out with one *that could do so much hurt as I might do her majesty*;' adding, 'he feared that her provocations would make me print her letters, for that I had a great spirit, and was

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to sir David Hamilton, the physician-spy.

justly enraged to be put in print for such lies as I had been.'"

Who can avoid feeling indignant at finding the majesty of Great Britain held in awe by a base servant, at the instigation of the woman she had raised from nothing, to insult her? Anne was intimidated, for the Marlborough duchess continues:

"The queen ordered this man to write me a letter to Windsor, and send it by a messenger on purpose, (which shows she knew her letters were opened.) He was to desire me 'as a friend not to do anything that might reflect on her majesty, insinuating that there was still room for reconciliation with her and me.'

"And," continues this manuscript, "to carry on the matter more successfully, I writ all my letters to him [*the menial spy about the queen*], with a design he should show them to her majesty, *who*, thinking I knew nothing of her seeing any of my letters, and as her mind loved to manage such a secret with any one in a low station, I so ordered it, that I might say what otherwise could not have been told her.[1]

"I am afraid," wrote the duchess at the same time to sir David Hamilton, in illustration of her royal mistress's character, "you will have a very ill opinion of me that could pass so many hours with one I have just given such a character of; but though it was extremely tedious to pass so many hours where there could be no conversation, I knew she loved me, and I suffered much by fearing I did wrong when I was not with her." That is, the duchess dreaded the consequences of not mounting guard perpetually. "I have gone to the queen a thousand times," she added, "when I had rather been in a dungeon."

There is great reason to believe that sir David Hamilton made use of this fine epistle against the duchess, and showed it to the queen—at least, the writer afterwards suspected as much. If such were the case, the queen might have had still fuller conviction that the companion of her youth never loved her as the conclusion avers: "That she served the queen as zealously as any persons could do, that they *really* loved, and had all the merit in the world."

[1] Coxe MSS., vol. xlv. folio 90-92. Inedited Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to sir David Hamilton.

Lord Godolphin was deeply disappointed at the failure of his endeavour to cling to office. In a state of exasperation on receiving the queen's final order, he not only broke his white staff, but flung it contemptuously into the grate.

The incident gave rise to a party-epigram, written by Swift, who had arrived in London—suborned by the Tories to write them up, and their opponents down.

> "Dear Sid,[1] then why wert thou so mad,
> To break thy rod, like naughty lad?
> You should have kissed it in distress,
> And then returned it to your mistress."

If queen Anne had a passion, it was, that the most scrupulous attention might be paid to all the laws of etiquette, however minute they might be. It was hard, that in her reign the principal of all her white sticks should treat the insignia of his dignity in a manner totally unprecedented in courtly annals; but knowing the weak side of his royal mistress, it is to be feared he did it purposely, out of *malice prepense*.

The queen placed the office of lord-treasurer *in the hands of seven commissioners*,[2] at the head of whom was Mr. Harley, whom she created afterwards earl of Oxford and Mortimer, when she made him lord-treasurer.

The revival of the old system of the revelation of assassination-plots was next tried, in order to excite either fears for her life, or gratitude for her preservation, in the breast of the queen. The duke of Marlborough wrote to his duchess "that prince Eugene had informed him of an assassin that was coming to England, from Vienna, with designs against the queen's life; and that the utmost care should be taken lest the murderer should get access to the royal presence." The duchess went to court very consequentially, and demanded admittance to the queen "on a matter of life and death." The queen refused to see her, and a memorial of her business was coldly required; the duchess sent her husband's letter. Anne was inaccessible to fears for her personal safety. The most dignified action of her life, was returning the warning respecting her assassination

[1] Sidney was lord Godolphin's Christian name.

[2] Cunningham's History of Great Britain. This expedient of placing great offices in commission was resorted to, in that era, whensoever the government was unsettled, or could not be organized all of one party.

without deigning to notice the circumstance—merely enclosing the duke of Marlborough's letter, accompanied with these words, addressed to the duchess of Marlborough, dated from Kensington—

"Just as I was coming down stairs I received yours, so could not return the enclosed back, till I came to this place."[1]

This sentence comprised the last epistle ever written by queen Anne, the once-adoring Mrs. Morley, to her Mrs. Freeman.

Bishop Burnet, when it was found that the quarrel between the queen and the duchess of Marlborough was public and irreconcilable, forced an interview with her majesty, and endeavoured to intimidate her from a change of ministers. "I showed her," he said,[2] "'that if she suffered the pretender's party to prepare the nation for his succeeding her, that she must not think, if that matter was thought fixed, they would stay for the natural end of her life, but that they would find ways to shorten it; nor did I think it was to be doubted but that, in 1708, when the pretender was on the sea, they had laid some *assassinates* here, who would on his landing, have tried to despatch her.' This, with a great deal more to the same purpose, I laid before the queen. She heard me patiently; she was, for the most part, silent; yet, by what she said, she seemed desirous to make me think she agreed to what I laid before her, but I found afterwards it had no effect upon her."

The earl of Dartmouth adds, "that the queen, who gave him a patient hearing because she was the best bred person in her realm, was much amused at the bishop's fears for himself;[3] as, in the course of the harangue he had betrayed his apprehension that, in case of the pretender's landing, he should himself be the very first person who would be hanged." The bishop did not succeed in raising any personal apprehension in the mind of the queen for her own safety; her fault was indecision, not cowardice.

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe's MSS., Brit. Museum. There are three editions of this circumstance, each with some variation, either printed in the Conduct, or inedited among the Coxe Manuscripts.

[2] Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 442.

[3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, vol. i. p. 263.

Lord Dartmouth had, during the gradual changes among the ministry in the course of the summer of 1710, accepted office as one of the secretaries of state. There was a degree of friendly intimacy between the queen and himself, which caused them often to gossip over the characters and conduct of such courtiers whom they had known from their youth. In the course of these discussions, lord Dartmouth told the queen "that bishop Burnet had a great idea that he himself possessed remarkable faculties for keeping secrets." To give her majesty a specimen of the bishop's self-deception on this head, lord Dartmouth agreed with her "that he would tell him a story regarding herself personally, and enjoin him to strict secrecy." This was done, and bishop Burnet solemnly promised to mention the incident to no one. Two days afterwards, the bishop posted to Windsor, and began to tell it to the queen in a private audience, which he had previously solemnly requested; her majesty received it, to the bishop's infinite astonishment, with a hearty burst of laughter.[1]

Lord Somers, if the testimony of his coadjutrix, the duchess of Marlborough, may be believed, beset the queen with many flattering arts in order to retain office. The manner in which Somers was forced up as the head of the queen's councils, is acknowledged by that managing dame. What can be thought of the president of the queen's wearing apparel daring to own, that she *teazed* her royal mistress into the appointment of Somers to such an office as lord-president of the privy council? When the duchess has praised lord-chancellor Cowper sufficiently for his submissive conduct to her, his patroness, she says of her other client—"My lord Somers had the reverse of that behaviour, for though he courted me a great while, in order to get into employment with the Whigs—visiting me—and if I met him in the streets or roads by chance, he would stand up and bow down, as if I had been the queen!" Perhaps, history furnishes not an instance of a similar arrogant narrative; Wolsey's slip of the pen, "I and my king," is nothing to it, for the blunder was made in Latin, and written moreover, by a prince of the church which placed its members far above all secular authority.

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, vol. i. p. 443.

After dwelling with emphasis on lord Somers' standing up, to let the great duchess pass, as if she were queen Anne, comes the reason wherefore such reverences were made by Somers—such standings up and such bowings down:

"Yet, after I had *teazed* the queen to bring Somers into this great post—I think that of lord-president—he never made me one single visit, though I never had one dispute or quarrel with him—nor did he take any more notice of me after I was out of my employments, than if he had never heard of me." Lord Somers was found guilty of courting the queen and Mrs. Masham for some months afterwards. Harley and Bolingbroke having prescribed to the queen a course of conduct by which her majesty was to flatter him, "and make him believe she was fond of him, to make lord Godolphin and the duke of Marlborough jealous."[1] "The plot," adds the duchess, "made lord Somers extremely pleased with the queen's favour, and he had many interviews with her alone. Her majesty acted her part very well, as she could any part given her by those she liked. I really believe Somers thought that if he could get rid of Godolphin and Marlborough, that she meant to make him her premier." Lord Somers, in some of these interviews with the royal widow, did his best to persuade her "that he was against the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverel;" indeed, the duchess casts a stigma on the Whig lord-president for absenting himself from the last days of that trial, on such a slight occurrence as—his mother being dead.

"After the game was up," meaning the dismissal of the Whigs, "a bed-chamber woman, who was very honest, told me that lord Somers came very often to wait on the queen, at Kensington, even when his party was quite destroyed; which convinced me that he had hopes of the queen's favour."[2] The duchess finishes all these inuendos by affirming that the incorruptible lord Somers received a pension from queen Anne, paid by Mrs. Masham.

Cowper, the lord-chancellor, notes in his diary his interview to surrender the seals to the queen. She was unwilling, and perhaps sincerely so, to receive them, for he had certainly done his duty to her and the country, by making a stand against the attempt of Marlborough to be appointed general for life. Lord Cowper mentions the

[1] Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

dismissal of lord Wharton, lord Somers, and the duke of Devonshire; and that secretary Boyle had resigned. In the morning of September 22, the queen had an interview with her lord-chancellor, who brought with him the great seal, with the intention of surrendering it into her hands. The queen strongly opposed the resignation, and made him take the seal back five times after he had laid down the bag containing it, commanding him still to hold it, adding—

"I beg it as a favour, if I may use the expression." Lord Cowper took the bag, merely because he could not let it fall—when the queen pressed it on him, but said—

"I cannot carry it out of the palace, excepting your majesty will receive it to-morrow."[1]

The queen replied "that she would agree to this arrangement, in hopes he would alter his mind."

The repeated importunities of her majesty and arguments on the lord chancellor's side, and the professions of both, extended this scene to the length of three quarters of an hour.

Lord Cowper supposes that the Tories had not a successor ready for him, as sir Simon Harcourt, who finally took his place, was appointed attorney-general, and the new ministers had entreated queen Anne to delay his surrender every hour that she could.

The next day, her majesty had another interview with her lord-chancellor. "I come now," he said, "with an easier heart than yesterday, since your majesty has promised graciously to accept my surrender, if I continue this morning of the same mind, which I do."

"I can use no more arguments to-day than I did yesterday," replied queen Anne; "but I hoped you would have changed your mind." The lord-chancellor answered by bending his knee and giving the queen the seal, which she then finally accepted.[2] Before the audience finished, lord Cowper gave the queen some advice regarding his successor, and warned her, as he had done the preceding day, of the impropriety of her new ministers having issued writs omitting the tests.[3] This, as he means the duke of Queensberry, was probably for Scotland.

Many of the ancient nobility, who had never approached the English court since the revolution, came to pay their

[1] Lord Cowper's Diary, (holograph.) Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

respects to queen Anne after she had dismissed the Marlborough faction. Among others, the duke of Beaufort, whose grandfather and father had likewise held aloof; he congratulated queen Anne, as if on her accession, saying "that he was extremely glad that he could now salute her queen in reality."[1]

Some time before these occurrences took place, but since the Union with Scotland, the duke of Argyll had prevailed on queen Anne to add to the companies of her English guards, the Scottish royal guard; they had new uniforms and appointments, but to distinguish them from the English guards their uniforms were trimmed with silver lace. The queen was displeased with this economy, and exclaimed, "I do not know my own guards!"[2] Her majesty evidently preferred them according to their former picturesque appointments. So recently as the year of her accession, these guards, commanded by the earl of Orkney, had not adopted the use of fire-arms; for the Scots-royals wore heavy steel caps, and used bows and arrows, with broad-swords and targets.[3] Thus queen Anne had beheld them in her youth, when she lived in Edinburgh with her father. It is not certain that they had ever guarded the royal person in England until after the Union.

One of the queen's former adherents of the Tory party not only seceded from the ranks of her supporters, but attacked her with intentions that seemed almost tantamount to forcing her abdication. This was lord Nottingham, whose speeches against her in the house of lords have been laid on a very different person. It is repeated frequently that when the queen was present in her curtained box listening privately to the debates in the house of peers, the duke of Buckingham, in her hearing, "urged the necessity of inviting over the electress Sophia immediately, to be recognised as the heiress to the crown, because the queen might live long enough to lose the use of her faculties, and not know what she did."

Such a speech is utterly against the whole tenour of the duke of Buckingham's conduct in regard to the queen; from her early youth to her death, their friendly intercourse was never interrupted. Common sense rejects the idea that the

[1] Granger, vol. iv. p. 269; likewise Coxe MSS. [2] Cunningham.
[3] Scots Magazine, 1791, quoted in History of Galloway.

queen could ever have heard this brutal and idiotic speech, and retained her friendly intercourse with her former lover. How could any one in possession of reasoning powers talk of the intellects of a woman of eighty-two surviving those of a queen in the prime of life, whose mental powers, if not much strengthened by education, were, since she had had to struggle with the difficulties of reigning, far superior to what they had ever been? The whole tenour of the speech was utterly contrary to the duke of Buckingham's partialities, which tended more and more to the restoration of the exiled line of Stuart every day of his life; the queen, moreover, called him, directly after its pretended utterance, to the highest office in her realm, that of lord-president of the council.

Mistakes were easy to be made as to the peer speaking, when there were no regular reports of the speeches; and as for reporters, the pillory, with loss of ears, would have been the fate of any bold barrister who listened in the house of peers to whatsoever that earl or this duke might say, and disseminated it in print to the whole world.[1] The peer who thus insulted the queen was lord Nottingham, who had been inimical to the government of queen Anne from an early period of her reign. He had been included in her first Tory ministry on account of his supposed affection to the principles of the church of England; but he shook that administration to its basis, by his sudden retreat, with several others, from its ranks, in 1703.[2] The opposition of lord Nottingham to peace, when the miserable state of her people induced the queen to negotiate five years before it was concluded, was of the most violent kind. Lord Nottingham's intellect, and even his moral conduct, it is hinted by the writers of his day, had strangely altered from the time when he was quoted as—

> "The sober earl of Nottinghame,
> From sober sire descended."

It is possible that he knew not that the queen had entered her curtained box when he made that remarkable speech, which has been nailed on the memory of the right owner

[1] Since the Revolution, the debates in the houses of parliament had been guarded with jealous care by the members. The journals are remarkable for their mysterious paucity.

[2] Somerville's Reign of Queen Anne.

by the hard clinching satire of Swift, who would never have spared the duke of Buckingham for a moment, had it been his due, since the bitter poet hated him far worse than he did Nottingham, on account of some affront that the Jacobite duke had offered him, when he was a Whig author. In this poem, another historical anecdote is preserved, illustrative of a cautious manœuvre of lord Nottingham, at the revolution of 1688, when it was scarcely possible to tell who would ultimately prevail, Stuart or Orange:

"When I and some others subscribed our names,
To a plot for expelling my master, king James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot.
I had my advantage, and stood at defiance—
So Daniel[1] was got from the den of the lions—
I came in without danger; and was I to blame?
For rather than hang, I'd be Not-in-the-game.[2]

"I swore to queen Anne that the prince of Hanover,
During *her* sacred life, should never come over;
I made use of a trope, 'that an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument ever in sight.'[3]
But when I thought proper I altered my note,
And, in her *own hearing*, I boldly did vote,

'That her majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor.'
For I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reason, I'm Not-in-the-game."

It will be allowed that two accidents could not occur exactly alike, in regard to two separate persons; therefore Buckingham must be acquitted of this betrayal of his long friendship for the queen. Coffee-house gossip might deceive Tindal, and other contemporaries, as to the person of the peer who made the attack on the queen; but Swift had the incident direct from Mrs. Masham, who heard her majesty discuss what her own eyes had witnessed and her ears heard. Neither queen Anne nor her ladies could mistake Buckingham for Nottingham.

The staff and key of lord-chamberlain, the queen bestowed upon that mysterious politician, the duke of Shrewsbury. This great noble had been entreated for the last quarter of a century to guide the helm of state, for no other reason

[1] *Daniel*, earl of Nottingham. Scott's Swift, vol. xii. p. 296.

[2] A queer pun on the title of Nottingham, implying that he was not given a part important enough to play in the game of politics.

[3] Borrowed from a speech that was ever on the lips of queen Elizabeth.

than because he abhorred the office. The duke of Shrewsbury seemed, in the eyes of Europe, the most indecisive of human characters; he was perpetually waiting to be guided by some popular manifestation, and, by the perversity which usually attends all human affairs, the whole population chose to take him for their leader; he was willing to follow the lead if a majority of the nation had been inclined to restore the exiled line of Stuart, but he would not become the principal in any such movement. Although he was passive in that measure, he was zealous for peace with France, from the conviction that the majority of the English people were suffering intensely.

The queen confided to the duke of Shrewsbury the fact that the earl of Jersey and count Tallard, her prisoner from the battle of Blenheim, had sent, with her sanction, the abbé Gaultier[1] to France, to sound that court on the subject of peace; and, likewise, that they had sent Mr. Prior to follow that avant-courier. Mackey, the spy, whose head quarters were at Dover, discovered these proceedings, and raised an alarm in the ranks of the Whig party.

The public prints, at this epoch, teemed with exposés of the impudent manner in which old habitants of the court and palace tricked harmless folks out of cash, by affecting to sell places about the queen's household, and even offices that brought the buyers in immediate contact with her majesty's person. There was an old rapacious courtier, who had had, time immemorial, "an apartment in some odd nook of the vast pile of St. James's Palace"—for vast it was, before that royal residence had twice been reduced by fire. The old courtier had done some business, now and then, by selling small places, somewhat after the mode of Gil Blas and his worthy confraternity. At the change of the Whig ministry, he fell in the way of a country gentleman, with a larger stock of money than wit, who was willing to come down with funds for the vice-chamberlain's place. The old resident of St. James's assured him that queen Anne was disgusted with her present vice-chamberlain, Mr. Thomas Coke, and was about to send him adrift after the Whiggish train, (already discarded,) as soon as she could

[1] Gaultier had been a chaplain in the household of count Gallas, minister for the emperor at the British court, but he had been long dismissed before he took this mission.

meet with a likely-looking pleasant country gentleman in his place, but 7000*l.* was the lowest sum required, whereof 4000*l.* was to be given at once "to the queen's foster-sister," (perhaps a daughter of Mrs. Buss, often mentioned previously as the queen's nurse;) 2000*l.* to the unfortunate discarded Mr. Vice, who had given a consideration of greater amount; the remaining 1000*l.* was to be divided between the minor agents and the worthy negotiator, then transacting business. But the gentleman negotiating was informed, "that to be vice-chamberlain he must be able to speak French; and, when brought out for view in the gardens of St. James's, and pacing up and down before a particular range of windows, the queen's foster-sister looking out upon the candidate, if she did not think his airs and graces sufficiently distinguished for a place of such personal importance, he must give up all thoughts of it." The rogue who devised the plan had certainly a genius for comedy; and the story goes that the candidate pranced up and down for a considerable time "on view," to the great satisfaction of one of the palace-housemaids, who was placed for the purpose, looking, like Jezebel, out of the window. It must have been a rich scene. One day the court-salesman carried his customer to see the queen pass to St. James's Chapel; being a resident in the palace, he was able to obtain good stations. It so happened that the duke of Shrewsbury, the lord-chamberlain, being absent, Mr. Vice-chamberlain led her majesty by the hand, at which sight the candidate for the office cried out, in a rapture:—"Ah, sir, what happiness! I wish all our friends were here now to see the vice-chamberlain handing the queen; i' faith, the place is worth t'other thousand."

The queen probably took the speaker for a tame madman, but as places were just then changing very rapidly, Mr. Vice-chamberlain Coke's attention was attracted by the words touching the sale of his place; he forthwith made due inquiry, and as the candidate, meaning honestly, made no concealment, the rogue who had carried on this ingenious negotiation was discovered, and handed up for examination at the secretary-of-state's office, and all his fine proceedings were taken down in writing. Two or three hampers of wine had been consumed, and more than one rouleau of guineas actually pocketed by the court-

salesman before the gentleman-purchaser was enlightened with this evidence. So many droll circumstances came out in the course of the inquiry, that the court was convulsed with laughter for a week, and Mr. Vice-chamberlain finding he was more frightened than hurt—nay, that he was positively benefited, for the inquiry fully confirmed her majesty in her gracious intention of retaining him in his place, permitted the roguish salesman of his office to rest unscathed, with no punishment beyond the universal ridicule he had incurred.[1]

Queen Anne, at this time of political excitement, received some visitations from mad people, seeking audience, in order to bestow on her advice and assistance gratuitously. One of these self-elected counsellors stopped Swift in "the Pall Mall;" being to him a gentleman unknown; he asked his advice, saying, "he had been to see the queen, who was just come to town, but the people in waiting would not let him speak to her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in war; that he knew the queen well, and had an apartment at court; and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately, and that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds; he desired to know whether he should beg again to see her, or as she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow?" Swift, who wanted to get rid of him, advised him "to try again at St. James's Palace."[2]

All removals, small and great, had been effected by the queen and her advisers, before she ventured any attempt to displace from her great court offices the terrible woman who, either by love or fear, had ruled her for so many years. The duchess of Marlborough herself exultingly attributes this circumstance to her having kept the queen in check by the threats she held over her, of printing her majesty's letters of fondness and confidence.[3] The queen, she made out, suffered the greatest pain of mind, whenever this subject was reiterated, and at last sent the duke of Shrewsbury to negotiate the surrender of her letters. All the satisfaction

[1] Tract of the Times, entitled "A New Way of selling Places at Court."

[2] Journal to Stella, p. 124.

[3] It is worth observation that the duchess ventures not to hint at this proceeding in her printed Conduct; it is found in her Hutchinson MSS.

obtained was, "that whilst the duchess kept her places, the letters should remain unprinted."

Every day the untameable duchess mounted her fine coach and drove about the town, spending her mornings in visits to her party, where she employed the time in execrating and calumniating queen Anne, and giving the most horrid insinuations on the contents of her letters. The queen cut her off from all exercise of her functions, and wholly denied her presence; although the duchess declared, "that her majesty wanted new gowns, and she must come to give orders for them."[1] Anne was, nevertheless, firm in denying her presence. Much the queen wished to have her gold keys, in order to give them to her new officials; but, the duchess having expressed her intention of not surrendering them, no one dared go to demand them of her, all the new ministry deeming it as safe and pleasant an undertaking as to ask a milch tigress to give up a pair of her cubs.

The court remained in a laughable position, from June to December—fairly kept at bay by one daring woman, who remained in office in defiance of sovereign, prime-minister, and all their satellites. The lords-spiritual, the peers and peeresses-temporal, the knights of the shire, the burgesses and legal authorities of Great Britain, had all submitted to Tory government—all but the duchess of Marlborough, who held Whiggism triumphant over her majesty's robes, gowns, caps, mantuas, furbelows, and fans, and retained in place, withal, all the functionaries therewith connected. At last, the queen and all about her agreed to wait patiently until the lord and master of the virago returned from his Flemish campaigns, for, ill as she treated him, and vivaciously as she reviled him, in their hours of domestic felicity, Marlborough was the only person who could manage his spouse.

With this exception, the queen was entirely free from the family-junta and the Whig ministry. "I saw her," says Swift, in his journal of October 10, 1710, "pass to chapel, with all her Tories about her, and not one Whig. There was her uncle Rochester, Buckingham, Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, lord-keeper Harcourt, and Mr. Harley."[2]

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.
[2] Scott's Swift, vol. xv. p. 412.

The duke of Marlborough's personal behaviour to her majesty had ever been that of submission, often using such expressions as "that he was the meanest of her instruments—a poor worm—her majesty's humblest creature." This the queen told to one of her lords in the household, who told it again to Swift.[1] Lord Dartmouth dreaded the effect of these self-abasing expressions on the mind of the queen, after Marlborough returned, when delivered in the plaintive tone of voice peculiar to him, together with the singular power he was known to possess over every person he chose to influence.

"Does your majesty think you can resist such persuasion?"

"Yes," said queen Anne, "from *him* I can."[2] A remarkable admission, proving that the queen had no more regard for the sweetly and softly-speaking husband, than for his furious helpmate. The queen had left Windsor for Hampton Court, earlier than usual that autumn. Swift mentions attending a levée there, and seeing the paintings and especially the cartoons, in the state-rooms, while she was there in September. Her majesty came to St. James's in October, and passed her time between that palace and Kensington, till December.

The queen spent Christmas-day at St. James's; she stayed very late at church, where she received the sacrament, and held a great court in the afternoon. Christmas-day being a collar-day, the queen having recently installed the celebrated John duke of Argyle at Windsor, as a knight of the garter, he attended her in the costume of the order.

The queen kept the promise she had previously made to lord Dartmouth, in regard to the duke of Marlborough, who seems to have tried every way to touch her feelings. He arrived in London from his annual campaign, December 28th, and taking a hackney-coach, drove direct to St. James's, and had a private interview for half an hour with her majesty. He lamented his junction with the Whigs, and declared, almost in the language of Wolsey, "that he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes;" assuring the queen moreover, "that he was neither covetous or ambitious." Her majesty, when describing the interview

[1] Swift's letter to archbishop King.
[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

to her new ministers and confidants, said, "If she could have conveniently turned about, she must have laughed outright, and as it was, could hardly forbear doing so in his face."[1] Lord Dartmouth need not have anticipated the relenting of the queen's heart at this interview. When the duke of Marlborough had uttered all that his sagacity had suggested, as most likely to mollify his royal mistress, the queen requested him to tell his wife, "That she wished to receive back her gold keys, as groom of the stole and mistress of the robes." The demand drew from the duke another remonstrance on the causes of such requisition. The queen made no other reply, but that—

"It was for her honour that the keys should be returned forthwith."[2]

The duke earnestly entreated that the queen would delay the displacing of his wife until after the peace, which must take place next summer, and then they would both retire together. The queen would not delay the surrender of the keys for one week. The duke of Marlborough threw himself on his knees,[3] and begged for a respite of ten days, in order to prepare the mind of his wife for a blow she would feel severely; the queen, with the utmost difficulty, consented to wait for three days. "But before two were passed," says the duchess, "the queen sent to insist that her keys should be restored to her." The duke of Marlborough instantly went to St. James's, having some urgent business respecting his command to transact with the queen. When he entered upon his errand, her majesty positively refused to proceed to the discussion of affairs, until she received back her gold keys from the duchess.[4] Thus urged, the duke retired from the royal presence with the desperate intention of obtaining them. He went to his spouse, and told her she must surrender the queen's insignia. The duchess vehemently refused; the duke laid his commands on her to return the gold keys, which she did, after a stormy contest, by throwing them at his head.[5] Marlborough was glad to obtain them on any terms; he caught up the keys and immediately carried them to the queen, who received them of him, to use the words of a contemporary, "with

[1] Journal to Stella. Scott's Swift, vol. ii. p. 130, on St. John's information.
[2] Coxe MSS., vol. xlv. ff. 192, 19. Brit. Museum. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] Cunningham, vol. iv. p. 391.

far greater pleasure than if he had brought her the spoils of an enemy." "The duchess," continues the same authority,[1] "flew about the town in rage, and with eyes and words full of vengeance, proclaimed how ill she had been treated by the queen."

The character and abilities of the queen were minutely discussed at the conclaves held at this crisis by the Whig opposition; the duke of Marlborough was particularly called upon to declare, from his long and familiar acquaintance, what were the tendencies of the queen's mind and the bias of her genius? Marlborough pronounced her mind to be a blank, "that she had no will of her own, or any tendencies, but such as could be directed by other people; as for her abilities, she had a pretty knack of writing affectionate letters, and that was all she could do." Such is the testimony of lord chancellor Cowper, who was present, and has recorded the conversation in the diary to which we have been indebted for a few pages of inedited history.

Lord Cowper, the day after the surrender of the gold keys, went to visit the duke of Marlborough: he found him reclining on his bed, the duchess sitting by his bedside, with a large circle of company in the chamber; the reception seems to have been for condolence; the company were listening to the tirades of the duchess, who was railing very extravagantly against her majesty. Lord Cowper stood aghast at this scene, and whispered to the duke of Marlborough, "How surprised he was at all the duchess ventured to say against the queen; although he had heard much of her temper, this was what he could not have believed."

The duke, in his gentle, pathetic voice, answered, "That nobody minded what the duchess said against the queen or any one else, when she happened to be in a passion, which was pretty often the case, and there was no way to help it."

Among other vituperations, the duchess said (and there, it appears, she spoke truly for once,) "That she had always hated and despised the queen; but as for that fool!" and she pointed to her daughter Henrietta (lady Rialton), who stood by, weeping, "she did believe that she had always

[1] Cunningham, vol. iv. p. 391.
[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 30.

loved the queen, and that she did so still, for which she would never forgive her." Perhaps, there was some of the duchess's blunt, bold style of deceit in this matter, hoping that queen Anne, although dismissing herself for her misdeeds from the places of groom-of-the-stole, mistress-of-the-robes, and privy-purse, might bestow one or more of these rich benefits on her god-daughter,[1] who was then under maternal persecution for loving her royal mistress so truly. Anne had suffered too much from the intolerable tyranny of the mother to incur the risk of the yoke being re-imposed by any of her family. Yet the daughters of the house of Marlborough were not then obliged to surrender their court-offices about the royal person; they actually held them for a year after their mother was dismissed.

The queen at last secured herself entirely from the duchess of Marlborough, by withdrawing from her every excuse for intrusion and insult, which was effected when the insignia of office were surrendered. The next proceeding of the enemy was to obtain from her majesty a confirmation of the grant of 2000*l.* per-annum from the privy-purse, which had been given her when the commons refused to pension Marlborough. The queen had frequently reiterated the offer, and always refused to appropriate the money, yet the duchess ever repelled its confirmation, lest, perchance, some gratitude or acknowledgment of remuneration for past services should be expected in return.

It is possible that the royal donor at last meant to take the duchess at her word, and retain the oft-rejected annuity; for when the claim was made by a friend of the duchess's the queen was observed to blush and appear very uneasy;[2] she, nevertheless, consented that her gift should be valid, because the agent who transacted the affair had laid before her one of her own letters of affection to her former favourite, in which the acceptance was very earnestly pressed. When the duchess sent in her accounts to the queen, she wrote at the bottom of the list a copy of the queen's first letter wherein the grant was made; the words quoted, (which must have looked very oddly at the bottom of an account-column,) were, "*Pray make no more words about it, and either own or*

[1] Queen Anne was Henrietta Rialton's sponsor.

[2] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum.

conceal it as you like best, since I think the richest crown would never repay the services I have received from you." [1]

The queen kept the accounts of the privy-purse for more than a fortnight, and then returned them to the duchess of Marlborough, with this notation, inscribed in her hand, at the bottom,

"Feb. 1, $17\frac{10}{11}$.

"*I have examined these accounts, and allow of them.*"

"ANNE R."

This grand fosterer of every species of war and strife, whether public, or in the recesses of the household of queen Anne, was thus for ever separated from her majesty, and barred from her presence. "She preserved a tolerable reputation with respect to gallantry," says Swift; "for three Furies reigned in her breast, the most mortal enemies of all softer passions—which were, sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage; by the last of these, often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable sort, she had long alienated her sovereign's mind before it appeared to the world. This lady is not without some degree of wit, and has affected the character of it, by the usual mode of the times, in arguing against religion, and endeavouring to prove the doctrines of Christianity impossible. Let us imagine what such a spirit, irritated by the loss of power, favour, and employment, was capable of acting or attempting?" [2]

Early in the year 1710-11, queen Anne divided between her friend the duchess of Somerset and her favourite Mrs. Masham the great offices which had been monopolized by the duchess of Marlborough. Her majesty made the duchess of Somerset her mistress-of-the-robes and groom-of-the-stole, and gave Mrs. Masham the care of her privy-purse.

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson. Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum. Likewise printed in the Conduct.

[2] Swift's Four Years of Queen Anne, vol. v. p. 27. This portrait is not drawn with malice, for there is not one trait but may be illustrated by the duchess's own autographs.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Queen's intention of governing without ministers—Anecdotes of her feelings towards her brother—Jacobites bring her up addresses—Her dialogue with the duke of Hamilton and Lockhart—Her interviews with the assassin, Guiscard—Queen listens to private overtures for peace—Her private reception of the envoy, Mesnager—His character of her—Sudden death of her uncle, Rochester—Receives letters from her brother—Her dialogue with the duke of Buckingham—Conspiracy against her person—Her anxieties and illness—Dr. Swift presented to her as deputy from her Irish church—Her life and court at Windsor Castle—Her illness—Her receptions of courtiers in her bedchamber—Recommended to cure her gout by dancing—Her public reception of the French envoys at Windsor—She announces her consent to treat for preliminaries of peace—Lyric of "Save the queen"—Queen removes to Hampton Court—Her letter to lord Oxford—Queen's message to the electress Sophia—Queen's extraordinary speech from the throne—Her wavering in a political crisis—Sends for the duchess of Marlborough—She refuses to come to the queen—Influence of the duchess of Somerset with the queen—Queen and duchess of Marlborough—Queen's interview with the duke of Marlborough—She dismisses him—Queen creates twelve new peers—Among them, her favourite's husband is made lord Masham—Interviews in the palace between the queen, Mesnager, and lady Masham—Queen presents Mesnager with her picture, through the latter—Queen appoints the bishop of Bristol her plenipotentiary at Utrecht.

STRANGE as the assertion may seem in these times, there were actually some indications, on the fall of the Marlborough faction, that queen Anne meant to be her own prime minister—one of the grand points that the Revolution was made in order to subvert. If it were possible to excuse an effort of such gigantic disproportion to queen

Anne's paucity of ability and information, it would be by calling to remembrance that the great body of the people still believed that they were practically governed by their sovereign as in the times of old, when every monarch was expected to be at once his own premier and general.

Queen Anne painfully felt that the responsibility rested on herself, for all the rapacity of which her late corrupt ministry had been guilty, in plundering the food of her miserable unpaid sailors, and both food and clothing of the soldiers; but how her majesty imagined that she could arrange her affairs personally for the prevention of such evils, it is difficult to divine?

There is no sneer meant in these words of Swift; he speaks in sober earnest when he says—"I have reason to think that *they* [Harley and St. John] will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs *more* in the hands of a ministry than she does at present." In another passage of his correspondence he mentions, apparently without joking or jeering, "That the queen, the duchess of Somerset, and Abigail Masham, meant to govern the country without the assistance of either Whigs or Tories."

At the crisis of the dismissal of the Marlborough family,[1] it is certain that, among other parties, the queen had called around her many persons devoted to the Jacobite interest, who had willingly tendered her their assistance, in the full belief that, if once freed from the domination of those who held her in restraint, her first object would be the restoration of her brother; yet some doubts exist whether, while she took advantage of the support of his partisans, her intentions were to do what they expected.

It is probable that the mind of queen Anne inclined her, at times, to her brother; but, if the duchess of Marlborough is to be believed, she affected doubts regarding his identity, which it is most evident the duchess herself did not pretend to feel; for even while reviling him and proposing to get up a cry against him, she always calls him the "prince of Wales." In one of her letters, she observes, "When I saw

[1] At this period of disorganization, more than one of the greatest offices of state were put in commission: thus seven commissioners performed the functions of lord-treasurer, or premier, directed by the sovereign. As this was the case when Swift made the remark, it is possible that he alluded to it. For the fact of the seven commissioners, see Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. ii.

that the queen had such a partiality to those that I knew to be Jacobites, I asked her, one day—

"'Whether she had a mind to give up the crown?' for if it had been in her conscience not to wear it, I do solemnly protest I would not have struggled as I did; but she told me,

"'She was not sure that the prince of Wales *was* her brother.'"

The queen added, which was certainly the truth, "that if he were, his royalty could not be recognised without danger to the religion of the country."[1]

Among other anecdotes on this delicate and curious question, it is said that marshal Tallard, who was at that time a prisoner in England, and secretly an accredited negotiator for peace, was often engaged in conferences with the queen's confidants, respecting the identity of the unfortunate prince of Wales; but he always silenced those who attempted to say that he was a spurious child by gravely proposing a matrimonial alliance between him and queen Anne.[2] The start and alarm with which such proposal was always first received, revealed the secret conviction of those who affected not to believe in the affinity of Anne and James.

One day, when queen Anne was, according to her frequent custom, listening to the debates in the house of lords, the name of her unfortunate brother being introduced, she was put out of countenance even by what one of her own ministers, Strafford, the secretary-of-state, said; and, perceiving that every eye was turned on her, she drew the curtain of her box in great confusion.[3]

The most positive evidence that queen Anne felt a secret interest in her banished relatives, comes from the reminiscences of her brother's stanch partisan, Lockhart of Carnwath. This gentleman chose to serve his master, not by attending him at St. Germains, but by retaining his place as member for Edinburgh in the united parliament. On one of these occasions, he carried up an address from the barons and freeholders of the county of Edinburgh, the gist of which was sympathy "with the grievance her majesty

[1] Narrative of duchess of Marlborough, dated St. Albans, 1709.
[2] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in Archives au Royaume de France.
[3] Ibid.

had represented," as he says, "separately and privately, to several of the members of both houses of parliament, 'that she was denied by her ministers the liberty allowed to the meanest housekeeper in her dominions—namely, the liberty of choosing her own domestic servants.'" Queen Anne meant "householder," but, by an unlucky tendency to perversion of speech, her ideas seemed to dwell on housekeepers.

Her favourite kinsman, the duke of Hamilton, introduced his Jacobite friend to her majesty with his monarchical address. Lockhart of Carnwath read it aloud to her. Her majesty smiled, and seemed well pleased with its tenour. "She told me," said Lockhart,[1] "that although I had almost always opposed her measures, she did not doubt of my affection for her person; therefore, she hoped I would not concur in the design of sending away Mrs. Masham, or bringing over the prince of Hanover."

"I was surprised," continues Lockhart, "but recovering myself, I assured her 'that I should never be accessory to imposing any hardship or affront upon her; and as for bringing the prince of Hanover, her majesty might be assured, from the address I had just read, that I should not be acceptable to my constituents if I gave my consent either now or at any time hereafter.' Her majesty again smiled, and I withdrew." His friend, the duke of Hamilton, gave him information, however, of the further remarks of the queen, who turned to him, saying, "I believe Lockhart is an honest man and a fair dealer." "The duke of Hamilton assured her, 'that I loved her majesty and all her *father's bairns*.'"[1]

During the most arduous period of the settlement of the queen's new ministry, the country was thrown into the utmost agitation by an occurrence which was supposed to have threatened the lives of two of the most popular persons in it, being her majesty and her statesman Harley. That any one ever thought of injuring or killing the harmless royal matron, is scarcely credible; yet her loving subjects thought that she had been in imminent danger from the knife of the demoniac, who, a few hours afterwards, stabbed her prime minister.

Since the Reformation, the sovereigns and leaders of the

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. p. 317.

English government, had, in many instances, been betrayed into great inconveniences by fancying that every ecclesiastic of the Roman-catholic religion who forsook his church and fled to England was a sincere convert to the protestant faith, and deserved to be petted and patronised. The abbé Guiscard, a profligate of the darkest dye, who had rendered his native country far too hot to hold him, made a great merit of renouncing at the same time papistry, his abbacy near Cevennes, and the punishment due to his enormities. Being considered a very promising martyr and convert, he was offered high preferment in our church; but as his vocation was decidedly not the priestly office, he obtained the command of a foreign regiment in the English service, partly composed of William III.'s disbanded Dutch guards, and partly of French refugees. According to Swift and some other contemporaries, Guiscard's regiment possessed the unenviable reputation of being the wickedest body of men in Europe. For the good of mankind, this band of destructives were almost cut to pieces at the battle of Almanza, where their priest-colonel, Guiscard, performed prodigies of valour.

Queen Anne thought that Guiscard, on account of his warlike exploits, ought to be allowed a retiring pension of 500*l.* per annum. Her financier, Harley, cut it down to 400*l.*; upon which, the double traitor offered himself as a spy to his old master, Louis XIV. At the same time, he made interest with queen Anne's personal attendants to procure him a private interview. Her majesty actually gave him audience the evening before he stabbed Harley.[1] So completely unguarded was the queen, that she held the conference with this desperado with no one near her but Mrs. Kirk, who was usually asleep when on duty as lady in waiting. The priest-colonel limited his conversation with her majesty to passionate entreaties for augmentation of his pension, and complaints of ill-treatment. As it had been the queen's wish that Guiscard should have a regular pension of 500*l.* per annum, it is not improbable that she mentioned the circumstance to him, and admitted that she was thwarted in her intentions by Harley or St. John.

The next morning, March 8, 1710-11, Guiscard was

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

arrested by a messenger, while airing himself in St. James's Park; he was brought before the privy-council then sitting in the council-chamber, at the Cockpit, and accused of his treasonable correspondence with France. While he was before the council, he stabbed Harley with a penknife; but being set upon by the privy councillors, Guiscard was so severely wounded that he died in Newgate some days afterwards. Every one, at the time, believed that queen Anne had run a great risk of assassination from this man; and if she had expressed to him an opinion opposed to his interests, little doubt can exist that such would have been the case, from the utter desperation of his character. She had assuredly taken some alarm on his arrest, for St. John told Swift that the queen enclosed herself in the palace; although March 8, 1711, was the anniversary of her accession, she did not go to church, neither did she see company, according to her usual practice of making that day one of high festivity.

When Guiscard was dying, the queen sent two physicians and two surgeons to attend him in Newgate. He died with some horrible crime unconfessed torturing his mind; which persons fond of the marvellous supposed was his intention to murder queen Anne, but which evidently pertained to his previous career in France.

Harley remained long in danger of death; meantime, his life was deemed of the greatest value by the queen and country, since he had declared that he was in possession of a secret of finance which would restore the bankrupt state of the revenue to credit and affluence. The scheme he meditated was the foundation of the present funds; when revealed to the queen's uncle, lord Rochester, that nobleman treated the plan with the utmost contempt. If Rochester had lived longer, Harley must have withdrawn from the ministry. Meantime, a treaty[1] known to few of the ministry, and carefully concealed from the public, was proceeding in the recesses of the palace; the queen was engaged personally in this intrigue, if so harsh a name ought to be applied to it. The period has been previously mentioned, when a secret negotiation between the queen,

[1] Berwick's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 114. Somerville's Hist. of Great Britain, reign of queen Anne, vol. ii. p. 490.

marshal Tallard, and abbé Gualtier (chaplain to the imperial ambassador) commenced. Gualtier, who officiated as a priest, became acquainted with the countess of Jersey, when she attended the imperial chapel, being a Roman catholic. She recommended him to her husband as a fit person to be employed in forwarding intelligence to France. The acknowledgment of the queen's title to the throne of Great Britain was, of course, one of the first articles stipulated in the secret preliminary; there was not made the slightest difficulty of it.

Anne having consented, by the agency of Jersey, to negotiate the peace, the acute diplomatist, Mesnager, who had long been waiting at the Hague, till the queen was freed from the Whigs, arrived in London for the purpose of private conference the very day that all England was in an uproar with the attempted assassination of Harley by Guiscard. Mesnager had many opportunities of studying the character of queen Anne, and seems, on the whole, to have formed a favourable opinion of her. He says, "The queen was mild and merciful in her disposition, and apt to believe every one about her faithful and honest. Among her many good qualities she was a passionate lover of the common people, as they generally were of her; and she was not easier to be deceived by any pretences than that of the safety and prosperity of her people."

The effusion of blood and the expenditure of treasure in the continental wars, when fully represented to her, made a most painful impression on her mind, which all the pageantry with which the recurrence of repeated brilliant victories was celebrated could not remove. She ardently desired peace, and at last began to remonstrate with those who brought her papers to sign relating to the carrying on of the warlike preparations for the next year; and on one occasion it was observed, that although she did sign she shed tears, and taking a great sigh said, "Oh, God! when will this spilling of blood be at an end?"[1]

In this state of feeling Anne was well disposed to listen to any reasonable overtures for peace—especially after the disgrace of Marlborough and his party. It was lord

[1] These words of the queen have already been quoted from the English historians, Ralph, Tindal, and Cunningham. It would seem that they were often on her lips.

Jersey,[1] queen Anne's lord chamberlain of the household, who introduced Mesnager to the secret interview with her majesty, the particulars of which are thus narrated by the envoy himself:

"The next morning, he [Lord Jersey] took me in his coach to Kensington, where I believe the queen went for the occasion, for the court was not there, and where I had the honour to kiss her majesty's hand. After which, my lord speaking privately to the queen, her majesty turned about to me, and said:—

"'Sir, lord Jersey here,' directing herself towards his lordship, 'has given me an account of what steps you have taken; you may let him hear what you have to say.'

"I bowed, and was going to say something, though I hardly knew what, when her majesty turned abruptly from me to my lord again, so I stopped: my lord spoke a good while to the queen again, and when he had done, the queen turned to me and said:

"'Tis a good work; pray God *succeed* (prosper) you in it; I am sure I long for peace; I hate this dreadful work of blood!' At which her majesty shook her head two or three times, saying some other words which I could not hear, which I was sorry for. She then retired, and we withdrew."[2]

"The death of the earl of Rochester," observes Mesnager, "was a great blow to the cause of the Stuarts, for such was his feeling of the inviolability of the line of ancient sovereigns, that although his own niece Anne, who was on the throne, persuaded him to aid her government, in the hour of her great need, he did not conceal from her his opinion that she had no lawful right to the crown she wore. He is even said to

[1] Brother of Elizabeth Villiers, countess of Orkney, mistress to William III., the same who undertook the unsuccessful mission to James II. to persuade him to suffer his son's adoption by king William; he was a Jacobite; he died August, 1711. His wife was heiress to the well known Chiffinch.

[2] Minutes of the negotiation of M. Mesnager at the court of England, published 1717, pp. 133, 134. Two historical authorities, of weight in their centuries, Mr. Hallam in our own, and Tindal in the preceding one, object to the work as one of Defoe's compositions, on the very rational ground, that the original has never been discovered in French. It is very possible, that the work might be edited by Defoe, and yet contain information from no printed French original, nor from any manuscript now in existence; for that mysterious politician was permitted to visit Harley earl of Oxford, when prisoner in the Tower, for the ostensible purpose of reading to him in MS. his beautiful romance of Robinson Crusoe (see sir Henry Ellis, Historical Letters, Camden society.) Defoe had, therefore, every opportunity of editing the ruined pre-

have told her so in plain terms; yet she appointed him the president of her council." He appears to have accepted office, with the view of restoring the sceptre to the disinherited representative of the royal house of Stuart, the son of his old master and brother-in-law, king James; and for no other object did this stanch loyalist condescend to sit at the helm for his own niece. "An apoplectic fit had snatched him away, May 2, 1711, before any step could be taken for the accomplishment of his intentions."

"Rochester dead?" exclaimed Louis XIV. "Then there is not a man of probity and counsel equal to him left in the world."[1]

The duke of Buckingham succeeded the uncle of queen Anne as president of her council,[2] a circumstance alone sufficient to invalidate the absurd falsehood of his recent attack on the queen in the house of lords. A correspondence between the queen and her brother, began under the auspices of her uncle Rochester, was after his death carried on by the assistance of Buckingham, who had become her lord-president. Her brother, James Stuart, called by himself the "Chevalier de St. George," and by his enemies "the pretender," addressed to her the following letter:—

THE CHEVALIER ST. GEORGE TO (HIS SISTER) QUEEN ANNE.[3]

May, 1711.

"Madam,—The violence and ambition of the enemies of our family and of the monarchy, have too long kept at distance those who by all the obligations of nature and duty ought to be firmly united, and have hindered us of the proper means of a better understanding between us, which could not fail to produce the most happy effects to ourselves, to our family, and to our bleeding country.

"But whatever the success may be, I have resolved now to break through all reserve, and to be the first in an endeavour so just and necessary. The

mier's reminiscences of Mesnager's mission, or even some notes of that envoy, which might be in his possession. The volume entitled "Minutes of a Negotiation of M. Mesnager," is, on the whole, laudatory and exculpatory of Harley earl of Oxford, and is written in a gossiping English idiom of that era, with some passages of valuable information diluted in a great quantity of verbiage, for the purposes of book-making. Yet the actual information it contains is genuine, for it is confirmed by many contemporary manuscripts, of the existence of which the writer knew not. These are to be found in the Stuart Papers, Berwick's Memoirs, Swift's Correspondence, and in the Arbuthnot Papers in the possession of W. Baillie, esq., as yet unprinted.

[1] Mesnager.

[2] Toone's Chronology, and Cunningham's History of Great Britain.

[3] Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. ii. pp. 223—225.

natural affection I bear you, and that king James our father had for you till his last breath, the consideration of our mutual interests, honour, and safety, and the duty I owe to God and my country, are the true motives that persuade me to write to you, and to do all that is possible to come to a perfect union with you.

"And you may be assured, madam, that though I can never abandon, but with my life, my own just right, which you know is unalterably settled by the fundamental laws of the land, yet I am more desirous to owe to you than to any living, the recovery of it. For yourself, a work so just and glorious is reserved. The voice of God and nature calls you to it. *The promises you made to the king your father enjoin it.* The preservation of our family, and the preventing of unnatural wars, require it; and the public good and welfare of our country recommend it to you, to rescue it from present and future evils, which must, to the latest posterity, involve the nation in blood and confusion, till the succession be again settled in the right line.

"I am satisfied, madam, that if you will be guided by your own inclinations, you will readily comply with so just and fair a proposal, as to prefer your own brother, the last male of our name, to the electress of Hanover, the remotest relation we have, whose friendship you have no reason to rely on or to be fond of, and who will leave the government to foreigners of another language, of another interest. * * * *

"In the meantime, I am ready to give all the security that can be desired, that it is my unalterable resolution to make the law of the land the rule of my government, to preserve every man's rights, liberty, and property equally with the rights of the crown; and to secure and maintain those of the church of England, in all their just rights and privileges, as by law established, and to grant such a toleration to dissenters as the parliament shall think fit.

"Your own good nature, madam, and your natural affection to a brother from whom you never received any injury, cannot but incline your heart to do him justice, and, as it is in your power, I cannot doubt of your good inclinations."

Her brother's letter proceeds with entreating her to send to him an efficient agent to mediate an accommodation between them, and concludes thus:—

"And now, madam, as you tender your own honour and happiness, and the preservation and re-establishment of our ancient royal family, the safety and welfare of a brave people, who are almost sinking under present weights, and have reason to fear greater, who have no reason to complain of me, and whom I must still and do love as my own, I conjure you to meet me in this friendly way of composing our differences, by which only we can hope for those good effects which will make us both happy, yourself more glorious than all the other parts of your life, and your memory dear to all posterity."

After reading her brother's letter, the queen expressed herself to Buckingham in terms which comprised the plain statement of the cause of his exile.[1]

"How can I serve him, my lord?" she asked. "You know well that a papist cannot enjoy this crown in peace.

[1] The duke of Buckingham was confidentially treated by queen Anne as a friend and brother, which indeed he had now become, by his marriage with her half-sister Catherine, daughter of James II. and Catherine Sedley.

Why has the example of the father no weight with the son? he prefers his religious errors to the throne of a great kingdom. He must thank himself, therefore, for his exclusion: he knows that I love my own family better than any other. All would be easy if he would enter the pale of the church of England. Advise him to change his religion, my lord, as that only can change the opinions of mankind in his favour."[1]

Buckingham communicated the queen's observations to her brother, whose answer was as follows:—

"I know my grandfather, Charles I., and my father, too, had always a high opinion of the principles of the church of England relating to monarchy, and experience sufficiently shows that the crown was never struck at but she also felt the blow; and though some of her chief professors have deviated, we must not measure the principles of that church by the actions of some individuals.

"Plain-dealing is best in all things, especially in matters of religion; and as I am resolved never to dissemble in religion, so I shall never tempt others to do it; and as well as I am satisfied of the truth of my own religion, I shall never look the worse upon any persons because they chance to differ from me, nor shall I refuse, in due time and place, to hear what they have to say on this subject. But they must not take it ill if I use the same liberty that I allow to others,—to adhere to the religion that in conscience I think the best. I may reasonably expect that liberty of conscience for myself which I deny to none."[2]

These letters, however unexceptionable in a moral point of view, impressed every one attached to the church of England, whether the queen or her confidants, with the conviction that young James Stuart was as inflexible in his adherence to his religion as his father had been; such being the original cause of the transfer of the sceptre from their line. While that cause remained, reason showed that all attempts for restoration were hopeless. The queen, if some obscure yet probable historical indications may be trusted, felt secret hopes that her young sister, the princess Louisa Stuart, might prove less firm in her profession of the Roman-catholic creed than her brother. In such supposition Anne was utterly mistaken.

The queen seems never to have entertained the least intention of aiding her brother or sister's claims if they refused compliance with the protestant church of England then established by statute law; her first stipulation, as Mesnager is obliged to confess, was for the protestant suc-

[1] Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. ii. pp. 223—225. [2] Ibid.

cession of the house of Hanover—a stipulation which it was that envoy's object to drive from her mind.

Meantime, it is an undoubted historical fact, that if the young prince or princess of the house of Stuart would have renounced the Roman-catholic religion, their kindred of the house of Hanover would not have opposed their claims on the throne of Great Britain. A remarkable letter of the princess Sophia proves that fact beyond all dispute.[1]

Scarcely had the queen become personally acquainted with Mesnager, when lord Jersey, (the nobleman described as his guide to the presence of her majesty, and his interpreter when conferring with her) was removed from the scene of action by a death, as sudden as that of her uncle Rochester, whom he survived but a few weeks. After the demise of these experienced statesmen, the Jacobite interest about the queen was only supported by the duke of Buckingham and a few ladies. Meantime, the duke of Marlborough, while his queen was earnestly seeking to negotiate peace in the secret corners of her palace, was making almost unopposed incursions into France by crossing, with his victorious troops, the frontier line at Bourchain.

Lord Hertford told David Hume, "that towards the end of queen Anne's reign, when the Whig ministers were turned out of all their places at home, and the duke of Marlborough still continued in the command of the army abroad, the discarded ministers met, and wrote a letter, which was signed by lord Somers, lord Townsend, lord Sunderland, and sir Robert Walpole, 'desiring the duke of Marlborough to bring over the troops he could depend upon, and that they would seize the queen's person, and proclaim the elector of Hanover regent.' The duke of Marlborough replied that—'It was madness to think of such a thing.'"[2]

There were two mighty bulwarks which guarded the

[1] The letters of the princess Sophia are completely conclusive on this head; and the conduct of George I. is most honourable from first to last, despite of all temptations from England. Lord Dartmouth has quoted the princess Sophia's letter, recommending the young prince to the consideration of the British ministry, in his Notes on Burnet. See also the Life of Mary Beatrice, Queens of England, vol. x.

[2] "Horace Walpole confirmed the truth of this anecdote, which he had heard his father repeat often and often."—Life of Hume, by Burton, vol. ii. p. 501.

helpless queen from such outrages. One was, the deep affection of her people at large; the other, the honourable abstinence from any species of treachery, which distinguished her kindred of the house of Hanover. George I. possessed no personal qualifications to make any biographer enthusiastic in his praise; but who can, on the perusal of the sources of history, deny him the credit of being a man of unsullied honour in regard to his transactions with England? It has been shown that Sarah of Marlborough lavishes on his noble-minded mother such terms as "fantastic idiot"—terms which must be resolved into the highest praise when the motives of the reviler are analysed.

Mesnager retired from England, after the sudden death of lord Rochester, to report progress to his royal master, Louis XIV., of queen Anne's views of the terms on which peace could be concluded.

The removal, by death, of the queen's uncle left the path clear to the advancement of Robert Harley, whom she raised to the peerage soon after his recovery from the wound inflicted by the knife of the priest-colonel Guiscard. Harley was created earl of Oxford and Mortimer, and received from the hands of her majesty the most potent and envied of places, being that of lord-treasurer.

Some secrets of the palace are revealed by Mesnager, or the person who has edited his reminiscences. The queen was so much alarmed when stormy debates occurred in parliament, lest any disastrous minority should cast her once more in the power of the Marlborough junta, that her ladies, when she was waiting for intelligence, could not prevent her from going into fits.[1] Mesnager observed, "that, let her chagrin be ever so great, the new lord-treasurer always had it in his power to cheer her by his representations, and generally left her composed and happy." The reaction of suspense and anxiety in the queen's mind from bodily sufferings, which produced "fitts," or hysterical affections, proved symptomatic of the failure of her already shattered constitution. Soon after commenced that series of perpetual relapses into ill health which marks the history of queen Anne, from the autumn of 1711 to the summer of 1714.

[1] Mesnager's Minutes of Negotiation.

About this time, Dr. Swift was presented to the queen, and became a close attendant at her court, having been deputed by the dignitaries of the Irish church to lay before the throne of her majesty their humble petition for extending her bounty of the first-fruits to that church.

Many persons attributed the grant not to her majesty, but to the duke of Ormond. It was observed, nevertheless, that the duke denied all share in the action. "He is the honestest gentleman alive," said the prime minister to Swift; "it is the queen alone that did it, and Ormond declares she alone shall have the merit."[1] Nearly nine years had passed away before the established church in Ireland received the like benefit bestowed by the queen's free charity on the establishment in England. It is well known that Anne was anxious to extend it to her realm of Ireland; but she never could rescue the funds from the hard grasp of the Marlborough government. The first fruits had been restored to the English church by her majesty during the short period when her uncle Lawrence was her prime minister after her accession, and she was forced to wait until freed from the Whigs before she could extend her generous purpose to Ireland.

The bodily strength of the queen rallied sufficiently, as soon as she felt the bracing air of Windsor Castle, to enable her to renew her former hunting exploits.

Her majesty, it must be owned, followed the chase not only in a very strange equipage, but took very odd seasons for that amusement. Like queen Elizabeth, she hunted under the blazing suns of July, although the ripened harvest was on the ground. In the case of queen Elizabeth, England being almost a pastoral country, and moreover the royal chases being of greater extent, her majesty might ride as far as her inclination would carry her, without much injuring standing corn. But in the eighteenth century, a royal hunt in the month of July must have carried devastation with it on every hunting day. Hence, we find in the essays of the last century, both in France and England, the most piteous representations of the injury done to cultivation, by corn being wasted and destroyed by hunters. A complaint that must be inexplicable to those who are ignorant of the cruel alteration of hunting seasons, which had been made since

[1] Swift's letter to archbishop King of Dublin. Scott's Swift, vol. xv. p. 465.

the notation in the Anglo-Saxon calendars of the "hunter's monaths," periods including autumn and winter, when corn is low in the earth, and actually benefited by pressure; to which seasons the superior moral justice of our present era has limited, or rather restored, the chase.[1]

"The queen was abroad to-day to hunt," says Swift in his journal,[2] "but finding it disposed to rain she kept in her coach: she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod." A week afterwards the queen hunted the stag through the meridian heat, till four in the afternoon; she drove forty miles that day,[3] (August 7th,) and being beyond her dinner hour, the Board of Green Cloth did not dine until the late hour of five o'clock, owing to her majesty's Jehu like drivings. Next day, the queen was well enough to hold a drawing-room, "but as few attended," observes Swift, "her majesty sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us with her fan in her mouth,[4] and once a minute said two or three words to some that were nearest to her, and then, being told dinner was ready, went out. I dined at her majesty's Board of Green Cloth, by Mr. Scarborrow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a month, while she is at Windsor or Hampton Court, and is the only mark of magnificence or royal hospitality that I can see in the queen's

[1] This appears to have been effected in England by the kindly feeling of George III. The last complaints are reiterated in the popular work of Thomas Day, called "Sandford and Merton." It is certain there would have been no revolution in France further than the Paris barriers, if the abuses of the chase, which were too many in the middle ages, had not been exaggerated by the nobility, and more intolerably by the aristocracy of wealth. Louis XVI. had not the good sense to alter his hunting seasons; in his diary at the Hotel de Soubise, there are constant diurnal notices of "hunted the stag," in the same destructive seasons as did queen Anne and queen Elizabeth. Among the very few instances that can be brought of injury offered to the lower classes by the royal line of Stuart, this summer hunting was the worst. The revolution of 1688 altered it not, but exaggerated it; neither the accession of the kindred line of Hanover. It was probably the love our good king George III. had of farming which made him feel for the agriculturalist, for the bad practice can be traced to his times, and no further.

[2] Journal to Stella, July 31st, 1711. [3] Ibid.

[4] This description, on which Swift makes no very angry comment, is the only time we find queen Anne mentioned by him with slight.

household. It is designed to entertain foreign ministers and people of quality, who come to see the queen and have no place to dine." The noble room called that of the Board of Green Cloth still remains at Hampton Court, with the table on which this royal hospitality was offered.

"Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's physician and favourite," continues the journal, "went out with me a little while after the queen, to see a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We overtook Miss Forester, one of her majesty's maids of honour, on her palfrey, taking the air; we made her go along with us. The queen passed us coming back, and Miss Forester stood by the road side, like us, with her hat off while her majesty went by." This was an affectation of Miss Forester's, which she supposed was in unison with her riding habit; for the maid of honour wore that dress which the "Spectator" soon after made unpopular. Swift seems to have taken a dislike to the courtly belle for no other reason, for he adds, "I did not like her, though she be a toast, and was dressed like a man"[1]—that is, the riding-habit of the time of queen Anne, comprised hat, coat, waistcoat, periwig, and cravat, *one* flowing garment being the only variation from a complete cavalier's garb.[2]

The queen went to the races, which were probably held at Ascot, only at a queer time of the year for such festivals. The Sunday afterwards the queen held a drawing-room, after she had been at church. One of the prebendaries of Windsor, lord Willoughby de Broke, who attended queen Anne's reception, had inherited a peerage; it was noticed that he would sit in the house of lords with his clergyman's gown on. In the days of queen Anne, no clergyman ever appeared in the street, or in his own house, when dressed for

[1] This beautiful maid of honour of queen Anne was one of the latest instances of the infantine-marriages, which had been among the worst customs of the middle ages. She had been wedded to sir George Downing's young son before she was thirteen: the bride and bridegroom applied for a divorce, and obtained it.

[2] There is a very fine portrait at Ham House of a most beautiful countess of Dysart, contemporary with this era or a little later. She wears a small cocked hat, three cornered, just like a coachman's full-dress livery, bound with broad gold lace, the point stuck full in front over a white-powdered, long, flowing periwig; a Mechlin cravat, tied like a man's; a long white coat, like a coachman's livery-coat; a flapped waistcoat and a habit-petticoat; she holds a riding-whip.

the day, without the black gown, similar to that in which they at present preach. It was their every-day garment then, and for half a century afterwards.

Notwithstanding the frequent occurrence of driving herself many miles, when hunting in July and August, queen Anne was laid up with the gout in the middle of the latter month. About the same time, she ordered twenty thousand pounds to be paid for the furtherance of the Marlborough palace, at Woodstock, supposed to be as a reward for one of the brilliant successes with which the duke of Marlborough was pursuing the very war her majesty was intensely desirous of concluding. The queen had had lord Jersey named one of her plenipotentiaries at Utrecht the very day before the sudden death[1] of that noble, which occurred in the beginning of August. She placed the privy-seal, vacant by his demise, in the hands of Dr. Robinson, afterwards bishop of Bristol.

The queen continued ill with the gout through August; she did not come to St. George's chapel, or stir from her bed—she received the sacrament there, for she always communicated the first Sunday of the month. Her majesty was unable to quit her bed-chamber as late as the 9th of September. Her receptions took place there, the company, among whom was Dr. Swift, being introduced while she was seated in her arm-chair; the crowd was so great that those only could see her majesty who were in the circle next to her bed.[2]

The first important steps taken by the queen for the foundation of peace were revealed rather prematurely. Matthew Prior, the poet, had been despatched to France, to confer in secret negotiation concerning the claims of Mary Beatrice for the arrears of her dower, likewise respecting the disposal of the Chevalier de St. George. The official, who went by the designation of the "Whig spy, Mackay," held a place in the customs at Dover and Deal; and he seized the envoy on his return, under pretence of duty, and detained him prisoner until his errand was well known to the whole of England. The mission of Prior was followed by the

[1] He had been lord chamberlain to William and Mary, and held office when William died. He was lord chamberlain to queen Anne till 1704, when he went out with the Tories. See Collins' Peerage.

[2] Swift's Diary, Journal to Stella, Sept. 1711.

return of the secret envoys from France, who soon made their appearance in the interior of the queen's palace, and in the domestic circles of her ministers.[1]

The queen being recovered, had frequent parties of cards and dancing during her stay at Windsor. One of her nobles, lord Lanesborough, who always got rid of his fits of the gout by elaborate curvets and caperings, strongly recommended the same regimen to her majesty, despite of her increasing corpulence and infirmities. But queen Anne had relinquished dancing thirty years earlier than did queen Elizabeth. Pope has, however, perpetuated the memory of the adviser, if not of the advice, in this line—

"See honest Lanesborough dancing with the gout."

Mrs. Masham had been forced to relinquish her close attendance on the queen on account of her accouchement; in consequence of her absence, the new ministry became greatly alarmed at the advances that the duchess of Somerset made in her majesty's favour. Dr. Swift was at this time in close attendance on the queen's ministers at Windsor, writing up the Tories and writing down the Whigs. Dr. Arbuthnot concocted with him a *jeu-d'esprit* that was more likely to give offence to queen Anne than anything they could have contrived for that purpose. "Arbuthnot," says Swift, "made me draw up a sham subscription, for a book called 'A History of the Maids of Honour since Henry VIII.'s time, showing they make the best wives, with a list of all the maids of honour since,' &c.; to pay a crown down and another crown on delivery of the book, according to the common forms of these things! We got a friend to write it out fair, because my hand is known, and sent it to the maids of honour when they came to supper. It will be a good court jest, and the queen will certainly have it." More merry than wise, perhaps! If the dauntless dean[2] had not remembered, yet the beloved physician, Arbuthnot, might have recollected that queen Anne and her sister, Mary II., were the daughters of a lady who had been a maid of honour; and that the queen might feel more alarm than pleasure at the proposed series of biographies. Neither Swift nor his coadjutor knew aught on the subject, but that

[1] Swift's Journal to Stella, Scott's edition, vol. ii. p. 363.

[2] He was not appointed to the deanery of St. Patrick, Dublin, till more than a year afterwards.

Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, and Catherine Howard had been maids of honour; had they known that the mother of Henry VIII. was daughter to a queen who had once been maid of honour to Margaret of Anjou, perhaps these doughty biographers would not have limited their estimable undertaking to the days of Henry VIII.

The secretary of state, St. John, entertained, at his apartments in Windsor Castle, a small party, consisting of Prior, Swift, "the two private ministers from France, and a French priest, whose names I know not," adds Swift, "but they have come about the peace. The names Mr. Secretary called them, were, I suppose, feigned; they were good rational men." They were M. Mesnager in reality, with whom was now associated in the treaty the infamous profligate, abbé Dubois, tutor to the young duke of Orleans; by the priest, Swift meant the abbé Gualtier, chaplain to the imperial embassy in London, who had negotiated the arrival of the other two. "The queen is in a mighty good humour," wrote Swift, "and all this news is a particular secret." It was not likely to remain so, when he wrote every particular he could glean, and transmitted it by the post to Ireland. The queen's hopes and fears concerning peace, and the satisfaction at the prospects the envoys gave her, were all detailed in this journal.[2]

Queen Anne ratified her consent to enter into preliminaries of peace at Windsor Castle, Oct. 8, 1711. At supper, on the evening of the same day, her majesty publicly mentioned "that she had agreed to treat with France, and that she did not doubt but that in a little time she should be able to announce to her people that which she had so long desired for the sake of humanity, a general peace for Europe."

Windsor Castle was the scene of the public presentation of the envoys from France to queen Anne; they had afterwards apartments assigned them at Hampton Court, whither her majesty came to reside, as the darkening days made journeys to Windsor difficult to her ministers. Here, report said the queen was afflicted with two or three political fits of the gout, in order to secure that retirement for their difficult and delicate mission, which the usual routine of regal life could scarcely permit. It was part of the business

[1] Journal to Stella. Scott's Swift, p. 374.

[2] Which, however, minutely identifies the Ambassades of Mesnager.

of Mesnager to propose to the queen certain arrangements whereby the chevalier St. George, her brother, should wink at the acknowledgment of her title by the king of France, and should retire peaceably to some neighbouring prince's dominions, provided he were not molested there by his powerful sister, or rather by her nominal power.[1]

Mesnager was charged by Louis XIV., when he had thus smoothed the way for peace, to assail queen Anne by every means which could melt her heart towards the distresses of her own family, and pave the way for their restoration. If it be any merit in queen Anne's character, it must be owned that she did not either publicly or privately give encouragement to these envoys on any other basis than merely the restoration of peace to her miserable and bankrupt population; and that if she were willing that her brother should succeed her, it was on the old condition that he embraced the established religion of the church of England. All queen Anne's practical Jacobitism was compressed in a secret and very tardy admission, not acknowledgment, to the envoys that he *was* her brother; not that she avowed her share in the vile intrigue that denied his being the son of his own mother: her ultimatum of Jacobitism was now and then speaking of him, in private, as if consanguinity existed between them.

And here the historical question again arises—Did France ever sincerely mean the restoration of the Stuarts? Never! must be the answer of all those who have studied the sources of history, not by contemplating isolated fractions, indicative of kindly private feeling in this king or that queen, but by comparing the conduct of that nation since their great king Henry IV. saw with the jealous eyes of long-sighted genius the mighty results of the peaceable union of the British islands under one sovereign.[2] Since that hour the French had, by means of calumny and bribery, nursed civil and religious wars, that had made each lineal heir of Great Britain, for nearly a century, by turns, a wretched suppliant at the throne of France; and as surely as Richelieu bribed

[1] Torcy and Prior's Despatches, quoted in the notes of Parl. History of Queen Anne.

[2] No other inference can be drawn from the malicious and calumnious series of French ambassades which occur from the accession of James I. to the fall of Charles I.

the rebels of Charles I. into civil war, or as Barillon bribed the *patriot* revolutionists, Sidney and Hampden, into tearing the vitals of their country by concocting fictitious plots,—were the envoys of France sent to gain peace, but never to restore any family peace to the unfortunate Stuarts. Louis XIV. was aged, tottering on the brink of the grave, and might possibly have attained the wisdom to perceive the utter uselessness of all the wicked wars and intrigues which had spread unutterable misery over France and England. But even if he were sincere in his instructions to Mesnager, the appointment of Dubois as a coadjutor in the mission of that envoy, proves that there was a power behind his despotic throne by far too mighty for him. Dubois had been the governor, and was the ruler, body and soul, of the future regent of France,—the profligate Orleans. Neither the church of Rome nor the church of England were aught to teacher or pupil. Like Voltaire and Diderot, their blows were aimed at Christianity in general. The ascetic devotion of the unfortunate James Stuart, according to the tenets of Rome or the creed of his sister Anne, according to the purer godliness of the reformed church of England, were equally scorned by men whose bye-word, in terms too atrocious for repetition, was to crush Christianity under every form.

When all parties were agitated with the discussion of the preliminaries of peace, libels flew about as thickly, according to Mesnager's expression, "as musket-balls on a battle field." The queen, at such a period of excitement, was obliged to take some precautionary measures for the preservation of peace at home. Among others, she issued an order of council forbidding the usual procession and bonfires on "queen Bess's day," the council having intelligence that the London 'prentices in the Whig interest had prepared the effigies of all her ministers of state, dressed in their usual costume, as a holocaust at the base of queen Elizabeth's statue near Temple Bar.

The leaders of the opposition hired Tom d'Urfey to write a lyric on the occasion, and as all parties affected great personal devotion to the queen, she was represented as a victim in the hands of the triumphant faction, just as she had been in those of the family junta. The refrain of "Save the queen! save the queen!" was meant to excite

her loyal commonalty to snatch Anne, their beloved mistress, from the clutches of the Tories. One verse will be a sufficient specimen to show the temper of the times:—

"Methought queen Bess arose—[1]
Save the queen, save the queen!—
From mansion of repose—
Save the queen, save the queen!
The genius of our land
Came, too, at her command!
Save the queen, save the queen!" &c.

Few persons can realize in these times that an uproar could occur among a grown-up nation relative to the burning of a parcel of great dolls. The story went that there were forty puppets prepared for the flaming pile, and that they had cost 1000*l*. Dr. Swift went to see them, after they had been captured, and declared the whole group did not cost forty pounds. There was his sable majesty provided with a mask by way of a face, supposed to resemble the prime minister, the pope on his right hand, the pretender on his left, dressed in a blue cloth coat, with tinsel lace and a white feather made with cut paper; also the figures of four cardinals, four jesuits, and four Franciscan friars, all assembled round a mighty cross eighteen feet in height."[2]

The queen had removed from Windsor Castle to Hampton Court in October; here she had another long fit of gout, which was supposed to be a political one, in order to screen her frequent interviews with the French plenipotentiaries. Lord Oxford had likewise a long illness, and shut himself up with his royal mistress at Hampton Court, and was invisible to all the world. When the treaty was nearly perfected, the prime minister recovered his health and resumed his functions. While he was absent from Hampton Court, queen Anne addressed to him the following characteristic epistle:—

"Nov. y^e^ 16^th^ 1711.[3]

"I am very glad to hear from those that you saw yesterday that you are so much recovered; I pray God perfect your health, and confirm it for many, many years. I thank you for *puting* me in mind of having a fast *hear* and in Scotland, w^ch^ I think is so right, that I intend to mention it either to-morrow or at y^e^ next cabinet. I have talked w^th^ L^d^ Chamberlain [Shrewsbury] about several things this afternoon, and at present he seems to me to be in good humour; what he means by the D. of Somerset working against him, I can't

[1] D'Urfey's Poems. [2] Swift's Journal to Stella.
[3] Lansdowne MSS. 1236, p. 253.

tell, for he has not named him to me a great while. I gave Lord Dartmouth to-day the names for the Council of Trade and Chamberlain of Scotland, and he tells me he has order'd the warrant to be filled up. I find he has not prepared any instructions for L^d^ Peterborow, fearing he would do more hurt than good at Turin; L^d^ Dartmouth proposed to me the sending him to Venice. I think he should be sent somewhere, for I fear if he comes home while the Parliament is sitting, he will be very troublesome. M^r^ Secretary often mentions that great care should be taken of the Courts of Berlin and Hanover, but never has proposed anybody to be sent to either; if Brittain be thought proper for such an employment, I am very willing to part w^th^ him, only desire he may not be sent to Hanover. I believe Duke Hamilton may do very well for Vienna, but it will be time enough to come to any resolution about it when I have the satisfaction of seeing you. You propose my giving M^r^ Prior some inferiour character; what that can be I don't know, for I doubt his birth will not entitle him to that of envoy, and the secretary of the embassy is filled; if there be any other you can think of that is fit for him, I shall be very glad to do it. I leave it to you to recommend somebody for the Master of the Mint in Scotland, for I have none in my thoughts at present to give it to. I intend, *an it please God*, to be in town the middle of the next week, if the Parliament can meet on the day appointed, or else I should be glad to stay a week longer *hear*, unless you think my being at S^t^ James's is absolutely necessary for *buisnes*. Pray turn it in your thoughts who will be proper to putt into the Commission for executing the office of Privy Seal during my Lord's absence, and believe me, w^th^ all sincerity,

"Your very affectionate *freind*,

"ANNE R.

Endorsed "The Qu. to my L^d^ Oxford, Nov. 16^th^, 1711."

The queen was right in her suggestions, lord Strafford refused to have his name publicly associated with Prior, not perhaps on account of his low birth, although every one was exclaiming against the nobleman's insane pride on that account. There are, however, indications of servile baseness in Prior's previous career, which show him ready to truckle to any party or person willing to take himself and his pen at a valuation.[1] No one can greatly blame Strafford as a gentleman,—to say nothing of his nobility,—for eschewing such partnership.

Her majesty was, notwithstanding, so well pleased with Prior's labours in the embassy, that she herself requested that he might be rewarded with the place of commissioner of the customs.

The queen sent a request to her kinswoman, the electress Sophia, to assist her in promoting the peace of Europe; that prince answered in a letter, by which it appears that she was pleased at the invitation. At the same time, queen Anne sent a present to her god-daughter the princess Anne

[1] Prior, at this time, was a Jacobite; but his letters, as quoted by sir Henry Ellis, Camden Society, when attached to the English legation at the Peace of Ryswick, are odious specimens of time-serving.

of Hanover, eldest daughter of the hereditary prince and princess (afterwards George II. of Great Britain and his queen consort.) The electress Sophia, the great-grandmother of the infant, alludes to both queen Anne's messages in her letter to the earl of Strafford, then secretary of state, Nov. 11, 1711:—"Earl Rivers has brought a present to the queen's god-daughter as an honourable mark of her favours, which are infinitely esteemed. I would not, however, give my *parchment* for it, since that will be an everlasting monument in the archives of Hanover, and the present of the little princess will go, when she is grown up, into another family."[1] The electress, by "the parchment," meant the commission by which queen Anne empowered her to aid the restoration of peace—an office which Sophia undertakes as an honour, but mildly points out some inconsistency in English politics, which very recently breathed to nothing but war. Not a word occurs of jealousy regarding any tendency the queen might have towards her brother; all the suspicions that Anne expressed against her kinswoman Sophia and her son, were met with the patient rectitude of honourable intentions, but of unsullied conduct. Neither does there exist any document at present which proves that either mother or son swerved from the straight course they had prescribed for themselves; this was, to treat their unfortunate kinsman, young James Stuart, as the legitimate son of the elder royal line, giving him full time to make up his mind whether he persisted in his repudiation of the creed of the church of England as his profession of faith, and in this case only, to accept the offered island-empire. It was in vain that the Orange politicians lamented their hard fate, that there was no hero of Nassau now to come with an invading army to pluck down the queen for the public good. "There was no prince of Orange to be found," says one of his admiring contemporaries;[2] "neither could they depend on the elector of Hanover (afterwards George I.) from the moment he refused his son (afterwards George II.) leave to go over into England, which was a matter of great affliction to the most zealous friends of the revolution in Great Britain." The honourable conduct of Sophia and her son thus disappointed their most

[1] Hanover Papers, Macpherson Collection, vol. ii. p. 266.
[2] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, book xv.

violent partisans, at the same time that every temptation was offered by their own party to gratify the ambition of a sovereign who had as much passion for military distinction as any of his contemporaries.

George of Hanover received invitations from parliament, and even publicly from the queen herself, to take the command of the allied army, of which the common course of events showed that the duke of Marlborough must soon be deprived. The princess Sophia and the elector took more trouble to ascertain the private wishes of Anne on this point, than less honourable princes would have done to thwart them; and, finding that such a proceeding would embarrass her government, declined the offer. Every branch of their family acted in coincidence with the line of conduct their noble ancestor, Sophia, had prescribed to herself and them. When the only sister of George II. married the hereditary prince of Prussia,[1] the bride and bridegroom came to the Hague. They long lingered on the shores opposite to England, and, by their correspondence with queen Anne,[2] plainly intimated how acceptable an invitation to her court would have been. The number of protestant heirs-male of the house of Hanover might have obviated all jealousy in the mind of queen Anne regarding any ambitious designs of the young bride of Prussia, whose natural desire to see the country of her ancestors met with no encouragement from the queen of Great Britain; therefore, neither the princess of Prussia nor her spouse attempted to intrude on their royal kinswoman. Although they well knew that there was a large and clamorous party who would have welcomed them, despite of the queen, and forced her, notwithstanding her reluctance, to pay them every attention consonant with their rank and relationship to her family. The circumstance which renders the honourable conduct of the Hanoverian princes the more estimable is, that it was dictated by rectitude of mind and principle, and not by partiality and friendship to queen Anne, whose worrying suspicions and hostile jealousy throughout her life and reign were enough to provoke the injury she expected from her kinswoman Sophia. Traces of indignant feeling now and then appear in the letters of Sophia to Anne, but not to

[1] Father and mother of Frederic the Great.
[2] Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne.

Anne's enemies; and the evidence of the Whig Cunningham, previously quoted, proves (as well as the abuse of the duchess of Marlborough) that this abstinence from intrigue gained Sophia and her son nothing but ill-will and scoffing reflections from the leaders of the party who tendered the crown of Great Britain to them; but their political honesty must have had its weight with the great body of the British people; and it was, after all, the best policy; it ultimately rendered their line long and prosperous in the land, and so may it continue!

Attempts to induce the queen to the repeal of the union between England and Scotland were made by a party formed of the most incongruous ingredients; and it was generally agreed among them to send up a petition against it to the queen, with whom the deputies resolved to enter into a personal discussion. The petition was carried up by the covenanting duke of Argyle, supported by the Jacobite son of sir George Lockhart of Carnwath (the late minister of James II.); and by the Jacobite earl of Marr, who was accompanied by the Whig Cockburn, of Ormiston. When it is remembered that Marr and Argyle were subsequently the opposite commanders at the battle of Sherramuir, the portentous nature of this coalition may be imagined. Lockhart was simple enough to suppose, that if they could obtain an unbiassed interview with queen Anne, she had the power (if she could be induced to have the will) to repeal the Union. Lockhart's words are remarkably *naive* on the subject. "We set out," he says, "to Kingsintoun (Kensington), where the queen then was; and though we made what haste we could, the earl of Oxford, having been made acquainted with our design, was got before us with the queen. Coming out of the presence as we were admitted, he told us 'he understood our errand, and the queen was prepared to give us an answer.' Being introduced to the queen, the duke of Argyle laid open to her majesty "the many fatal consequences of the union, and the bad treatment the Scots had received in the matter of the malt-tax." When the queen had listened, or seemed to listen, to the speech of the Whig duke, the Jacobite earl of Marr addressed her with an harangue on the same subject. The reply of her majesty was hostile to the repeal of the Union. "I am sorry," said her majesty,[1] "that the Scots believe

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. p. 432-3.

they have reason to complain, but I am of opinion they drive their resentment too far; I wish they may not repent it." The deputation—Whig, Tory and Jacobite—withdrew in silence.

The queen, on the 7th of December, 1711, opened her second sessions of the united parliament of Great Britain. It was, at that time, above a year since her majesty had thought fit to put the great offices of state and of her own household in other hands than the family knot of the Marlborough alliance; yet three discontented Whig lords were still left by the queen in possession of their high places. The duke of Marlborough was general-in-chief, the duke of Somerset master of the horse, and the earl of Cholmondeley, treasurer of her household; and many subordinates were retained in office.[1]

The royal speech was an extraordinary one, and seems, in fact, to have emanated from the queen's well known desire for the pacification of Europe.

"Notwithstanding," said her majesty, from the throne, "the arts of those who delight in war, both time and place *are* appointed for the opening a treaty for a general peace."[2]

The speech produced the most extraordinary discussions in the house of lords, and as the duke of Marlborough was generally supposed to be pointed at in the royal speech, the queen being in her private box a few nights afterwards, he, in the midst of a warm debate suddenly appealed to her majesty to exonerate him,[3] which threw her into the greatest embarrassment.

The house of lords, which had been, through the reigns of the revolutionary sovereigns, far more devoted to Whiggism than the commons, carried majorities against the queen's measures for peace. All was alarm among her new ministry, and the only expedient was, the creation of twelve new peers in order to turn the scale against the Whigs. The queen and the duchess of Somerset were against this measure, and all seemed in great perplexity.

The word went among the Tory ministry, that the queen "had betrayed them," and that she had had many con-

[1] Mesnager's Minutes of Negotiation, collated with Toone's Chronology, vol. i. p. 410.

[2] Ibid., where an abstract may be seen.

[3] His speech is quoted in Mr. Alison's recently published Military Life of Marlborough, where our readers will find the political history of the era detailed with that great writer's usual ability.

ferences with the duke of Marlborough after his return from his "campaign, and that the peace was lost."[1]

There exists a view of the internal movements of the palace at this nice crisis, sketched by the graphic pen of Swift.[2] "I went," he says, "immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot (the queen's favourite physician) we went together to St. James's. Mrs. Masham was just come from waiting on the queen at dinner, and was going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing having gone against us," meaning the adverse majority in the house of lords.[3] It seems "that the lord-treasurer (Harley, earl of Oxford) had been so negligent, that he was with the queen when the question was put in the house." Swift, on this, ventured one of his bold remarks: "I immediately told Mrs. Masham, that either she and lord-treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen."

"Mrs. Masham protested it was not the former, and I believed her: for she gave me some lights to suspect that the queen is changed; yesterday, when the queen was going from the house of lords, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury, as lord-chamberlain, asked her majesty—

"Whether he, or the great chamberlain, Lindsey, ought to lead her out." The queen answered him very *short*—

"Neither of you;" and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any one in the house of lords for the clause against peace.

"Mrs. Masham gave me one or two instances of this sort, which convinced me that the queen is false, or at least, very much wavering; she begged us to stay, because lord-treasurer would call, and we all resolved to fall on him about his negligence in not securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour, as usual; but we thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did."

By this practical joke, it is apparent that the important possessors of court-offices, designated by white wands, carried such insignia about with them, even to pay private visits. When Swift had seized the lord-treasurer's wand, he said—

[1] Swift's Four Last Years of Queen Anne, vol. v. pp. 19, 20, and Journal, 439—41.

[2] Swift's Journal, December, 1711, in many passages.

[3] Ibid., December 8, pp. 439—441.

"If I could but be secured in possession of this for one week, I would set all to rights."[1]

"How?" asked the premier.

"I would immediately turn out Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley," replied Swift.

Dr. Arbuthnot asked the premier, "how he came not to secure a majority." He could answer nothing but, "that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear."

"A poor answer," observes his impatient auditor, Swift, "for so great a minister." The premier added a quotation in allusion to the sovereign—

"The hearts of kings are unsearchable."

However, he went home, called for a list of court-places, and marked every one for expulsion who had voted against his government. Swift finishes as he began, with the assertion—"The queen is false."[2]

From this conviction he was persuaded, the following day, by her majesty's confidential physician, Arbuthnot, who said—"The queen has not betrayed her ministry; she has only been first frightened and then flattered."

The duke of Somerset, taking advantage of the queen's public preference of his arm to either of her great chamberlains, had told many of the peers "to vote against the Tory ministry, because it would please the queen."[3]

The new ministry insisted on the removal of the duchess of Somerset, and again confusion reigned in the palace. In the midst of these contentions it was said that the queen, on her return from parliament to St. James's, called for the duchess of Marlborough; and that a friendly lady ran to the duchess's apartments, and pressing her to lay hold of the opportunity, assured her that she might, with but one soft word, be as well with the queen as ever, and overthrow all her enemies at once; but that she refused to go, though her lodgings were on the same floor as the queen's, and added some very disrespectful words of the queen, and of her new favourite, which, being related to her majesty, put an end to all manner of affection between them.[4]

The rage of the duchess of Marlborough against the queen, for having given her places to the duchess of Somerset, and at that lady for having accepted them, was

[1] Swift's Journal, December 8, pp. 439—441. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.
[4] Minutes of the Negotiations of M. Mesnager at the Court of England.

too blind to permit her to perceive then, that the duchess of Somerset, although from different motives, was pursuing the same track as herself, of active enmity to the line of Stuart. The letters of Sarah of Marlborough are replete with mockery of the duchess of Somerset and the queen, and of the means whereby that lady gained the royal favour. The queen's vice-chamberlain furnished the intelligence. This functionary declared, "that ever since the queen's widowhood, the duchess of Somerset, whenever she saw the queen look dull or thoughtful, used to exclaim—

"My queen, you must not think always of the poor prince!"[1]

The duchess of Marlborough chose to affirm that the queen had neither affection nor regret for her lost spouse, and declared, at the same time, "that to look gently and talk insipidly at the queen's bassett or ombre-tables, was all that her majesty required in any person's whole course of life." For the first of these excellences, the fierce duchess was certainly little qualified.

Fortunately for the new ministry, a fresh cause of complaint was discovered by the queen against the duchess of Marlborough. The new palace built by the latter, on the ground the queen had granted her at St. James's, was completed, so as to enable them to live side by side, just as the final rupture took place that had separated them for ever. The duchess relinquished her apartments in St. James's Palace, and, according to the queen's account, who walked through the suite after her retreat, she left that part of the palace where her head-quarters had been fixed as if it had been sacked by a destructive enemy; the locks torn off the doors, marble slabs forced out, and looking-glasses and pictures rent from their panels. The queen stopped the instalments of money for completing Blenheim House at Woodstock, declaring, "that as the duchess of Marlborough had dilapidated her house, (namely, St. James's Palace,) she would not build her one." A very elaborate defence from these charges was penned by the duchess; on which side the truth rests it is too long to ascertain; but it is, indeed, strange, that the queen, with affairs of vital importance on her mind, should have leisure to make a personal investigation into the state in which the duchess had left her lodgings.[2]

[1] Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough. [2] Coxe MSS.

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Lord Dartmouth asked the queen, "How her majesty would be pleased to have her servants live with him [the duke of Marlborough] after his return from the campaign?"

The queen replied, "that would depend on his behaviour to her."

"I am sure," rejoined lord Dartmouth, "that it will be all submission, since other means had proved totally ineffectual; and," asked his lordship, "is your majesty proof against that?"

"Yes," said the queen, "I am."

When the queen had had an interview with the duke of Marlborough, she told lord Dartmouth, that his demeanour *was* submissive, as he had foretold, "only lower," added her majesty, "than it was possible to imagine."

"The duke of Marlborough soon visited lord Dartmouth, for the purpose of propitiating him for regaining the favour of the queen; 'reminded him of his relationship, and hoped he would do him, on that account, all good offices with her majesty, who, he knew, had entire confidence in lord Dartmouth, which he was sincerely glad to see. He lamented,' —and the sincerity of that lamentation was unquestionable, —'the strange conduct of his wife, but declared, withal, there was no help for that, and a man must bear a good deal to lead a quiet life at home!'"[1] His confessions of the faults of his better half did not prevent his own dismissal from the command he had sustained with such invariable success. Inquiries were instituted, at the same time, concerning vast sums he had appropriated by the sale of commissions[2]—a bad practice, which first appears in his government of the military forces of Great Britain, likewise of the enormous bribes and per-centages received by him from the Jew contractors for the soldiers' bread and clothing. The soldiers of the regiments that had returned threw away their jackets and clothing over the wall of the queen's garden at St. James's Palace. Tradition says, they were brought to Anne, who wept at seeing the flimsy rags which

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 6.

[2] Evelyn's Diary, 1691, remarks on the disgrace and dismissal of Marlborough. Many indications occur throughout their correspondence, that the duke and even the duchess of Marlborough pursued this bad practice, for their private benefit, in their prosperity during the war in the reign of Anne. The bribes from the Jew contractors were acknowledged by Marlborough, but were called by him "customary perquisites."

the avarice of the generalissimo and his Jew contractors had provided for the common men to abide the damp and aguish seasons of the low countries. The army was consigned by the queen to the care of the duke of Ormond, whose commission was not to gain victories, but to keep the British forces in a state of armed neutrality until the peace was concluded.

The incorrigible sycophancy of Anne's courtiers, in paying homage to Abigail Masham, by way of propitiating the queen, greatly disgusted her majesty, who confided her feelings on the subject to lord Dartmouth. That nobleman had been deputed by the Tory ministry to request the queen to make Abigail's husband, Mr. Masham, a peer. The proposition was very unacceptable to queen Anne, who thus replied to lord Dartmouth—

"I never had had the least intention to make a great lady of Abigail Masham, for by so doing I should lose a useful servant about my person, for it would give offence for a peeress to lie on the floor, and do all sorts of inferior offices."[1]

But as Abigail was related to Harley as well as to lady Marlborough, that rising statesman wished to lose the memory of her former servitude to lady Rivers, under the blaze of a peeress's coronet. The measure was, therefore, persisted in, despite of the queen's sensible objections; at last, her majesty consented to the exaltation of the humble Abigail, on condition that she remained her dresser. Lord Dartmouth's description of Mrs. Masham's disposition, is that of an avowed enemy. "She was," he says, "exceeding mean and vulgar in her manners, of a very unequal temper, childishly *exceptions* [captious], and passionate.

"The queen told me, 'That I was not in her good graces (which I did not know before), because I lived civilly with the duchess of Somerset,' which her majesty interpolated, 'that she hoped I would continue to do without minding Mrs. Masham's ill humours.'

"At last, Abigail grew very rude to me, of which I took no notice. The queen gave me a hint of her suspicion, 'that she or her sister always listened at the door when I had a conference with her majesty.'[2] Abigail, likewise,

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. p. 33. [2] Ibid.

showed some disrespects to the duchess of Somerset, which gave the queen a notion of making her a lady of the bedchamber, and thus laying her down softly."

None of the anecdotes of Abigail Masham, drawn either by the friends or foes of her party, in any point agree with the Abigail Masham of Swift, who wrote letters in a much better style than either of her magnificent mistresses, the Marlborough duchess, or the English queen. If we may judge by them, her education had been superior to both.[1]

The minds of all people were in the utmost excitement, in regard to whether the queen would retain her friends of the house of Somerset, and form a ministry with the Somers' division of the Whigs. Mesnager expressed his fears to the queen, that the duchess of Somerset was adverse to the peace. According to the editor of his Notes, queen Anne replied, "Oh, I'll warrant you, I'll answer for her!"

Great watchfulness prevailed for the moment when the duke of Somerset was to appear in his equipage with his people, in his own yellow liveries, instead of those of the queen, which his suite wore, because he was the queen's master of the horse.[2] At last, the duke resigned, but the queen still continued intractable to the advice of her ministers; the Whig duchess bore the blame, and the whole venom of the Tory party was turned against her; she was, however, by no means adverse to the peace, but violently against all relentings of the queen's heart in favour of her brother; whatever Mesnager, Gualtier, and the countess of Jersey, assisted by Abigail Masham, did in his behalf, on one side, was reversed by the duchess of Somerset on the other.

In the midst of the disputes between the queen and her new ministry relative to the duchess of Somerset retaining office, Swift wrote a bitter libel, which he called a "Windsor Prophecy;" he read it to Mrs. Masham, who had the good sense to entreat him to suppress it, saying "that she knew the queen, and she knew the duchess of Somerset, and she was convinced he would injure himself and his party by its publication." Her remonstrance is recorded by Swift him-

[1] Her letters in the Swift Correspondence are almost the best there.
[2] Swift's Journal

self,[1] and it stands in contradiction to the abuse levelled against Abigail Masham for ignorance and want of sense. As there is no malice like party malignity, nothing could restrain the great literary champion of the Tories from attacking the duchess of Somerset in every point in which he thought he could grieve or degrade her.

The duchess of Somerset's hatred to the lineal royal family of Stuart was bitter and unceasing; the ground was, because Charles II. had placed his illegitimate son above the lofty line of Percy, by giving him the title of duke of Northumberland. Swift, in his libel on the queen's new favourite, was not ashamed of making ungenerous use of the accident of her hair being red, and of the misfortunes of her early youth. She had been married at ten or eleven years of age to lord Ogle, the son of the duke of Newcastle, (according to the old evil practice of giving in wedlock heiresses of great property.) It may be supposed her inclinations were not consulted in her matrimonial destination; but her guardians and her mother fell out furiously in the disposal of her hand a second time, as her first bridegroom or purchaser died, and left her a widow at thirteen. The unfortunate child wore widow's mourning at the court of Charles II., and received the appellation of *la triste héritiere*. She excited, by her great wealth and mournful appearance, some interest, although the Percy heiress had no pretensions to beauty. Her guardian made her marry a commoner, of immense wealth, Thomas Thynne, of Longleat Hall, when her mother, the dowager countess of Northumberland, much enraged at this outrage to both their feelings, escaped with her to the Continent, until she became of legal age. At Brussels, the child in weeds was seen by the handsome count Koningsmark, a German soldier of rank, possessed of little property, and less reputation. The Percy heiress was not fourteen when this fortune-hunter marked her as his prey. He had heard that her mother and herself detested the engagement she had been forced into, and to make the field clear for his own pretensions, he very deliberately hired three assassins, who shot Mr. Thynne in his carriage in the Haymarket. The circumstance is curiously and minutely represented on Thynne's monument in Westminster Abbey. Every species

[1] Swift's Journal.

of rumour attended this hideous assassination at the time of its detection, excepting the wickedness of implicating an unfortunate child, who would have been a victim either to the profligate who had bought her with her lands, or the guilty foreign adventurer who murdered him. The noble child, thus a widow twice before she was fourteen, was finally married to the duke of Somerset, who possessed a greater share of pride than wealth. When old enough to take the responsibility of her own actions, the duchess of Somerset was respected for the propriety of her conduct, and was considered one of the most virtuous matrons at the court of queen Mary.

It suited Swift's party-pen to make out the duchess of Somerset an assassin at fourteen, and he trusted to find partisans willing to believe him, or at least to pretend to do so, when he thus attacked her in his "Windsor Prophecy" by a string of ill-conditioned puns, addressed to the royal widow on the throne:—

> "England, dear England, if I understand,
> Beware of *carrots*[1] from Northumberland,
> Carrots sown thin (*Thynne*) a deeper root may get
> If so be they are in summer set (*Somerset.*)
> Their cunning's mark (*Koningsmark*) thou, for I have been told
> They *assassine*[2] when young and poison when old.
> Root out those carrots—O thou whose name
> Spelled backward and forward is always the same."

This was Anna; for the queen occasionally, like her great grandmother, Anne of Denmark, accented her name in two syllables, from whence her medallists and poets called her Anna. The verses proceed to recommend Mrs. Masham to fill the place of the unfortunate lady whose carrotty locks formed the refrain of this evil lyric:—

> "And keep close to thee always that name
> Which spelled backwards and forwards is *almost* the same;[3]
> And England wouldst thou be happy still,
> Bury those *carrots* under a *Hill*."[4]

Again the wicked wit who wrote this whimsical lampoon showed it to Mrs. Masham when it was in print; but the cautious courtier became greatly alarmed, and entreated him still more earnestly to suppress it, as an attack on the

[1] The red hair of the duchess of Somerset.
[2] Meaning *assassinate*. [3] Masham.
[4] The family name of Mrs. Masham.

duchess of Somerset would deeply anger the queen. The author affected to stop the printing of it; but the attempt made the squib run like wildfire, and it very soon reached the person it was aimed at, who laid it by, and bided her time of showing it to the queen.

Meantime, a compromise was effected between her majesty and her new ministry; the Tories agreed that the duchess was to remain in office, and the queen yielded the point in contest between the duchess of Somerset and the Tory ministry, by permitting the creation of the twelve new peers, which carried the measures of the court in the house of lords; they were gazetted December 28, 1711. Mrs. Masham's husband being one of this batch, became in consequence a peer of Great Britain. Samuel Masham's claims to this honour were not very distinguished, independently of the personal services the queen had experienced from his better half. The bitter pen of the duchess of Marlborough does not greatly exaggerate when she thus describes the nonentity of the new peer: "Mr. Masham, in so long a war, though made a general, I believe never saw fire in his life; he always attended his wife and the queen's bassett-table, being at court upwards of twenty years, and being a soft, good-natured, insignificant man, always making low bows to everybody, and ready to skip to open a door."[1]

Queens' pockets from the days of Elizabeth to Anne were mysterious repositories: within whose diplomatic folds reposed the destinies and advancements of the gentles and peers of the land. "I never was so much surprised," saith one of the reminiscences of lord Dartmouth,[2] "as when the queen drew a list of twelve lords out of her pocket, and ordered me to bring warrants for them, there not having been the least intimation before it was to be put in execution. I asked her, 'If her majesty designed to have them all made at once?'

[1] Inedited Letter of the duchess of Marlborough, Coxe MSS. Masham was, in point of descent, of a very different degree from his wife. He was, in fact, a remote kinsman of the queen, by legitimate descent from George Plantagenet, duke of Clarence, through the illustrious Margaret, countess of Salisbury. He was a representative of the ill-fated and persecuted line of Pole. (See Burke's Extinct Peerage.) Masham was very poor, being the eighth son of a ruined cavalier baronet, but his descent rendered his wife eligible to any court office in the gift of the crown.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes on Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 87.

"Her majesty answered by inquiring 'If lord Dartmouth made exceptions to the legality of the measure?'

"'No,' replied his lordship, 'only as to its expediency.'

"The queen rejoined, 'that she had made fewer lords than any of her predecessors;' and added, 'You see, my lord, that the duke of Marlborough and the Whigs do all they can to distress me, therefore I must do what I can to help myself.'

"I told her majesty, 'That I thought it my duty to tell her my apprehensions, as well as to execute her commands.' The queen thanked me, and said, 'That she liked the measure as little as I did, yet found not that any one could propose a better expedient.'"[1]

Three peers' eldest sons were called by writ to the house of lords in this extraordinary creation; nine commoners made up the twelve peerages, whose portentous appearance, out of her majesty's pocket, had startled lord Dartmouth.

It has been shown, that the preliminaries of the peace with France had been received by the queen as early as October; but no clause in the articles had mentioned her expatriated brother or sister, neither what was to become of the queen, her father's widow, and the English colony of emigrants at St. Germains. All the Jacobites, whose party force in England had aided queen Anne to break the chains of the family-junta, were aghast at this contempt; and they bitterly blamed and even threatened the envoy, Mesnager, with bringing on his own head the wrath of his monarch, Louis XIV. One of his colleagues, abbé Gualtier, declared, "that if he could but have a private conference with queen Anne, or liberty to speak his mind to her, though others were present, he was able to give her such an account of the dying expressions of her father, James II., in regard to the prince of Wales being really her brother, that her majesty could never enjoy the kingdom of heaven without she surrendered the crown of Great Britain to him whose right it was." The enthusiasm of the abbé by no means suited the policy of Mesnager, who, according to his own account, forthwith read the poor priest a severe private lecture "on his departure from the orthodoxy of the Roman-catholic church, by daring

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 87.

to give out that queen Anne, as a heretic, could ever enjoy the kingdom of heaven, let her conduct be whatsoever it might."[1] A good proof, if any more were needed, that worldly-minded statesmen usually surpass in bigotry the priesthood; a harder worldling than the diplomatist, Mesnager, cannot easily be found. Notwithstanding the brow-beating of his principal, abbé Gualtier tried to introduce the subject he had at heart to some of the queen's ministers; "but," adds Mesnager, "they would not so much as stay in the room when the young king's (James Stuart's) name was mentioned." Mesnager was the less anxious to introduce the name of the chevalier, even in the secret articles of peace, because he declares that his sovereign, Louis XIV., had used this expression—"If queen Anne insists on it, you must give him (the chevalier) up to his fortune; we must not be ruined on his account—you understand me?" which last sentence the king of France repeated more than once. There is no doubt that this general agreement to drop all mention of the queen's brother greatly facilitated the progress of the treaty.

The Jacobite ladies in the queen's household were utterly discontented with the manner in which the interest of their prince had been nullified in the treaty. Lady Jersey, and perhaps lady Winchelsea, had so much to say on the subject to Mesnager, that he thought proper to urge to the noble official by whom he was usually introduced to the queen's presence, the same arguments that Gualtier had proposed to propound to her majesty. On which the nobleman assured him, that if the exhortations were urged to her of her father on his death-bed, "queen Anne would have something very pertinent to answer."

Mesnager observed, "that so much as this peace was discussed by the queen, there must be some moment or other when she mentioned her brother, and that nothing could be more apropos than at such time to ask her majesty what her pleasure was, and how she would please to have him dispose of himself?"

The nobleman assured him, "that although reasonable as well as natural, yet he knew not whether it could be done? but if such an opportunity presented, he would let him know."[2]

[1] Minutes of Negotiation of M. Mesnager, p. 109. [2] Ibid., p. 254 to 260.

Five or six days passed away, at the end of which time a message came to invite Mesnager to sup with that nobleman, supposed by some to be the duke of Shrewsbury, by others the duke of Buckingham, but evidently a step lower in the peerage. Many circumstances point at lord Delawarr.[1]

"He told me," said Mesnager, "'that he had just been drinking tea in the apartments of a lady *very near* the queen, [evidently indicating lady Masham,] which lady had been very freely discussing the lately signed preliminaries of peace, and I think, M. de Mesnager,' continued he, 'that you and her should have a conference, for by my faith the women dare say anything!'" He then continued repeating the words, to Mesnager, of the Jacobite lady. "My lord," said she, "I cannot make out these dark things you call *preliminaries;* I wish you could read me a lecture of politics upon them."

"Lord, madam!" replied Mesnager's friend, continuing the narrative, "you are a better politician than I?"

"Not I," answered lady Masham, "I am all in the dark about them."

"Cannot you stay till they explain themselves?" To this she replied, laughing, "We women, you know, my lord, love to come at the éclaircissement."

"Well, madam, where is your difficulty?"

Here she answered, softly, "Why, what is it you mean to do with the pretender?—so, Monsieur Mesnager, you know, he is called among our people, and sometimes not by his worst enemies, if company be present."

The noble lord, who does not seem to be the most valiant of his species, here added to Mesnager, "that he was not a little startled, for there were not less than three ladies present, but all belonging to the royal household."

The lady then proposed that some ambiguity should be left in the article which guaranteed the succession to the line of Hanover, and that by a verbal agreement the queen and Louis XIV. should construe it their own way, if they saw occasion. It seems that this righteous mode of arranging difficulties had already been proposed by Mesnager, and his noble informer assured him "that the coincidence very much struck him as if the lady and himself had previously

[1] According to Swift's Journal, this nobleman had succeeded lord Jersey as lord-chamberlain of the household; he mentions him in a discontented manner "as one who would do no good to any party."

compared notes," which could not have been the case, as lady Masham was at that time unknown to the French envoy. With some passion, she continued alluding to the unfortunate James Stuart: "Will ye drive him about the world as a vagabond?—will ye oblige the king of France to do nothing for him?—will ye ruin him here, too?—and will ye have the queen starve her own brother?"

To this remonstrance, the nobleman told Mesnager he replied, "I did not think she was so serious as I found she was," that "I believed she would allow I was for starving no one, but she also knew on what ticklish terms we stood in England, as our enemies wanted nothing more to let loose the mob upon us, but to say we were for bringing in the pretender."

"Lord!" said the lady, half merrily, "what a parcel of statesmen the queen has here! Why, it is no wonder that the queen herself is so frightened, every now and then, at the Whigs, when all you men are so faint-hearted? If ever the *young gentleman* does come here, as I don't question but he will, I hope he will call ye all to account for a parcel of ——"

"Cowards and defectors," subjoined the nobleman; "you had as good, my lady, have spoken it out—perhaps we should not be such cowards, if the queen would be advised."

"Here my lord broke off the discourse," says Mesnager, "and on my pressing him to go on, he owned the conversation became wholly serious, and of a turn that would compromise his liberty or life; besides," he continued, "the queen came into the room, and interrupted us."[1]

Of course, the astute French diplomatist became the more eager to know what passed after queen Anne was made a party, in a discussion so nearly concerning her royal dignity, and after due entreaty, his informant continued, "that at the moment the Jacobite lady was exclaiming against the chevalier being left to the mercy of the Dutch, to be starved, or worse—adding louder than usual, 'Can you think, my lord, but the queen must have many thoughts of this kind? can she be easy regarding her own brother?'——

"Just as she repeated the word 'brother,' the queen came into the room. 'What!' said her majesty to the lady Masham, 'are you always talking politics?'

[1] Minutes by Mesnager.

"'Lord, madam,' replied the lady, merrily, 'here's my lord'—naming him to the queen—'turned Whig.'

"'I cannot think that,' observed her majesty.

"'He's turned cruel and barbarous; and that,' exclaimed the lady, 'is, I think, the same thing.'

"'What is the matter?' asked the queen.

"'Nay, madam, it is all before your majesty in the fine new preliminaries here.'"

By which it may be supposed that some copies had been printed, or circulated, among the ministers and officials of the palace; it is certain that they were disseminated over the country in a very few hours after the queen had announced her approval, at her supper at Windsor Castle.

"The preliminaries have been the dispute," continued the lady to the queen. "I tell my lord, here, that they are so worded that they will neither let your majesty do anything for a *certain person*, or do it themselves! I suppose they would be rid of him at any rate! I wish they would tell your majesty what to do with him?"

The answer of Anne is too characteristic of her mode of thinking and phraseology to permit a doubt that she uttered the very words.

"I can never get one of them so much as to speak of him," said the queen, "*or to answer me a question* about him—and I don't press them, but I hope they will do as *becomes them.*"

The nobleman who narrated this extraordinary scene to Mesnager, here thought proper to interpose, and without noticing the remarkable words the queen had uttered, made a diversion in her favour, by addressing the Jacobite lady: "Madam, you complain of the ministers doing nothing in that affair; perhaps you do not know what is offered by some persons at this very time?"

"Not I, indeed," replied the lady; "all things are so locked up with my lord-treasurer (Harley, earl of Oxford) that we hear nothing. Lord-treasurer is so *incommunicable* that all the queen herself gets from him amounts to little more than, 'Be easy, madam—be easy! things in general go well!'"

The nobleman then told Mesnager that he addressed to the queen these words:

"Madam, your majesty knows that M. Mesnager is still

in town; he desires nothing more than to talk freely to you of this matter [viz., *of the affairs of her brother.*] It is quite true, as lady Masham says, that your ministers are afraid of meddling with it; he says 'that he has something of very great importance to offer about it, and thinks it hard that, after the preliminaries of peace are settled, no one will give him an audience on the rest.' If your majesty will be pleased to hear him, here is lady Masham, would be the best plenipotentiary in this affair. I'll bring Monsieur Mesnager to wait upon her here in her apartments."

"With all my heart," returned the lady, "if her majesty here will give me leave? I won't be afraid, as all your politicians are, so that you neither dare speak nor hear!"

"I think," observed the queen, "there can be no harm in this any more than in the preliminaries, to hear what they offer?"

"This was the conclusion of the dialogue," continued Mesnager's informant, adding, significantly, "I doubt not that the next time I see the queen, she will ask, 'If I have brought you, and where you are?' for she seems mighty willing to talk of the business."[1]

"I told him," resumes Mesnager, in commenting on the discourse with the queen, "that he had done me only justice in telling the queen that I desired nothing more than to talk freely of that affair, [*the destination of the pretender,*] and as the women had so much more courage than the men, I should be as glad of a female plenipotentiary as of any other. Only I desired the favour of being called to a conference as soon as possible, because the time drew near when I must be gone, as the king of France had done me the honour of naming me for one of the plenipotentiaries at the approaching treaty to be held at Utrecht."

The nobleman replied "that he was in earnest in naming lady Masham to Mesnager, for in truth for his own part he did not care to venture; as for the women, they feared nobody, and that whatever was said to *her* would be soonest carried to the queen.

"Nay," he added, "perhaps you may sometimes see the queen herself on the occasion."

"It was not long," continues Mesnager,[2] "after this, that he carried me to court, where I followed him through

[1] Minutes of Negotiation by M. Mesnager, p. 260 to p. 266. [2] Ibid.

several apartments. At last, we were stopped by the queen chancing to pass out of her drawing-room into her closet. We paid our obeisances to her majesty, and passed on. At length, we came to a room where was a table by the fire, and a large easy chair, and a table with two candles and some loose cards upon it. I found that this was the apartment of the lady I was to meet, that there had been some ladies at cards when the queen came in, on which the ladies all fled, that the queen had sat some time there, and had only just come away when we met her. The lady I was to meet with was attending the queen, but her majesty seeing his lordship and I going on to these apartments, had sent that lady to meet us, by whom we were found in possession of her chamber. When her ladyship entered, my noble introducer, I perceived, paid her the greatest respect, which, though it gave me no light as to her name or quality, yet it imported that she was a person fit for me to talk with," meaning on the subject under discussion between the sovereigns of Great Britain and France.

"After some discourse," continues Mesnager, "my friend presented me to her, and told her 'that I was the gentleman in commission from the king of France, so that she might put confidence in all that I should say, and that the court at St. Germains were very anxious about the share they should have in the negotiations as to the chevalier'——

"The lady interrupted him, saying, 'Pray, my lord, do not call him by that barbarous name! Call him by anything but that and *pretender!*'

"'I'll call him by no name that shall offend you,' replied the nobleman; 'indeed, I cannot talk of him at all. I refer the whole to this honourable person and yourself.'

"With that she turned to me (Mesnager), and told me that she should be glad to have a little discourse with me on that head. 'Lord!' exclaimed she, 'how shy these politic people are of one another: they are frighted at shadows; for my part, I fear nothing. I'll hear whatever you can say, sir; and do whatever I can for *him*. Call him by what name you will,' continued she, 'is he not our queen's brother? I know him by that name, or not at all.'

"And with these words she made me sit down. My lord, who conducted me, withdrew among some ladies who

were playing cards in the next room, and," continues Mesnager, "I found myself alone with the lady Masham.

"I was at a loss how to commence, but she soon let me know that she expected no ceremony." Probably, the lady-plenipotentiary imagined that the French envoy paused out of doubt regarding her qualifications for the important office with which she had been invested, for she added, with some tact: "I know well what you have been doing here, Monsieur, for I have been always with the queen when my lord ——[1] has given her majesty an account of the private discourses you two have had, for this is the room into which the queen always retreated to hear it.' The lady then related to me several heads of our discourses, which convinced me that what she said was true."

The veneration excited in the French envoy, by this information, was excessive; after rising and making the confidante of the queen a sufficient number of court-bows, he offered to show her his credentials. Lady Masham seemed to have been embarrassed by the officiousness of the man.

"No; by no means," she replied; "I am no plenipotentiary, but I know the meaning of our interview is, that we should talk of the poor distressed branch of the royal family in exile in your country. *We* are very anxious about him."

"Madam," replied Mesnager, "the chief of what I have in commission from the king my master, is to know what is her majesty's pleasure to have done in this case."

"And *we* are at the greatest loss about it imaginable," said lady Masham; "*we* must not appear to have the least concern about him; *we* know that the Whigs will oblige us to push at his destruction, if possible."

"But, madam," returned Mesnager, "the king hopes you will not go to such a length?"

Upon which she drew a little table which stood by her nearer, and desired him to sit down, for the polite envoy had risen from the seat where she had first established him, in order to perform all the bows and homages he deemed due to the confidante of queen Anne.

"With the most obliging freedom," continues Mesnager, "this lady told me, 'that she was glad to have an oppor-

[1] Probably Jersey, for he had been the principal negotiator, until death withdrew him, suddenly, from the treaty, in August, 1711.

tunity to converse with me on this tender subject—for all the ministers were afraid to speak of it, even in private to the queen herself; but if I thought fit to communicate to her, what I was charged with on this head, she could assure me she should not be so shy, but would place the statement before her majesty.'"

The chicanery regarding the interpretation of the Hanoverian succession-clause in the articles of peace was all the French envoy had to propose, and this was little to the satisfaction of the favourite of queen Anne. The cunning diplomatist urged the lady, in the name of her sovereign, to make some communication respecting her wishes in regard to the disinherited heir of Great Britain, and the lady, with more candour than beseemed a stateswoman, urged the helplessness of her royal mistress and the cruelty of the case.

Two points Mesnager submitted to her consideration. The first was framing the article of peace, which treated of the succession in that ambiguous manner, "that it should either refer to the house of Hanover or to the chevalier St. George, as queen Anne and Louis XIV. might hereafter determine;" the other was, "that the chevalier might, when obliged to withdraw from France, be settled in some country, or state, at a convenient distance both from France and England."

"These," observed the queen's confidante, when taking leave of Mesnager, "are difficult points," and she added "that she must take time to think of them, but she would have another conference in a day or two."

The lady then called the noble lord "who," observes Mesnager, "was *l'introducteur d'ambassadeurs* for that time, to go out with me."

In the interview which succeeded in the course of three days between lady Masham and Mesnager, they discussed the same points in every possible manner, and the artful negotiator led the lady to the consideration of Lorraine, or some place on the Rhine, as the future abode of the chevalier.

Lady Masham, who seemed to state facts with single-heartedness enough, gave the following picture of the position of her royal mistress, of which no one can deny the historical accuracy.

"It is," she said, "the present unhappiness of the queen

to possess the throne of her brother, to which she had no other claim than what the political measures of the state had made legal, and in some sort necessary. But this," she added, "she truly believed, gave her majesty oftentimes secret uneasiness. Nor was it all the misfortune. By the same necessity of state she was obliged, not only against her disposition, but even against her principles, to promote the continuance of her usurpation, not only beyond her own life but for ever."

To this statement lady Masham did not add, (for perhaps she did not know the fact), that the severest sting in the conscience of queen Anne must have been her participation in, and perhaps original invention of, the vile falsehoods which were more injurious to her brother than the inevitable necessity of excluding him from the throne of Great Britain, on account of his adherence to his father's religion. For there is dignity in suffering for conscience' sake, which is reverenced by the whole world; and if James Stuart wore no crown, he was at the same time exempt from the cares and anguish of royalty, which had weighed, from time immemorial, peculiarly heavy on his race. Yet he had been doomed, even before his birth, to the scorn of the world as an impostor, and at the same time is very gravely reproached for *inheriting* the fate of the Stuarts, as their representative, by his contemporary historians, though they would neither allow him to have been the son of his father nor his mother.

Lady Masham continued, authorized as she then was, to speak in her royal mistress's name, as follows—

"What an inexpressible satisfaction it would be to her majesty to see herself delivered from the fatal necessity of doing so much wrong; and if it could be possible, with safety to the religion and liberties of her subjects, to have her brother restored to his rights, at least after her decease, if it could not be done before. It was true, the queen did not see her way clearly through this, and it seemed next to impossible, for the rage and aversion of the greatest part of the common people to the return of her brother had grown to such a height. Nay," continued lady Masham, "the queen found it impossible to enter on any treaty of peace, without entering at the same time into the strongest engagements possible for confirming the succession to

the house of Hanover. A thing," added she," that I am sure is all our aversions."

Mesnager, according to his own account, made some very lengthy and double-minded replies to these representations; he, however, led the ideas of the favourite, and consequently of the queen, to concur with his previously expressed recommendation of Lorraine as the best place of retreat for the exiled prince; likewise he agreed with lady Masham on a mode of correspondence, and promised to furnish a cipher and key for their communications.[1]

Mesnager entreated that their final interview might be the succeeding evening, because it was more than time that he should be in France, as her majesty's plenipotentiaries were already named, and would be at Utrecht before he could possibly receive his monarch's instructions, and give him personally an account of this negotiation.

Accordingly, the third and last interview with lady Masham took place the following evening. The discussion was chiefly an interchange of compliments; her ladyship told the French envoy, "that she was charged to let him know how well he was with the queen, and how agreeable it was to her majesty to hear that he was appointed by his royal master, Louis XIV., as one of his plenipotentiaries at Utrecht."

"Lady Masham then went to her cabinet, and calling me to come to her," says the French envoy, "she took out of a purse of crimson velvet made up like a case, and fastened with a gold clasp, her majesty's picture set round with diamonds. I started back a little, and prepared to receive it on my knee, which she understood immediately, but would not suffer me."

"For, sir," she said, "I do not tell you that the queen of Great Britain presents you this miniature, but be assured by *it* how satisfactory your visits have been, and how much honour I think it to hand this present to you?"

"After this I took my leave," pursues Mesnager, "wondering much within myself that such a mean character should be attributed to this lady, as some have made public; but I must add, that she seemed to me as worthy of the favour of a queen as any woman I have ever conversed with in my life."[2]

[1] Some letters which passed between them are appended to the "Minutes," they are thoroughly destitute of interest or information.

[2] Minutes of Negotiation by Mesnager, p. 280—290.

So ended these remarkable scenes between the favourite lady of queen Anne and the envoy of Louis XIV.; notwithstanding some discrepancies, there are coincidences between the despatches of the marquis de Torcy, the minister of Louis XIV. and this narrative, which render it, in the main, worthy of historical credit.

Mesnager departed to France next day, held his conference with Louis XIV., and joined the congress at Utrecht, as a French plenipotentiary, January 18, 1712.

One of the most remarkable features of the new administration was, that the queen had appointed a clergyman as her principal palace-minister, by placing the privy-seal in the hands of Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol. It was likewise her wish that, through the agency of a prelate of the church of England, her war-wearied people should receive the blessings of peace. It was the first instance of a church-of-England clergyman holding any office in the government of the country since the reign of Charles I.[1] An odd circumstance marked the appointment of bishop Robinson, lord-privy-seal, to negotiate the peace at Utrecht; —in his short voyage between England and the Low Countries, he experienced a very extraordinary loss: he lost New Year's Day, the New Year's Day of 1712; for he set sail on the 29th December, Old Style, and he found himself after two days' prosperous voyage at his journey's end, considerably advanced in the month of January; for the congress at Utrecht reckoned, like all the Christian world except England and Russia, by the New Style. The incident is touched upon in his Windsor Prophecy, with humorous quaintness by Swift, who declared that when the holy plenipotentiary—

> "Shall not see New-year's Day in all that year,
> Then let old England make good cheer:
> Windsor and Bristow[2] then shall be
> Joined together in the Low Countree.
> Then shall the tall black Daventry bird
> Speak against peace full many a word."

[1] It is true that archbishop Tennison had been named as one of the nine regents repeatedly, in the absences of William III., but he took little part in government.

[2] Dr. Robinson was dean of Windsor, as well as bishop of Bristol, and the peace-congress of Utrecht was of course held in the Low Countries.

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The earl of Nottingham's tall, dark person is here designated by the allusion to his family name of Finch. It seems he was still most vehement against peace.

The ratification of the peace of Utrecht, perhaps the most trite subject in modern history, cannot occupy much room in these pages, although its heavy memory has been awakened from the sleep into which its own ineffable dulness had consigned it, together with the works of its contemporary historians for nearly a century, by the cry lately raised in its name against the marriage of the duke of Montpensier and the second daughter of Spain.

ANNE,

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

Queen Anne receives an unwelcome ambassador—Her disgust at his tie-wig—Queen's Tory drawing-room—Queen presents prince Eugene with a sword worth 4000*l.*—The Whig ladies desert the queen's drawing-room—Queen's operatic entertainments—Conspiracy to depose or control the queen—Her farewell audience of prince Eugene—Queen witnesses an expounding of prophecy—Receives a Scottish antiquary—Orders the performance of the tragedy of "Mary Queen of Scots"—Receives news of the death of her sister, Louisa Stuart—Shows lord Dartmouth a letter from Louis XIV. on this event—Queen's intentions for this princess—Queen ill with an autumn fever—She is informed of the death of lord Godolphin—Discusses his character with lord Dartmouth—Her reminiscences concerning the revolution—Other gossiping conversations of the queen with Dartmouth—Threats of the duchess of Marlborough to disgrace the queen—Queen protected by her premier, who forces Marlborough to leave England—His duchess gives away the queen's picture and departs—Threatens the queen with printing her letters in Holland—Jacobites in the queen's palace—Honours and favour bestowed by the queen on the duke of Hamilton—Her plans reversed by his tragical death—Queen engaged in a dispute regarding the bishopric of Hereford—Her partiality to the duchess of Somerset—Jest on the queen's speech to parliament—Her speech delayed by ill health—Queen announces the peace of Utrecht to parliament—Statistics of her reign—Her letters of remonstrance against executions—Queen appoints Swift as dean of St. Patrick's—Alarming illness of the queen—Reports of her death—Her letters to Hanover—Rewards d'Urfey for satirizing the electress Sophia, &c.

The queen's firmness had to stand a new trial, before the final dismissal of the remnant of the Marlborough faction. When the treaty of peace seemed to progress in a decidedly favourable manner before the congress at Utrecht, prince

Eugene was sent by the new emperor to England, ostensibly with compliments regarding his election; likewise, to use his powers of persuasion to induce the queen to continue the war at her own expense. It was well known, that prince Eugene meant to exert, to the utmost, his military popularity with the English, as the colleague of Marlborough in most of his victories, to support the war-faction against the queen. Dark hints are thrown out by most contemporaries relative to the intrigues used by this imperial general and ambassador during his sojourn in London. It is certain, that the queen made every possible excuse to delay his visit; and the admiral of her majesty's fleet on the Dutch coast, to avoid sailing, pleaded the contrariety of wind and weather; but the prince came on board, complaining of the loss of his time, and was safely landed at Greenwich, January 6, 1712, despite of all impediments.[1] Leicester House, Leicester-square, was the abode assigned to prince Eugene by her majesty.[2]

"He was not to see the queen till six this evening," wrote Swift, January 7th. "I hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whig cause any good. I went at six to see him at court, but he was gone in to the queen, and when he came out, Mr. Secretary St. John, who introduced him to her majesty, walked so near him, that he quite screened him with his great periwig."

The wig costume of the court of the royal Anne was, throughout his visit, a source of no little tribulation to Eugene of Savoy: the eclipse of his person, by the flowing periwig of Mr. Secretary St. John, was the least of his mortifications. He was very soon made sensible that her Britannic majesty had taken offence at his venturing into her august presence without being adorned in one of these formidable appendages. Eugene of Savoy had committed this outrage knowingly and wilfully; for Hoffman, his imperial master's resident minister, had solemnly warned him of the result before he entered the presence-chamber at St. James's—"That queen Anne could not abide any one that was presented to her without a full-bottomed periwig, whereas his wig was a tied-up wig."

The prince, who was already in the royal ante-chamber,

[1] Cunningham's History of England, vol. ii. p. 402.
[2] Swift's Journal, Feb. 1711-12.

exclaimed, "I know not what to do; I never had a long periwig in my life, and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to know whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but not one has such a thing!"[1] He spoke with impatience and contempt, which being duly reported to queen Anne, increased her indignation at the intrusion of a tie-wig. The poor queen was, in truth, most unwilling to receive, yet dared not decline, the visit of this unwelcome guest. Forced to treat him publicly with every demonstration of respect, and to order the preparation of costly gifts for his acceptance, yet Anne, in private, gave many indications of sadness and sullenness, and vented her temper to her familiar friends, by captious remarks on his dress, especially concerning the improper species of periwig which the Italian hero audaciously carried into her august presence.

The beauty of prince Eugene was not sufficiently remarkable to authorize the queen's extreme solicitude respecting his outward adornments; for Swift adds to his description of her warlike visitor: "I saw prince Eugene at court to-day; he is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides."[2]

The queen was, soon after, taken with a fit of gout, kept from chapel all Sunday, and was supposed to be politically indisposed. "If the queen's gout increases, it will spoil sport," wrote Swift; "for prince Eugene has two fine suits made up against her birth-day, and her majesty is to present him then with a sword worth 4000*l.*, the diamonds set transparent."

The queen's recovery, however, enabled her to keep this remarkable birth-day according to the splendid preparations made for its celebration. All the Whig officials, ladies and lords, had been cleared out of the court-places, in pursuance of Swift's recent advice, and the new occupants were to be presented to her on their appointments. "The vice-chamberlain told me," wrote Swift, "a few days previously, that lady Rialton, Marlborough's eldest daughter, had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bed-chamber, and that lady Jane Hyde, lord Rochester's daughter (a mighty pretty girl) is to succeed. Lady Sunderland, the

[1] Swift's Journal, January 7, 1711-12; likewise Correspondence.
[2] Ibid., Feb. 1711-12.

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second Marlborough daughter, is to resign in a day or two." Next day, the journal continues: "It is not lady Jane Hyde who has succeeded lady Rialton as the queen's bed-chamber lady, but her aunt, lady Catherine Hyde, daughter of the late lord Rochester, the queen's uncle."

Prince Eugene himself was not so indifferent in regard to wigs as he chose to affirm. In a letter of lord Galway, (written with his left hand, because his right had been cut off, clean as if with a razor, in his late disastrous Spanish campaign,) he speaks as if prince Eugene had been making the most elaborate toilet in Christendom, in order to congratulate queen Anne on her birth-day—perhaps to obliterate the disgust and displeasure with which her Britannic majesty had surveyed his tie-wig at his first presentation.

LORD GALWAY TO LADY RUSSELL.[1]

"Rookley, [1711.]

"I thank your ladyship for the news you send. Let prince Eugene be neverso carefull of getting fine cloaks and a fine wigg, I believe he will not make so good a figure in the assembly as he would at the head of an army, though he is capable of making a good figure anywhere. I believe the spectators will miss the two ladies that have quitted, but especially my lady Sunderland."

The two ladies alluded to by lord Galway were the fair daughters of the handsome duke and duchess of Marlborough; they manifested no more active enmity to their formerly indulgent royal mistress than perversely depriving her of the splendour of their charms at her Tory drawing-room; they seem to have been persuaded by their flatterers that the queen's receptions would be utterly extinguished without them. The manner in which the discarded faction showed their contempt is thus described:

"The lords and ladies," wrote Swift, "have all their fine clothes ready against the queen's birth-day to-morrow. I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in *spite* of that spiteful French fashion of the Whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved, to a woman. I hope it will spirit the queen more against them than ever."

It seems that important birth-day of the queen passed

[1] Copied, by permission, from the collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire. Lady Russell was not the celebrated Rachel, who had been dead some years.

off with great *eclat*, notwithstanding the angry secession of the Marlborough beauties and their faction. Prince Eugene, at the same drawing-room, presented his amiable person before queen Anne, respectfully enveloped in a full-bottomed wig of proper court proportions. "Her majesty did not give him the diamond sword, worth four thousand pounds, with all the world looking on, as expected. The gift was made privately before the courtiers were admitted; no one was by when her majesty gave the sword to prince Eugene, excepting her lord-chamberlain."

"I went to dine at lord Masham's at three that day," wrote Swift, "and met all the company just coming from court (out of St. James's Palace)—a mighty crowd—they stayed long for their coaches. I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries." Lady Ashburnham (the beautiful daughter of the duke of Ormond)[1] was considered the belle of that brilliant birth-day.

The Marlborough ladies occupied a window in St. James's palace, commanding a view of the whole brilliant scene; to show their disrespect and indifference to the royal birthday, they sat, in the sight of all the court, in their morning wrappers. Lady Wharton, who was of their party, not contented with this passive defiance to her majesty, sallied out, all in her undress (looking hideously ugly, according to Swift's taste), amidst the noble crowd then waiting at St. James's gates until their coachmen and running footmen had fought their way up with their separate carriages. Among the *melée* was a new chariot, which cost the owner 950*l.*; "the mob huzzaed it as much as they did prince Eugene," says Swift.

The same evening her majesty was present at one of her favourite musical entertainments, consisting of selections from the newly introduced operas; she was much better the next day, after her exertions; and Swift, who has commemorated her proceedings on this occasion, "lamented that she now took little exercise." By the way, lady Masham and her kinsman Harley are said to have first

[1] Swift mentions the untimely death of this lovely young woman, a few weeks afterwards, with more feeling than he is supposed capable of expressing. The deep grief of the duke, her father, seemed infectious.

gained her majesty's favour by their attention to her taste for concerts.[1]

Among these gay reminiscences of queen Anne's Tory birth-day, rumours existed that a formidable current of events was rolling beneath its courtly splendours. Prince Eugene, all agreed, arrived for the purpose of obstructing the peace. But he is likewise accused of being the leader of a formidable conspiracy against the queen.[2] "His advice being to the duke of Marlborough to suborn the bands of ruffians called Mohocks, to scour the streets by night, and strike terror in the populace by whom the queen was beloved; to set fire to London in different places, especially the palace of St. James's, where the queen then lodged, when the guards on duty were commanded by an officer in the Whig interest; that Marlborough, at the head of the guards, should seize the Tower, the Bank, and public offices, make the queen prisoner, and by terror force her to sign warrants for inquiry into the Jacobite correspondence of Abigail Masham, Bolingbroke, &c., put them to death, and force her to dissolve parliament. There is," says Coxe, "no evidence of the truth of these intentions but the letters of Plunket the Jacobite."

Such may be the case, but the contemporary assertions of Plunket are confirmed by much collateral evidence, which may be gathered from historians even of the Whig party, besides the current report that many of the leaders of the Whig faction were personally engaged in nocturnal acts of violence. Among others, it is said that Thomas Burnet, the profligate son of the bishop,[3] was publicly pointed out as the most mischievous amongst the Mohock ruffians.

The mysterious alarms concerning the Mohocks were likewise accompanied by superstitious terrors. According

[1] Cunningham's History of Great Britain. The fact that they organized such entertainments for queen Anne is very likely, but is only preserved by this author, although Abigail Masham's taste for music, as well as mimicry, is once mentioned by her cousin of Marlborough's manuscripts; likewise that her brother, Jack Hill, sang well, and was a good mimic.

[2] Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

[3] Swift's Journal. The reverend historian was not felicitous in the reputation and conduct of his sons. Thomas Burnet, all parties agree, was a daring reprobate; although, in times when party influence carried all before it, he subsequently adorned the bench. Among his other exploits, sir Walter Scott

to a contemporary, Alexander Cunningham,[1] "these evil-doers were never seen in daylight; nay, many persons averred they were never seen at all, yet they tormented women and children, or helpless and infirm men, whom they caught in the streets at night. Great talk of marvellous dreams and the appearance of demons and spirits, witches and hags was prevalent. It is supposed these follies were deliberately invented to divert the thoughts of the people from the negotiations of peace that were then proceeding." However that may be, party rage broke into madness at this juncture; *war*-mobs and *peace*-mobs traversed the streets of London, and a very tragic event took place in consequence. "As prince Eugene's nephew was passing along the streets, and rashly encountering some of the mean and furious rabble, he was so roughly handled by them that he fell sick and died."[2] Not long after this accident, prince Eugene had his farewell audience of the queen, and withdrew from this country, March 13, wishing perhaps that he had permitted the islanders to settle their disputes without his interference.

In the spring of 1712, Lloyd the bishop of Worcester, then an aged man, demanded an audience of queen Anne, and, with much mystery, said, "that he thought it his duty to acquaint her that the city of Rome would be utterly destroyed by fire, and the church of Rome extinct in less than four years, and that if her majesty would have the patience to listen to him, he would prove it beyond all contradiction." The queen made an appointment with him in the forenoon of the next day. A great Bible was sent for, which was all the bishop of Worcester said he required. He brought the queen's aged tutor, Compton, bishop of London, with him. The queen ordered the duke of Shrewsbury, Harley lord Oxford, lord Dartmouth,[3] and her favourite physician, Dr. Arbuthnot, to be present at this exposition of prophecy. The ancient bishop, then upwards of eighty years of age, showed great memory and ingenuity

affirms that he wrote the witty Jacobite song on his own father's death, commencing—

"The fiends were all brawling,
When Burnet descending."

[1] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. iv. pp. 401, 402. [2] Ibid.
[3] He relates this scene in his Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. p. 327.

in his quotations and application of texts; but unfortunately, the earl of Oxford differing with him, though most civilly, as to the interpretation of one, the bishop fell into a violent rage, and turning to the queen exclaimed, "So says your treasurer, but God says otherwise, whether he like it or no!" The queen, seeing the bishop both angry and very rude, thought the best way of deciding the dispute was to call for her dinner. The bishop, however, went on before the queen could make her retreat. He said intemperately, "that if he did not know what was truth, he was a very unfit person to be trusted with explaining the gospels, and therefore desired the queen to dispose of his bishopric to some person of greater abilities, if what he said did not prove true;" then bending forward, he spoke some words to the queen in a very low voice, that no one might hear but her majesty, who told lord Dartmouth afterwards that the bishop said, "that when four years were expired, the Saviour would reign personally on the earth for a thousand years."[1]

The outbreak of fanatical rage in the revolutionary bishop Lloyd, was in all probability excited by his political jealousy of an envoy, then at queen Anne's court, soliciting some relief for the distressed and depressed members of the episcopal church of Scotland. And the report went that queen Anne had at heart the restoration of Scottish episcopacy—not only to toleration, but to some part of the subsistence of which William III. had deprived them.[2] James Anderson, who had written on this subject, was presented to her majesty with the ostensible object of showing her some very fine seals and ancient charters which he had collected. The

[1] Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. p. 327. He lived to see the futility of his prophecies. He had been a fanatical dissenter of the times of the civil wars.

[2] Most of the documentary historians of this period, among others, Lockhart of Carnwath, mention the consternation and distress of the Scotch when they found that the country was not relieved from the *tithes* of the Episcopalian church, but that the dues of the bishops, &c., were granted by William III. to partisans who had aided him in attaining his ambitious ends. Thus, although the church was overthrown, the Scotch were not relieved from its payments, but were in worse case than before; for the church clergy spent their incomes among them, but the grantees were absentees, who took the money out of the country, and exacted rigorously the rack-rent from every one. Scotland was still suffering much from this cause, in the reign of queen Anne. —Lockhart of Carnwath, vol. i. p. 367.

queen looked at them as graciously as if she had known their uses, and seemed to be greatly delighted with them; then, turning to lord Oxford, said, "It was her wish that something might be done for Mr. Anderson." His lordship replied, "That her majesty need not press him to take care of that gentleman, for he was *the* man he designed, out of regard to his great knowledge, to distinguish in a particular manner." The distinction proved, however, nothing but a request to sit for his picture, that it might take its place in the Harleian collection of resemblances of celebrated men. Such was by no means the intention of the queen, for as Anderson had impoverished his fortune by his historical collections, which would have been otherwise lost to the world, she had designed for him more solid remuneration, in place or pension.[1]

Another anecdote of queen Anne, connected with literature, comprises all that can be quoted concerning any personal interest she took in it. In all such instances, unlike her grandfather Charles I., or other relatives of the Stuart line, she never used any judgment of her own, but referred to that of others.

The tragedy of "Mary queen of Scots" had been written twenty years, by John Banks, but had been rejected in the reigns of William and Mary, by the master of the revels, who saw political spectres in every one of the *dramatis personæ*. The queen at last heard of it from one of her literary nobles, and requested him to read it, and give her his opinion of the dangers the play contained. He assured the queen the composition "was every way an innocent piece," on which the queen herself gave orders to her lord-chamberlain for its performance.[2]

The unexpected death of queen Anne's younger sister at St. Germains, it is said, occasioned her majesty an access of grief, which she felt more acutely than anything which had befallen her since the death of her consort, George of Denmark. The queen showed lord Dartmouth a letter addressed to her, which Louis XIV. had written throughout with his own hand, announcing to her the death of the young princess, Louisa Stuart, her sister, in which the king had represented her as a most exalted character. The death of the

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath, vol. i. p. 371.
[2] Colley Cibber's Apology, 318.

fair young princess made a sensation in Great Britain which can be little appreciated in these days. Lord Godolphin, who had always the earliest intelligence from France, sent his confidential agent, Richard Hill, to lord Dartmouth, with the news, adding this observation, "that it was the very worst that ever came to England." "Why does he think so?" asked lord Dartmouth. "Because," replied his informant, "if anything had happened to the brother, and this admirable young princess had been spared, queen Anne would have sent for her and married her to *a prince George*,[1] who could have no pretensions during her life; and this measure would have pleased every honest man in the realm, and made an end of all disputes in future."[2]

Queen Anne was destined to see every expectation for the continuation of the English succession by her near relatives vanish before the inexorable fiat of death. Perhaps the country would have permitted this youngest daughter of their royal line to have retained her religion as the former queen-consorts had done, if she had been married to a Lutheran prince; yet there was no reason to suppose that she would have been less firm in its ritual than her brother; she must, therefore, have been very unhappy in England. Some consciousness of the worldly conflicts that peradventure had awaited her if she had survived, must have inspired her with the remarkable satisfaction with which she welcomed death in the very flower of her existence.[3]

The lamentations of all degrees of the English people for this young princess[4] (of whom even Burnet gives a high character) were inconsistent enough, since she was as firm in her obnoxious faith as her brother; and the only crime he had committed, to account for the hatred and abuse with which he was pursued, was his difference of religion. A large portion of the people, it is true, believed the absurd falsehood, in regard to his spurious birth, which queen

[1] Lord Dartmouth must mean *Frederic*, father of our George III., the eldest son of George, hereditary prince of Hanover, (George II.) Frederic was ten years younger than the princess.

[2] Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 112.

[3] See vol. x., Life of Mary Beatrice, for a full account of the death of this young sister of queen Anne.

[4] See Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii.

Anne herself had fastened on him before he was born—an iniquity which now began to glare on her conscience.

This unfortunate brother was still persecuted by those who capriciously lamented his sister Louisa. He had scarcely recovered from the same dire disease which had mercifully taken away the companion of his youth, when the envoys of queen Anne were forced to hunt him from his adopted country before the peace could be ratified. A despatch of M. de Torcy, Louis XIV.'s negotiating minister, dated June 6, 1712,[1] says—"You may assure queen Anne that the chevalier is ready to depart at a moment's warning, if he did but know where he was to go? I own to you that I know no prince willing to receive him, for fear of displeasing the queen." Another private letter concludes, "I have the honour of sending you a letter under the king's hand (Louis XIV.) for her Britannic majesty, and I refer you to what the abbé Gualtier writes about the departure of the chevalier.[2] Meantime, abbé Gualtier was actively recommending the chevalier to the affections of his sister by the agency of lady Masham, lady Jersey—and, perhaps, lady Winchelsea and the duke of Buckingham. The Torcy correspondence expressly mentions, "that the whole proceedings between Gualtier and Mesnager, in connexion with the English ministers, were transacted *verbally*, as "neither Harley, St. John, or Prior, dared commit them to writing."[3]

An autumnal fever was prevalent in England, during September, 1712, which very severely visited the royal household after the queen had retired to Windsor. Forty persons were ill at the same time at the castle, yet no apprehensions existed that the queen would be injured by the intermittent. Such was, however, the case; and it is very plain that her health never wholly rallied after it. "Yesterday," (September 8,) wrote Swift, in his journal, "we were all alarmed with the queen's being ill. She had an aguish and feverish fit, and you never saw such counte-

[1] Addressed to Mr. Secretary St. John, from the French minister, de Torcy. —History of Parliament of Great Britain, Reign of Queen Anne, &c., p. 106.

[2] Ibid., June 22; N. S., July 10. Torcy to St. John.

[3] Ibid., p. 107. This remark casts some light on the curious Reminiscences regarding Mesnager, edited by Defoe, which most likely were in ciphered notes, intercepted by Harley earl of Oxford.

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nances as we all had—such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for." The lord-treasurer, Oxford, received accounts from Dr. Arbuthnot of the progress of this malady. From the following inedited letter of the prime minister, the state of the queen may be ascertained:

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.[1]

"Sept. 7th, 1712, past four.

"SIR,—Unless you knew the concerne I was under, which, with reason, kept me the night waking, you cannot conceive how welcome your letter was to me, which my messenger brought me before one o'clock. I trust in God's mercy that he will bring me an account to-morrow of the queen's passing this ensuing night well, without any return of a fever. I have ordered the messenger to wait your time, until you dispatch him to-morrow morning.

"I am, with true respect, sir,

"Your most faithful and most humble servant,

"OXFORD.

"The weather is extremely cold here."

Endorsed—"To Dr. Arbuthnot."

The queen, when convalescent, received the news of the death of her old servant, the earl of Godolphin, who had been thirty years in the treasury-department, and superintended it in the latter years of his life as lord-treasurer; he did not long survive his dismissal by his royal mistress—he afterwards lived with the Marlboroughs, and died at Windsor Lodge, the favourite residence of the duchess. The queen affected, at his death, to consider him with regard; for when lord Dartmouth brought her the intelligence of his demise, she testified some concern—perhaps, she wept a little, or seemed so to do. Her majesty told Dartmouth[2] that "She could not help it, for she had a long acquaintance with him, and did believe that whatever offence he had given her, was owing to the influence the Marlborough family had over him, but she did not think him to be naturally an interested man."

To this leading question, lord Dartmouth replied, "That he always considered lord Godolphin's assumption of disinterestedness as grimace, for though he affected to refuse everything before he received it, yet he had contrived to make his family heir to *theirs* (the Marlboroughs), and could, therefore, with more decency promote their interest than his own, and was sure of having the advantage at last."

[1] From the original in the possession of W. Baillie, Esq., from his MS. Arbuthnot Papers.

[2] Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. pp. 134, 135.

It may be guessed that her majesty's assumption of concern for the death of Godolphin was only grimace likewise, for at this keen stroke on the defunct, given by lord Dartmouth, she laughed, and said:

"Truly, she had observed a good deal of that herself." Her majesty closed the conversation by requesting that all scurrilities coming out on the subject of his death and character might be suppressed."

Lord Godolphin, it seems, had died poor, and this fact Dartmouth repeated to her majesty.[1] Then the queen revealed to that lord one of those anecdotes of her private history which she alone could tell.

"I am sorry," said her majesty, "that he has suffered in my service, since he was not poor at the revolution, when he brought me twenty thousand guineas, and entreated me to take care of them, which I did for some time after, and they were constantly with me wheresoever I went."[2]

The fact thus recorded by Anne's own lips raises some curious queries. Was it a sum which Godolphin had wrongfully abstracted from the treasury for her flight—now he was in his grave, he could not contradict any version the queen might give of it? Godolphin was a younger brother, very poor, and likely ever to remain so, since he was the most inveterate gambler of an age surpassing all others in a vice which was peculiarly dangerous for a lord of the treasury to indulge in. Twenty thousand guineas were no light incumbrance for the fugitive princess, if the circumstances of her flight from the Cockpit be remembered; nor could that solid weight of treasure be conveyed from place to place, according to the words of the queen, "wheresoever she went," without many persons giving assistance and having cognizance thereof. The Marlboroughs, after the enmity between them and their once indulgent mistress swelled to an alarming height, always threatened to disclose some secret which would cover her with disgrace. Anne shrank and cowered beneath the shaking of this terrific rod, until after 1712, when Godolphin died, and the Marlboroughs went into voluntary banishment. The tale they had to tell, it is possible, related to this twenty thousand guineas, and they had to say "that Anne had robbed her father as well as betrayed him." But even if it were so, the people who had

[1] Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. pp. 134, 135. [2] Ibid.

seen her wretched father vainly send to his other daughter for his clothes, would have been indifferent to a mass of money, more or less, abstracted from his well-regulated treasury; since, if Godolphin had not handed it to Anne, some one might have stolen it who had not so good a right to it.

In the course of another of the queen's conversations with lord Dartmouth, they recapitulated the offices which had been recently held by lord Godolphin's family; his son, lord Rialton, was cofferer to the crown; lady Rialton, one of the daughters of the Marlboroughs, had been lady of the bedchamber to the queen for eight years; yet, in this gossiping dialogue, her majesty and lord Dartmouth agreed that the whole three lived very meanly, considering the great and profitable posts they filled. If Godolphin was the incurable and unlucky gamester that Horace Walpole affirms, her majesty need not have sought further for the solution of an enigma which seemed to have puzzled her. Lord Dartmouth considers that queen Anne and lord Godolphin[1] held some secret correspondence until his death; this was possibly connected with her exiled relatives at St. Germains. Much has been said of the lifelong hopeless love that Godolphin cherished for the exiled queen of James II.; but whether that passion rendered him more sincere in his Jacobite correspondence than Marlborough, Shrewsbury, and the rest, is still an unresolved question. As to his passion, those who view the solemn ugliness of his bust in Westminster Abbey, or in the engravings in Grainger, and recollect that this frightfulness of feature was bespread with the deepest olive tint that ever dyed the skin of an Englishman, will be apt to exclaim with Parnell's hunchback—

"This creature dared to love!"

For two years previously to the death of Godolphin, the queen had been kept in a state of perpetual agony, by the base threats of the duchess of Marlborough,

[1] There is a curious monument in Kensington Church, with a long biographical epitaph, mentioning a lady as Mrs. *Jael* Godolphin; strong lapses towards Judaism must the sectarians of that day have made, to induce one to name a daughter *Jael*. This namechild of her of the hammer and nail, is rather pompously announced as the sister of the first lord *treasurer* of Great Britain, a puzzling assertion to those who do not remember that the legal union of Scotland with England was effected while he was prime minister.

that she would publish the whole of her majesty's letters to her when she was princess. The people were, however, if we may believe a contemporary, perfectly infuriated at the threats; and the word went among them "that if the duchess of Marlborough published aught to vex or wound her royal benefactress, they would tear her to pieces, if they caught her in the streets."[1]

There was one series of letters in which Anne had bestowed the epithets of "Caliban" and "Dutch monster" on William III., who was set up as a sort of idol by the Whigs, high and low, and by them such documents would have been regarded as little less than sacrilege. Harley, lord Oxford, astutely relieved his mistress from the terrors of her tormentors, as he himself was a correspondent with the exiled court; he wrote a request to the widow of James II. from St. Germains, and obtained a letter supposed to be the original of one of Marlborough's base letters, which betrayed general Tollemache and his armament to their certain destruction, at Brest, in June, 1694. Marlborough's life was then in Harley's hands; there is little doubt but that he could have recriminated dangerously on the queen, although her prime-minister might not be equally compromised. Lord Oxford had an interview at his brother Mr. Thomas Harley's house with the duke of Marlborough, who came by a back-door in a sedan. He was shown this letter to king James II., and, immediately after, left England.[2]

The duchess of Marlborough followed her husband a few weeks afterwards. Before she left England, she sent to lord Dartmouth for a passport; he sent her one signed by the queen. The duchess sent it back, with the insolent message, "that if one signed only by lord Dartmouth were not sufficient, she would depart without one." She appears to have been in a state of desperation, because she could not

[1] Ralph's Other Side the Question, being an Answer to the Conduct.

[2] Dalrymple's Mems. of Great Britain, vol. ii. pp. 44, 45, where this infamous letter is prefixed to the notes. From the same authority, is the curious circumstance that the archbishop of York, the grandson of lord Oxford, told sir John Dalrymple that, after Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, returned triumphantly, on the death of queen Anne, she contrived to get the original of this dangerous paper from among the papers of Harley, lord Oxford, and destroyed it. She little thought that others would come to light with the Memoirs of King James II., and the Stuart Papers, together with copies of the same.

aggravate the queen into any active resentment of her insolent conduct, and to have been at her wits' end to discover what she could do to vex her majesty the most. A fine enamel miniature of the queen, when princess, had been one of the early love-tokens of their friendship; the duchess, before she left the country, broke the portrait from its rich diamond setting, which she kept for herself, and gave it away to a Mrs. Higgins, a decayed gentlewoman about the palace.[1] As this lady understood the present was meant as an affront to the queen, rather than a favour to herself, she brought the enamel to lord Oxford, who took it for his own collection, and gave Mrs. Higgins one hundred guineas. The enamel must have been worth its magnificent price, for portraits of Anne before her accession are extremely scarce, and hardly to be met with; excepting the fine one in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire, at Hardwick, it would be difficult to point out one of her, when princess.

Queen Anne was henceforward relieved from the actual presence of her enemy in England, but not wholly of her annoyances. The queen's life was, perhaps, shortened by the perpetual threats of the duchess of Marlborough from the Continent, to reveal somewhat which would be painful and disgraceful, and at all events to publish the letters which had passed between them, by means of that venal press in Holland, which in that day perpetually poured forth libels on all the royal families in Europe. The duchess of Marlborough, however, threatened more than she meant to perform—at least, in the queen's lifetime—for she well knew that she should compromise the "glorious memory" of William III., which was to be sustained, in order to assist the revolutionists in carrying on their work,[2] and if they did not succeed, she knew her banishment would be perpetual.

The queen's guards paid her majesty the loyal attention of making an enormous bonfire at the gates of St. James's Palace, November 5, 1712, into which they put the effigy of the pretender; they shot at the resemblance all the time

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Note to Burnet, vol. vi. p. 135. Swift mentions the incident, but Dartmouth preserves the fact that it was Anne's portrait in her youth.

[2] This reason for the extravagant eulogiums on William III. is given by Cunningham, his most extravagant eulogist.

it was consuming,[1] and, with volleys of oaths, asserted their eager wishes for an opportunity of making the living original undergo the same process.

From the Torcy correspondence,[2] as well as the letters of queen Mary Beatrice, it may be traced, "that the chevalier still lingered at Chalons-sur-Maine, at Christmas, New Style, 1712, as the king of France would not permit him to depart without a proper protection from the emperor and queen Anne, lest he should be murdered by the emperor's freebooting squadrons of hussars."

The persons who sustained the Jacobite influence in the recesses of the queen's palace, consisted chiefly, in the opinion of the public, of Harley earl of Oxford, young St. John, soon after created lord Bolingbroke, and lady Masham. These are the principal Jacobites noted by history.

Lady Masham's character and position have been sufficiently developed. It has been shown by facts, that she was ready to run any risk to prove her attachment to the fallen line, which must have been disinterested, since she could have satiated herself with wealth and honours; she was placed, as her kindred, the Marlboroughs had been, at the fountain-head—she had only to follow their example.

Her cousin, the queen's prime-minister, Harley, earl of Oxford, was not only no Jacobite, but the most effectual of all the opponents of the queen's brother. Yet his opposition was neither personal nor religious; it was more powerful, being entirely financial. When he took office in 1710, the revolutionary Whigs had so completely exhausted the resources of the country, that it was utterly impossible for them to proceed any further. Harley's skill in finance, arranged and organized the enormous debts (which had accumulated throughout the profligate government of William III.)—according to the present system, rather curiously called the "national funds." Neither himself nor the fundholders can be blamed for the national debt—neither of them incurred it, and utter anarchy and national degradation must have ensued, if the measure had not been completed. It does not appear that Harley, earl of Ox-

[1] Malcolm's Anecdotes of Customs and Manners, p. 258.

[2] Vol. x., Lives of Queens. History of Parliament, Reign of Queen Anne, p. 107.

ford, in any way profited dishonourably by his own financial scheme, although after his fall the very party who had incurred the debt did so to an enormous extent.[1]

The unfortunate heir of the house of Stuart positively refused to guarantee this debt, in case he was restored. He knew that it had been incurred to overthrow his family, and had he been restored, it would have weighed down his government, and party injustice would have made him accountable for it. It is evident, that Harley, earl of Oxford, could not be the premier of any monarch who repudiated the debt he had funded.

Those of our readers who have the patience to read this dull page, for which apologies are due, will comprehend the deep historical mystery why Harley earl of Oxford, constantly reviled as a Jacobite, proved the most effectual opponent James Stuart had—not maliciously so, but rather in obedience to inexorable necessity. Harley's chief fault was a habit of intoxication. He appears to have had recourse to drink as an evil medicine of his cares, for he was neither a profligate nor licentious drunkard, but a mild, merciful, and learned man. His inclinations and affections probably led him to the Jacobite cause, as may be guessed by the tenour of his valuable manuscript collections—these, being greatly amplified by his learned and excellent son, Edward, earl of Oxford, form the precious MS. national library, now deposited at the British Museum, called the Harleian Collection.

Young St. John, secretary of state, afterwards created lord Bolingbroke, was the colleague of the earl of Oxford, and was soon after his enemy. Bolingbroke was daringly irreligious, and was considered withal an abandoned character, even in that atrocious age. He was, however, beautiful, learned, and full of genius. He was a Jacobite, without the slightest attachment to the Stuarts; completely reckless how far he went in the cause of the pretender, so that change gave him a chance of obtaining money to repair the fortune he had exhausted by his profligacy.

Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician, and a man of practical philanthropy, was possessed of equal abilities with Swift, but restrained by the bonds of decorum and benevo-

[1] See the chapter on the South Sea Bubble, in lord Mahon's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.

lence; he was a thorough and disinterested Jacobite, an ally of lady Masham, ever near the ear and the heart of the queen.

Lady Winchelsea,[1] lately left a widow with small provision, was a devoted partisan of the house of Stuart; she was always near the royal person; this lady was a pleasant rhymestress, and possessed some personal influence, but was without territorial power, like the rich heiress of Percy, the influential duchess of Somerset.

Lady Jersey, one of the queen's bed-chamber ladies, likewise a widow, had been throughout life attached to the house of Stuart; born in their ancient palace of Whitehall, the only daughter of William Chiffinch, (Charles II.'s closet-keeper,) and married to lord Jersey: she was a Roman-catholic; at the same time, her influence was sufficiently

[1] Queen Anne's learned lady of the bed-chamber, Anne countess of Winchelsea, had been one of the maids of honour of Mary Beatrice, when duchess of York, well known under her maiden name as the witty and beautiful Anne Kingsmill. Her Jacobite influence with queen Anne is never calculated in general history, but those versed in the signs of those times know that it was considerable. The dislike that her royal mistress had to the war, is alluded to in some lines playfully addressed to her by Pope; for lady Winchelsea, or Ardelia, which was her poetic name, had objected to Pope's depreciation of the talents and power of women. She had quoted four lines from his "Rape of the Lock," in support of her side of the argument. Pope wrote the following verses, which are not to be found in the editions of his works, but in that vast repository of fugitive literature, the Biographia Britannica:—

"Of all examples by the world confest,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the *best*,
Who like her mistress on the British throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.

"To write their praise you but in vain essay,
Even while you write you take that praise away;
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more."

Lady Winchelsea's answer to the favourite poet of "the golden days of his queen Anne," ought to be given as a specimen of the female poetry of that era:

"Disarmed with so genteel an air,
The contest I give o'er,
Yet Alexander have a care,
And scorn the sex no more.

"We rule the world, our life's whole race,
Men but assume the right,
First slaves to every tempting face,
Then martyrs to our spite."

supreme over her husband, and even over his sisters, to induce them, apparently against their own interest, to become warm Jacobites, after the death of Mary II. Extraordinary as it may seem, Elizabeth Villiers, who had profited so largely by the Revolution, and was endowed by William III. so enormously from the spoils of his uncle, was now, as lady Orkney, become conspicuous as a Jacobite.

At the head of the partisans for the restoration of her family, the queen distinguished her kinsman, the great duke of Hamilton, on whom she meant to bestow the honour of concluding the peace, as her ambassador to France.

In September, 1712, queen Anne made the duke of Hamilton master-general of the ordnance, and, in addition to the order of the Thistle, originally bestowed on him by her father, James II., her majesty thought proper to make him a knight of the Garter, at a chapter held at Windsor. It was remarked to the queen, that the case was without precedent, and that no two such distinct orders had ever been worn by any subject; to which the queen replied, "Such a subject as the duke of Hamilton has a pre-eminent claim to every mark of distinction which a crowned head can confer. I will henceforth wear both orders myself."[1]

Lockhart of Carnwath, the duke's schoolfellow and bosom friend, gives a somewhat different version of this anecdote of queen Anne. "Just before the intended departure of the duke for France," says Lockhart, "the queen's favour was shown to him by the offer of the Garter. The duke positively refused it, unless the queen would permit him to wear the order of the Thistle with it, telling her majesty plainly 'that he would never lay aside a Scotch honour to make way for an English one;' adding, significantly, 'your majesty's royal father, James II., wore both at the same time.' His observation not only prevailed on queen Anne to permit him to do the like, but from that moment she did so herself." An anecdote of costume which seems to have escaped the learned in the orders of chivalry.[2]

A personal portrait of this great noble and prince of the

[1] Douglas' Peerage.

[2] Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. p. 410. He adds reproachfully, that the duke of Argyle had acted quite differently; for, when given the Garter, he laid aside the Order of St. Andrew, showing thereby how much he preferred England to Scotland.

blood is thus drawn by an enemy of his party, the Whig spy, Mackey:[1] "The duke of Hamilton is brave in his person, with a rough air of boldness, of good sense, very forward and hot for what he undertakes, ambitious, and haughty, a violent enemy, has been very extravagant in his manner of living, but now grows covetous; he is supposed to have some thoughts towards the crown of Scotland when the queen dies, being descended from the house of Stuart, and having great interest in that kingdom. He has a great estate, and three brothers earls—being Selkirk, Orkney, and Ruglen—and a fourth a sea commander. The duke of Hamilton is of middle stature, very well made, of a coarse, black complexion, towards fifty years' old."[2] To this sketch, Swift added: "The duke of Hamilton was a most worthy, good-natured man, very generous, but of a *middle* understanding—murdered by the villain Macartney."

The adventures of the youth of the duke of Hamilton present one of those romances of real life wherein the facts of historical biography, preserved peradventure only in the rolls of family heralds or the archives of a family muniment chest, surpass the inventions of the authors of fiction. The following narrative, in which queen Anne's eldest sister, Mary II., played a conspicuous part, is collected merely from genealogical memorials:—[3]

"James earl of Arran, afterwards duke of Hamilton, having, after the death of his first wife, Anne Spencer, in 1690, seduced lady Barbara Fitzroy, (the youngest daughter of Charles II. by the duchess of Cleveland,) under promise of marriage, she bore a son to him at Cleveland House, St. James's, 30th of March, 1691, during his confinement in the Tower, where he was thrown by the warrant of queen Mary II. That queen and his mother, the duchess of Hamilton, were so incensed at the discovery of this intrigue, as to make the banishment of the unfortunate girl, then only in her eighteenth year, to the Continent the only condition of his release. Lady Barbara was accordingly forced to abandon her infant, and retire to the convent of Pontoise, in France, where she afterwards died." It would have been more in

[1] From Mackey's Characters, re-published by sir W. Scott, in his edition of Swift's works, with Swift's remarks and interlineations.

[2] He had been, nevertheless, one of the handsomest men in Scotland.

[3] This narrative is from Douglas' Peerage of Scotland.

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consistency with the angelic characteristics attributed to queen Mary, if she had used her power for the purpose of inducing the earl of Arran to repair his wrongs, in some measure, by a legal marriage with his victim, the daughter of her uncle Charles, than to drive her into a foreign land and a conventual prison.[1]

If queen Anne ever cherished either hopes or intentions of making her unfortunate brother her successor, they perished and became abortive when her friend, the duke of Hamilton, was slain, or murdered, on the fatal Sunday, November 15, 1712, at the time of his encounter with lord Mohun, in a combat of four, in Hyde Park. A tradition exists in Scotland that a secret agreement had taken place between the widowed queen of James II. and the "great duke of Hamilton," that lord Arran, his heir, was to receive in marriage the hand of the princess Louisa Stuart, youngest daughter of James II., and sister to queen Anne. Whether the bride was to be as reward for the active services of the great duke in the restoration of the brother—whether queen Anne ever knew of this project—must remain unsolved. Death had decided the history of that young princess in the preceding spring.

"All hopes and fears," says the duke of Hamilton's friend, Lockhart, "vanished by his fatal death, which, by reason of the critical juncture when it happened, and some things very extraordinary in the manner of it, made then a great noise." There was, at the court of Anne, a titled homicide and profligate, called lord Mohun, who had been twice tried for his life for murdering men of low degree in the state of furious intoxication which was prevalent at that period. The first victim was poor Montford, the player: a more unprovoked piece of cruelty was never recorded on any state-trial. It was without excuse, excepting what the titled criminal pleaded—that he was utterly unconscious of time, place, and existence when it occurred.

The duke of Hamilton and lord Mohun had married ladies of the house of Gerard, and bitter enmity ensued

[1] The son of the earl of Arran by lady Barbara was brought up at Chiswick, under the care of the vile grandmother, Barbara duchess of Cleveland, and afterwards entered the service of James II. He wrote a book, called "Transactions of the Reign of Queen Anne," which contains much curious information.

between them on account of some property then litigated in chancery, to which the ladies were coheiresses; they met at the examination of some witnesses, and quarrelled furiously. The duke of Hamilton, supposed to be at that time deeply pledged to the queen, relative to negotiations for her brother's restoration, endured much from the furious temper of Mohun, being resolved to keep himself out of all engagements likely to impede his exertions in that cause; and, moreover, suspecting that Mohun (who was known to be no personal hero when sober) was exasperated and irritated purposely by the opposite party, in hopes of exciting a fatal fray. Be this as it may, a challenge was sent by Mohun to the duke, who considered himself bound to accept it. Of all days in the week, Sunday morning was the time appointed for this combat, which seems to be the last of that remarkable species where the seconds were expected to engage as well as the principals, and fight to the death. Such had been the usage in France in the preceding century, in the minorities of Louis XIII. and XIV., eleven combatants on a side have been known to enter into mortal conflict, and ten or twelve were often left dead on the spot,[1] victims to some "trifle light as air" taken amiss by two young petulant nobles—some obeisance forgotten, some precedence mistaken, or even some glance construed into contempt.

The proceedings of the duke of Hamilton would be inexplicable without this explanation, for people in these days sometimes hear of duels between two principals, but not of so bellicose a spirit reigning among the seconds and other witnesses.

Hyde Park was then a wild track, reaching to the gravel-walk before Kensington Palace, broken into marshy thickets where the Serpentine now flows; that piece of water then wound deviously as a rushy rivulet, which, here and there, became stagnant in pools; near which were usually chosen fighting grounds for those who had affairs of honour to settle. Behind a thicket of the Serpentine Brook did the great duke of Hamilton, with his kinsman and friend, colonel Hamilton, meet lord Mohun and the Whig-general, Macartney, in the dawn of a November Sunday. Mohun really behaved

[1] Cardinal de Retz assures his readers, that in his fiery youth, when known as abbé de Gondi, he has been engaged in such duels twice in one day, and he has known challenges pass at the altar among the officiating priests of noble birth.

the most rationally of the two opponents, for whilst he and the duke were throwing off their coats for the encounter, he observed, "that he hoped those two gentlemen seconds were only to look on, and not be personally concerned in any part of the quarrel?" The duke answered, "that he believed Mr. Macartney was the chief occasion of their coming on this errand, and since it was so, he had brought an old friend of that person to entertain him with a share of the dance." All four immediately flashed out their swords and "fell to work." Colonel Hamilton soon disarmed Macartney, and looking about to see what had become of the other combatants, he perceived lord Mohun lying on his back, dead or expiring; the duke of Hamilton had fallen on his face on lord Mohun. Colonel Hamilton instantly flung down his own sword and that of Macartney, of which he had just obtained full possession, and ran and lifted up the duke of Hamilton, who he saw was wounded in two places, and faint with effusion of blood; whilst performing this friendly office, Macartney took up one of the swords, and coming behind Hamilton as he supported the duke in his arms, he stabbed his grace, who walked, nevertheless, some little way to a tree, where he soon after expired; the park-keepers came up at that moment, and Macartney fled. Colonel Hamilton, alarmed, he said, "at being found with the corpses of two great nobles, followed his example;" but he ever protested that the duke of Hamilton was not slain, but assassinated after the fight was done. The proof he alleged was, that if the duke had been wounded to death with his opponent's sword, the orifice of the wound would have been different, since Mohun fought with a Saxon blade, which was left in his dead hand, whereas the duke's death-wound had a three-cornered orifice. "It was," said colonel Hamilton, "done with mine own sword, which I had cast on the ground unwittingly with the one of Macartney's, (which I had captured) when I flew to aid my noble kinsman." Dr. Garth (before the matter was made a furious party question with the Whigs) affirmed, on the word of a medical man, that it was utterly impossible for lord Mohun to have given Hamilton the death-wound, which must have been inflicted by some one standing above him; this agreed with colonel Hamilton's statement. Whatsoever occasioned this dismal double homicide, it is certain that with it ended

the last rational hopes of the Stuarts: for if queen Anne ever meant to aid her brother, it was certainly to have been done by the means of the duke of Hamilton. She was oppressed and stupified with grief for the loss of the duke of Hamilton. He preceded her to the grave only a few months; and the very report that spread on all sides, that the Whigs had suborned Macartney, first to urge Mohun to challenge him, and then to stab him in the midst of the fray,[1] was sufficient to have intimidated a woman hastening to the tomb.

The queen was importuned by her ministry to nominate Dr. Swift to the see of Hereford,[2] the object of his ardent ambition. The queen, unacquainted with the literature of her own age, or of any other, only knew Swift as a partisan of high church, and as the deputy whom her clergy of the church establishment of Ireland regarded sufficiently to send up to her throne to crave her extension of the bounty of first-fruits—a favour which Anne had just graciously granted, accompanied by some complacent notice of the deputy of her Irish church.

The duchess of Somerset, finding the disposition of her royal mistress's mind, provided herself with an influential ally, being Dr. Sharpe, archbishop of York—a very favourite prelate with Anne, who had preached by her express desire the sermon at her coronation.[3]

At the moment when the queen consulted the archbishop of York as to nominating Dr. Swift to the see of Hereford, the archbishop startled her with the following pithy question:—"Ought not your sacred majesty to be first certain whether Dr. Swift is a Christian before he becomes a bishop?"

[1] Macartney did not surrender to his trial until George I. was on the throne; he was acquitted, to the infinite rage of the adverse party. See for a more detailed narrative, Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. pp. 401 to 407. It is an interesting fact, that Charles Hamilton, commonly called count Arran, the son of the duke by the injured lady Barbara Fitzroy, hearing that Macartney, his father's murderer, had fled to Antwerp, hastened there, and challenged him, but the challenge was not accepted.—Douglas' Peerage.

[2] Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift, collated with various passages in Swift's Political Poems and Tracts. The period when this remarkable scene took place in queen Anne's closet, which occasioned the disappointment of his hopes of an English bishopric, is clearly marked in Swift's Journal to Stella; although he did not detail it to her, he says, January 20, 1712-13, "I believe Pratt" (the late tutor of the duke of Gloucester) "will drive at these bishoprics. Our English bishopric of Hereford is not yet disposed of."

[3] Coxe MSS., British Museum.

The queen, in consternation, demanded his reasons for doubting the Christianity of the nominee of her ministry for the see of Hereford.

The archbishop, in support of his assertion, had armed himself with the work that founded Swift's fame as a wit and great literary power, and good queen Anne, to her infinite horror and astonishment, was first introduced to the polemic romance called "The Tale of a Tub."

The false axiom adopted by the deists and atheists of that age, that "ridicule is the test of truth," seems to have inspired the author or authors of this controversial tale. It levels its satire at every denomination of Christianity, and stands at the head of the evil and perverse class of controversial novels, by which polemics of every creed have endeavoured to persecute their rival sects since the use of fire and fagots, the quartering block, and polemic-preaching have been renounced and abhorred by good Christians in general.

While queen Anne stood aghast at the profanity which a glance at the lucubrations of the divine she was about to nominate her bishop, must have displayed to her, her mistress of the robes advanced on her other side, and throwing herself at her feet, and showing the "Windsor Prophecy," implored with tears "that her royal mistress would not prefer to the sacred office of a bishop of souls a man capable of disseminating such false witness against an innocent lady."

Poor queen Anne, after perusing this string of slanderous puns, addressed to herself, was scandalized and ashamed of the deeds of the wolf in sheep's clothing she was about to appoint as a shepherd in the fold of her church. Her majesty firmly withheld her royal veto from the nominee of her ministry; and as to the see of Hereford, as the Whigs were not then in power, the head of the church of England *this time* was not coerced into the relinquishment of that legal right for which she stood responsible to her church, to her people, and to her God.

There stood by, one, silently noting this curious scene, who had, with more good sense than history has given her credit for, exactly foretold to the reckless wit what would befall, if in the vanity of literary power he made public his attack on the "great lady," as the duchess of Somerset was called, at the court of queen Anne. For

the queen never forgot the gratitude she owed to the friendship of the duchess of Somerset, when she fearlessly espoused her cause against the cruelty of her sister, queen Mary.[1]

Lady Masham described all she had seen and heard to her friend Dr. Swift. The truth of the manner of his disappointment[2] was forthwith authenticated by his subsequent angry lines, in which he calls the archbishop "a crazy prelate," and Anne "a royal prude," and limiting his rage to these slight reproaches on church and queen, he flew with the whole fury of his wrath at the unfortunate duchess, and made matters against her appear far more in earnest than in his "Windsor Prophecy":

"Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her murdered spouse;
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils;
The queen incensed, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.[3]
Now through the realm a proclamation spread
To fix a price on his devoted head.
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight,
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight."

"His watchful friends" must have considered him almost as troublesome as the spirit evoked by Michael Scott, who perpetually did embarrassing mischief after he had executed with marvellous celerity the tasks for which he had been conjured up. Michael Scott set his over-industrious elf to twist ropes out of sand, and the Oxford ministry made Dr. Swift dean of St. Patrick's, which banished him to Ireland, where he expended his mighty energies in grappling with the amplitude of wrong he found there on every side. He says—but the accuser of the duchess of Somerset ought not to be believed on his word without corroborating evidence—that the archbishop of York sent to entreat his pardon for having prejudiced the queen against him.

"York is from Lambeth[4] sent to shew the queen
A dangerous treatise writ against the Spleen,[5]

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[1] See vol. xi.: Life of Queen Mary II.

[2] Lord Orrery's Life of Swift, Somerville's Reign of Anne, Scott's Life of Swift, and every history of the times.

[3] The duke of Argyle; the proclamation was against another lampoon or libel, called "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

[4] From Dr. Tennison, who then held the see of Canterbury.

[5] Tale of a Tub.

Which by the style, the manner, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York,[1] the harmless tool of other's hate,
He sues for pardon, and repents too late."

The influence of the duchess of Somerset with the queen, it plainly appears by this incident, was all-powerful. Her majesty considered the duchess of Somerset as a counterpoise to the Tory party in power; being often inspired (it is supposed) by the duchess, with apprehensions lest she should one day see her brother walk into the council-room, and suddenly behold her regal homage transferred by her ministers to him before her face. St. John, who was in the Jacobite interest, was particularly anxious to disencumber the household of such an impediment to their operations as the duchess of Somerset. As for the duke, it will be remembered, he personally defied the queen at council, by calling Harley, the minister of her choice, "a fellow" to her face. There had been no particular difficulty in dislodging him, but it was his duchess they dreaded. "For," said the Tory party, "she is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue, and will do what harm she can to secretary St. John." The queen constantly replied, "If it were so that I cannot have what servants I like, I do not see how my condition is mended;" —since the fall of the family-junta, her majesty meant.

The duke of Somerset, it is said by Swift, intended to withdraw his duchess from court, out of spite for his own dismissal; but the queen prevailed on her to remain in office, by writing to her a letter of entreaty for that purpose, making her compliance a personal favour, which letter the duke of Somerset very frequently showed to his friends. Secretary St. John was the particular object of the duchess of Somerset's mistrust and opposition.

The queen's long-cherished but oft-deferred hopes of peace were about to be realized with the opening of the year 1713. The tears that had often streamed from her eyes over the appalling lists of slain and wounded in the mere glory battles of Blenheim and Ramilies were at last to fall no more. For many years, Anne had been the only person connected with the government of her country who was steadily desirous of peace; she was not, however,

[1] Dr. Sharpe, archbishop of York. Sir Walter Scott and lord Orrery assert the same, but as the objectionable passages in Swift's works remained the same, why should the archbishop of York repent showing them to the queen?

destined long to reign over England when her great object was attained. The fierce contests which had attended the expulsion of the junta that had identified war with their interests, shook her sands of life rudely, and all but those who saw her daily knew well that the time of Anne Stuart could not be long. Infirmity had frequently touched her at the early age of thirty; it has been noted how she was carried from one place to another, as a cripple; but she occasionally recovered the use of her feet and limbs, with strength sufficient to permit her to follow the stag in her long hunting drives, which she continued till the summer of 1712. All violent exercise was, perforce, renounced in the succeeding year, the queen was not only rendered inert with gout, but that disorder was not disposed to limit its attacks to her limbs; on every change of weather or at any mental agitation of the royal patient, it made formidable incursions on the vitals.

The queen appointed the duke of Shrewsbury her ambassador-extraordinary to complete the treaty of peace at Paris. When there, the Parisians were highly amused by the Norman motto of the Talbots—"*Prest d'accomplir*," which being emblazoned on his coaches, they chose to consider was an allusion to his pacific mission,[1] and that he meant to accomplish hastily, a treaty which had lingered for two years.

When the treaty of peace was actually signed by the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, the French ambassador, the duc d'Aumont, arrived in London, and had his first audience of queen Anne. Her majesty apologized to him for being unable to rise to return his salutation, but begged him to be covered, as he stood with his hat in his hand. According to the custom of ambassadors, he should have put it on as soon as she had acknowledged his first address. The courteous envoy refused to avail himself of his privilege, observing, "that the king his master would not himself have worn his hat in the presence of so great a queen, and therefore *he* could not."[2] He remained uncovered during the whole of the audience. "I know not," said queen Mary Beatrice,[3] when relating this incident to the

[1] Bio. Brit.
[2] Diary of a Nun of Chaillot in the Hotel de Soubise. Paris MSS.
[3] Inedited MSS. in the Archives of France.

abbess of Chaillot, "how this will be taken by the other ambassadors, who are always jealous of their master's dignities, or whether this compliment may not be hereafter cited as a precedent for depriving the representatives of foreign kings of the privilege of putting on their hats. It must, however, be regarded as a mark of the politeness of the king your master, who is the most courteous man in the world, and has always paid me the compliment of remaining uncovered in my presence, although I have often entreated him not to use such ceremonies with us."

Louis XIV., who always considered his homage was a woman's right, and never passed a female, even of the humblest degree, without touching his hat to her, had undoubtedly directed his representative to treat queen Anne with the like respect, as a mark of gallant attention due to her sex.

The duc d'Aumont addressed the most flattering language to queen Anne in his speeches, telling her "that her reign was as glorious as that of queen Elizabeth, and he hoped it would be as long." His excellency did not confine his civilities to bows and compliments, for he presented her with the nine beautiful grey Flemish horses with which he had made his public entrance into London, and this was the first gift that had been offered to a sovereign of England by a French ambassador, for nearly half a century.

Some anxiety prevailed as to the person, among the clever men and wits surrounding the lord-treasurer (Harley, earl of Oxford), who was to compose the speech with which their queen was to open her parliament. The difference between such announcements, and the personality that the Plantagenet, the Tudor, and even the Stuart monarchs threw into their speeches, is not a little remarkable. Those of queen Elizabeth were no matters for men to jest withal, when their glasses went round, according to the following instance. "After dinner, lord-treasurer was talking to the lords about the speech that the queen must make when parliament meets. He asked me," continues Dr. Swift,[1] seriously, "'how I would make it?' I turned it to a jest. And, because they had been speaking of the recent event of the duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the

[1] Journal to Stella. Scott's Swift, vol. iii. p. 98.

duke, I said, 'the queen's speech should begin thus:—My lords and gentlemen, in order to my own quiet, and that of my good subjects, I have thought fit to send abroad the duchess of Marlborough after her duke.'" The queen, however, could pronounce none of their speeches, whether compounded for her in joke or earnest. Her majesty was seriously ill, and the parliament in consequence prorogued; she was well enough to receive her company when her birth-day arrived. "I never," resumes Swift, "saw the birthday celebrated with so much bustle and fine clothes. Pray God keep the queen!—she was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach."[1] A few days after he says, "There were more Whigs than Tories to-day at court; I believe they see the peace must be made, and come to look after the queen; she is still lame with gout."[2] Her physicians had succeeded in driving the disorder from the vitals to the extremities.

The queen had made a struggle with her failing health to appear to her people on her birthday, which was kept as a national holiday with enthusiasm, which almost amounted to transport. Long after this well-beloved English queen had passed away, a rhyme was repeated by the populace nearly through the last century, when every February 6th came round—

"Good queen Anne's birthday,
All bells ringing gay."

Relapses took place of her dangerous malady after the queen had held her birthday court. She was seldom able to attend divine service at St. James's chapel, and when she did, was carried in a low open chair. It was observed that she had "an ugly cough."[3]

A German lady belonging to the court of queen Anne, having taken the privilege of her protestant country, which permits knitting in sermon time at church, greatly scandalised Steele, who, in one of his papers in the Guardian, reprobates such proceedings at St. James's Chapel during divine service, "because the irreverent knitter was then in the immediate presence of God and her majesty, who were both affronted together."

"The health of her majesty is slowly mending," proceeds

[1] Journal to Stella. Scott's Swift, vol. iii. p. 110.
[2] Ibid., p. 116.
[3] Ibid., p. 11.

Swift, "she intends to be brought in a chair to her parliament when it meets, which will not be until March 3. March ran through, April came, and yet the long-delayed royal speech had not been spoken; the continuation of alarming symptoms delayed it. The gout vibrated fearfully through the queen's frame, flying from her feet to her stomach. At last, being carried in an open chair, on the 9th of April, to the house of lords, her majesty pronounced her speech with her usual harmony of utterance, yet it was noted that her voice was weaker than usual. Vast crowds blocked every avenue to the house of lords, for her speech announced peace,[1] after eleven years warfare of unparalleled bloodshed; indeed the war had continued since 1688, with very short cessation. England had not been engaged in a continental war of any such duration, or consequence, since the days of Henry VI.

The treaty of Utrecht had actually been signed by the plenipotentiaries, on the preceding 31st of March, 1713. The transition from peace to war, even in the present era of superior moral wisdom in the guidance of political statistics has always proved a period of the utmost difficulty to the sovereign and ministry of this country. There can be no doubt but that anxieties on account of the peace, shortened the life of queen Anne. Moreover, it was impossible for the negotiation to proceed to any length, without the recurrence of agitating reminiscences of all that had been transacted by the queen in her early days at the revolution.

The difficult question which had at first presented itself still perplexed the high contracting powers; this was, what was to be done with queen Anne's unfortunate brother the chevalier de St. George? The recognition of the queen's title by Louis XIV. implied the necessity of the young prince's retreat to some other friendly dominions. There exists an autograph letter of Anne, written in stiff but grammatical French, in the collections of the king of France, supposed to refer to this subject.[2] The letter has seemed by others to refer merely to the restoration of her next nearest relative, the duke of Savoy, to some part of his

[1] The speech is in Somerville, vol. ii. p. 510. It is not quoted, because it merely belongs to the political history of Anne's reign.

[2] Collections de Conches, Bib. du Roi.

dominions, of which he had been deprived during the war. Probably this ambiguity had been carefully concerted by Prior and Bolingbroke.

"Monsieur mon frère,

"I have received, with sincere pleasure, the agreeable letter that the sieur Prior brought me on your part.

"As your consummate prudence has taken the most proper resolution for fixing the terms of the peace, you may be persuaded, on my side, I shall lose not a moment to accelerate its conclusion. I assure you, the manner in which you remind me to be incessantly employed in re-establishing the public tranquillity is not lost upon me; by the orders I have given to my ministers at Utrecht, I have done all that is possible in the present juncture in favour of a prince,[1] whose interests are sustained by your generosity. I doubt not that he will be fully convinced of this himself, and that all the world will agree in the same. I repeat yet, monsieur my brother, that the consideration of your friendship will be a motive very effective to engage me for the future in his interests and in those of his family, according to the occasions which may present themselves in future.

"As to the rest, I have sent Prior to Versailles, who will continue to hold the course of conduct most agreeable to you, and will do nought but execute to the letter the orders with which I have charged him; and among all the proofs of his duty and his zeal for my service, I have charged him very particularly to take all occasions possible to repeat the very perfect esteem and consideration which I have for you, and the ardent desire I have to live with you in sincere and perfect amity.

"I pray God to send you long years of health and prosperity, and to hold you always in his holy care.

"I am, monsieur my brother, your good sister,

"ANNE R."

Queen Anne offered the Order of the Garter to Louis XIV. as soon as the peace of Utrecht[2] was concluded; the king declined accepting it, lest queen Mary Beatrice should be offended.[3] He had already received the order from Anne's father or uncle.

The possession of Gibraltar, a fragment reft from the train of Spain in the long contest of her succession war, is the only remnant of the costly conquests of the reign of Anne, retained by Great Britain at the present day. It is worthy of remark that this possession was no trophy of the specious conquests of Marlborough, for his duchess went

[1] As the duke of Savoy had acted a double part in the war, and had sometimes fought against Louis XIV., it was unlikely the king would recommend him to Anne thus mysteriously. The duke of Savoy, by descent from her aunt, Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, was the next in blood to herself to the throne.

[2] Perhaps the circumstance that Handel wrote his magnificent Jubilate in order to celebrate the ratification of the peace of Utrecht, is, to modern society, the most interesting fact connected with it. See the list of the works of that great composer.

[3] Quoted by Somerville from Duclos, tome i. p. 63.

almost insane with pride and anger, and led the poor queen a doleful life for some months, because the houses of parliament voted thanks to sir George Rooke for taking Gibraltar, on the same day on which they thanked the duke of Marlborough for Blenheim. The Rock has been retained, at whatsoever cost, on account of the protection it afforded to English trade in the Mediterranean, being much better situated for that purpose than Tangier, for the retention of which a struggle was made in the preceding century. Louis XIV. added to Anne the possession of Newfoundland; but that isle was the lawful property of her ancestors, Henry VII. having given the magnificent sum of 10*l.* "to the man that discovered the isle."[1]

Continental conquest was an absurd and guilty dream, which still infatuated the public, and had done so for three hundred years. It was considered extremely convenient to hold a port on an opposite coast, where an invading army might disembark, to carry fire and sword through a neighbouring land. Calais was held for two hundred and odd years for this purpose; it has been found that one-third of the English revenue was disbursed to maintain it, which money found its way over the continent of France, and did not circulate back into England. Moreover, every sedition connected with the civil wars of York and Lancaster, which produced insurrection in England, was concocted at Calais. The English were displeased because the ministry of queen Anne did not insist, at the peace of Utrecht, on the restoration of Dunkirk. The statesmen who coveted the unlawful possession of such towns as Calais and Dunkirk had yet to learn the mighty statistical truth conveyed in the noble words of Campbell:

> "Britannia needs no bastions, no towers along the steep,
> Her march is o'er the mountain waves, her home is on the deep."

Surely it was far wiser to maintain an irresistible navy to sweep pirates from the face of the British seas, even if it cost a third of the revenue, for the floating fortresses brought back the capital spent on them, which Calais or Dunkirk never could. Henry VIII. nearly rendered his country bankrupt by conquering and adding to the English territory Boulogne and two or three other sinks to national wealth and prosperity; they were given up in a few years, with the

[1] Privy Purse expenses of Henry VII.; "the man" was his naval discoverer, Cabot.

humiliating conviction, that such gains proved in the end pretty considerable losses. Conquerors learn these lessons, but learn them too late.

It has been previously shown that the statue of queen Anne in St. Paul's churchyard, little as it is heeded in the present day, was chosen by her political poets to perform the same office as the Pasquin and Marforio statues at Rome. The following verses, acknowledged by the Whig doctor, Sir Samuel Garth, unlike his former libellous epigrams on Anne, possess some degree of reproachful elegance on the subject of the peace of Utrecht.

"Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentile's great apostle's name,
With grace divine great Anna 's seen to rise,
An awful form, that glads a nation's eyes;
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there;
Britain and Ireland seem to owe her grace,
And e'en wild India wears a smiling face.

"But France[1] alone, with downcast eyes, is seen,
The sad attendant of so good a queen;
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon
All that great Anna for thy sake has done,
When, sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws,
For thee she sheathed the terrors of her sword;
For thee she broke her general,[2] and her word;
For thee her mind, in doubtful terms, she told,
And learned to speak like oracles of old;
For thee—for thee alone—what could she more?
She lost the honour that her arms had won,
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son,)
Resigned the glories of a ten years' reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain;
For thee, in annals she's content to shine
Like any other of the Stuart line."

Scarcely—for, unlike her ancestors, queen Anne founded no colonies—while the corruptions attendant on her peculating government laid the foundation for the alienation of the most noble of their colonial states. Her navy was disastrously impaired instead of advancing with the impetus her father's labours had given it.

[1] Queen Anne retained the title of France—an absurd fiction of national pride, to which may be attributed the excess of national malice, which for some centuries subsisted between England and France. A statue representing France may be seen among the group of queen Anne's subject realms.

[2] The duke of Marlborough.

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The education of the poor was utterly neglected; perhaps one of the most extraordinary features of the age was, that after the two revolutions of the seventeenth century, especially that of 1688, numerous existing endowments for the instruction of the lower classes were seized upon by the middle classes, whilst those devoted to educate clergymen from the children of the people were appropriated by the aristocracy of wealth to the education of their sons. Anne's ancestors likewise "shone" without a national debt.[1] To do queen Anne justice, this order of affairs agonized her very soul, and induced her strenuous efforts for the peace which so highly incensed the revolutionary party. The queen about the same period addressed a letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, requesting him to rectify the abuses of charity schools,[2] but her appeal was unavailing.

Some persons, excited into rage at the Garth[3] pasquinades on Anne's statue, broke the sceptre and defaced the ornaments as soon as peace was proclaimed.

If the true history of the wars of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, on pretence of sustaining the balance of power, could have been read aright by the people of Great Britain, France, and Spain, it would be soon found that the homely proverb of "mind first your own business," is as wholesome a maxim for nations as for families. That Great Britain had not minded her own business during the Orange and Marlborough wars could be told by many a woeful token—especially by the misery, ignorance, and consequent wickedness of the poor;—by the dreadful state of the prisons, and the atrocity of the gaolers, who performed the office of evil spirits, first tempting and then torturing the poor wretches consigned to

[1] That is, of their own contracting. James I. found a national debt o 500,000*l.* on the decease of queen Elizabeth, which had chiefly descended to her as incurred by the foolish wars of Henry VIII. and the profligate robberies of Edward VI.th's regents. James I. paid 50,000*l.* of this debt due to the city of London. (See Gough's Chronicle.) The unfortunate Charles I. inherited 450,000*l.* of these Tudor liabilities.

[2] Toone's Chronology.

[3] Dr. sir Samuel Garth, after spending his life in political hootings, not only at *popery*, but at the reformed catholic church of England, (which was the true object of the attacks of his party,) became a Roman catholic in the decline of life, and died in that religion, if we may believe the testimony of his friend Pope. See Bio. Brit.

them. The national depravity, which awoke the snarling muse of many a satirist, seems partly to have arisen from the misapplied eloquence of the preachers, who wasted the time, which ought to have been devoted to better purposes, in sectarian railings, and the flock went away in an ungodly state of satisfaction at hearing the sins of their neighbours analyzed instead of their own, or ready to despise all religion and its professors. Domestic warfare was actively pursued against all who had anything to lose, on every road and avenue leading to the metropolis, by the banditti called highwaymen and footpads,—the highwaymen being the cavalry of these marauding forces, the footpads the infantry, —the first belonging to the profligate of the middle classes, and even of the upper classes, the last to the desperate from among the poor; and the police, such as it was, organized and regulated the movements of "the thieves against the true men." Ghastly avenues, not only of one triple tree, but of rows of them, each garnished with evil fruit, appalled the traveller on entering the principal streets of the capital of Great Britain. Not long after the reign of Anne, a great reward was offered by government to discover the delinquents who had audaciously cut down *all* the gibbets in the Edgeware-road, and laid them, with their garniture of human relics, low in the dust. Let the frequenters of that busy market-street for the new north-western suburb meditate on the facts implied by the few words—*all* the gibbets in the Edgeware-road!

The queen herself had had practical experience of the audacity of the thievish portion of her subjects. She had, when princess, been robbed on the highway, after her sister took away her guards; and her London robbers had given her an early specimen of their ability in their vocation, by walking off with her coronation-plate. If perpetual executions could have induced her people to be honest, there were hecatombs slaughtered every "hanging day," which regularly occurred at the end of six weeks, when the queen had to sign death-warrants sufficient to have unsettled the reason of most women. There is no regular historical record giving queen Anne credit for the feelings she really testified on these frightful occasions, nor of her incessant remonstrances when pressed to sign death-warrants for desertion from the army or navy. Yet the

letters she wrote on such occasions rise up in evidence in her behalf, as a truly humane sovereign. These little billets, addressed in an evidently unpremeditated style to her secretary, give some insight of the mind of Anne the *queen*.

QUEEN ANNE TO SIR CHARLES HEDGES.[1]

"Tuesday evening.

"The enclosed petitions *weare* given mee as I came from St. James's; one is I believe from the man you gave me an account of yesterday; the other having a wife and six children, makes me think it a case of compassion. However, I desire you would inform yourself about it, as soon as you can *possible*, and if you find it soe, take care his life may be spared.

"I am, your very affectionate freind,

"ANNE R."

"Wednesday night.

"I have nothing to say to the execution that is to be on Friday, and am very glad the lords have respited Way; for, though the law does not allow that benefit *more than once*, it would be a barbarous thing to hang a woman when she is with child.

"I am, your affectionate freind,

"ANNE R."[2]

"Wednesday morning.

"I have been so pressed again this morning by the woman, that gave me the enclosed petition, to respite the execution of Jeffries, that I cannot help *writting* this, to desire you to order a reprieve till Friday, that there may be time to inquire into what this woman says.

"I am, your very affectionate freind,

"ANNE R."[3]

It appears that ameliorating the condition of those sentenced to death was one of Anne's favourite private charities; and for this purpose her agents were sent anonymously from her palace. But what can the humanity of a limited sovereign effect against the cruelty and neglect of a representative government, corrupt as that which misruled Great Britain in her era?

Although the queen had been prevented from making Swift a bishop, she offered no opposition to giving him the deanery of St. Patrick, a preferment equally ineligible with that of the bishopric of Hereford, for a man whose Christianity was doubted. The queen's proceedings in this matter were noted by the clerical candidate in his journal, April 10, 1712. "Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him. He told me the queen would determine something

[1] From the Old Monthly Mag., Anno 1803, part ii. p. 397, endorsed—"Letters from queen Anne to sir Charles Hedges; copied from the originals, lately in the possession of James Montague, Esq., and never before published."

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

for me to-night, Windsor or St. Patrick." A few days afterwards, he says, "The duke of Ormond has been to-day with the queen, and she was content that Dr. Sterne, (dean of St. Patrick) should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of St. Patrick; then came lord-treasurer, and said he would not be satisfied without I was prebendary of Windsor." The queen opposed this arrangement. It may be supposed that she did not wish the author of the "Windsor Prophecy" to be quite so near her and her mistress of the robes, when she was enjoying the summer recess at her royal castle.

The final settlement of this remarkable presentation took place before the end of April, 1713. The whole transaction shows the queen in the full exercise of her functions as head of the church. "I was," says Swift, "this noon at lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where the queen was. She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen about me. The poor lady (Masham) fell a shedding tears openly; she could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick and leaving England. You know that deanery is in the duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord-treasurer, and the duke of Ormond, to make way for me. April 23: This night the queen has signed all the warrants, and the duke of Ormond is to send over the order for making me dean of St. Patrick."[1]

Many causes of jealousy, in the course of the year of 1713, arose and occasioned irritation in the queen's mind against her brother. Her remorse concerning him only took place by fits and starts. It was the business of her life to guard those feelings carefully in her own bosom, or only to discuss them in the restless solitude of her nights, with lady Masham, who slept on the ground on a mattress near her majesty's bed. Her demeanour by day was very different. If ever then she mentioned the chevalier, it was much in the style which her uncle, Clarendon, recorded with such bitterness, when she joined with her women in mockery of her unfortunate father. It is true such phase of conduct

[1] Swift's Journal. Swift soon after left England, to take possession of his deanery. It seems the duke of Ormond was then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. At that period the lords-lieutenant often left their charge, and hastened on any political crisis to London, leaving the vice-royalty in commission. Such was then the case. (Toone's Chronology: Anne.)

did not last long in her latter days, and after circumstances proved that she only tampered with her feelings and conscience; yet the following was the result of the close inquiry of a contemporary who professed to be anxiously curious on the subject. "Whoever knew anything of the queen's disposition, must believe she had no inclination at all in favour of the Pretender. She was highly and publicly displeased with my lord Bolingbroke, because he was seen under the same roof with that person at the opera, when his lordship was despatched to France upon difficulties in the way of the peace. Her majesty said, (probably at council,) 'that he ought immediately to have withdrawn on the appearance of the other at the opera.' Wherein, to speak with freedom," adds Swift,[1] "her majesty's judgment was not a little mistaken."—"At her toilet," he pursues, "among her women, when mention happened to be made of the chevalier, the queen would frequently let fall expressions of such a nature, as made it manifest how little she deserved reproaches of *too* much partiality to him. Indeed, she not unfrequently expressed contempt for the person and concerns of the *chevalier, her brother.*"[2] The duchess of Somerset was the person whom the queen sought to propitiate or please by such expressions.

The queen at the period of the peace, talked much of queen Elizabeth. She had adopted her motto, the far famed *semper eadem*, which her majesty rather paraded at this particular time. A lady, wishing to know what those Latin words were in English, asked Swift, who replied, "'semper eadem' meant, in queen Anne's case, *worse and worse.*" It is possible that the political dean meant, in health, for he gives ominous hints concerning her majesty's constitution at this period. "The queen growing every day more unwieldy, and the gout and other disorders increasing on her, so that whosoever was about the court for the two last years of her reign, might boldly have fixed the period of her life to a very few months, without pretending to prophesy." She left off all exercise whatsoever, insomuch that, like Henry VIII., during her stay at Windsor Castle, in the decline of the year 1713, she was, to spare herself the trouble of ascending and descending stairs, lowered from the ceiling

[1] Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's late Ministry. Scott's Swift
[2] Ibid.

of one room into another, by the means of a chair fitted up with pulleys and tackling: it is probable that the apparatus and contrivances still remained at Windsor Castle which had been used for the queen's enormous predecessor.

So early in 1713 as July,[1] a report of queen Anne's death had been prevalent in Paris. When it was named by the nuns of Chaillot to Mary Beatrice, the widow of James II., she said, "it was untrue, and that the princess of Denmark" (as she called her royal step-daughter), "had not been more seriously indisposed than usual, although it was certain that she had swollen to so enormous a degree of corpulency that she had not been able to walk a step since the preceding November, and that she had heard that Anne was obliged to be lifted into her coach by a machine which had been constructed for that purpose."

In the midst of alarms which were very general in England concerning the arrival of the pretender at Bar-le-duc, the duke of Lorraine sent a courteous message to the queen by his envoy, the baron de Fortsner. He begged to know what her ideas were concerning his reception of the young chevalier St. George, as her wishes should be his guide in the whole transaction?[2] The queen's declining health and meditations on the past had, at that juncture, caused her to experience one of her transitions of mind to warmth and kindliness towards her hapless brother. Her reply was (November, 1713), "that the more kindness the court of Lorraine showed to the chevalier St. George, the more her Britannic majesty would consider herself beholden."[3]

Although a very haughty public letter had been just sent in the queen's name (November 6, 1713), remonstrating with France, that the duke of Lorraine should give protection to a young man disputing her Britannic majesty's title, and enclosing the addresses of parliament on the subject, only four days afterwards the soft, kind whispers of a private letter from St. John to Prior added, "This

[1] Such is the date in the Chaillot Manuscript; but it is clearly a mistake, and refers to the serious illness of queen Anne at Windsor a few weeks afterwards.

[2] Lamberty Mems. pour l'Histoire du Siècle, vol. viii. He gives not the date, which we verify from the Torcy Correspondence with Prior and Bolingbroke.

[3] Lamberty, Histoire du Siècle, vol. viii., 2nd edition, collated with Parliamentary History of Queen Anne, p. 106.

letter will be delivered to you by the baron de Fortsner, who has been twice at the court of our queen, with the character of envoy from the duke of Lorraine, who is extremely well with our friends on this side of the water."[1]

Her majesty actually, on the 23rd December, 1713, signed a warrant, addressed to Harley, earl of Oxford, her lord-treasurer, setting forth "that her late royal father had made Laurence earl of Rochester, Sidney lord Godolphin, &c., trustees for a yearly annuity for the life of his royal consort, now Mary (Beatrice), queen-dowager." Of the vast arrear of which the unfortunate widow of James II. had been deprived, queen Anne directed an instalment to be paid to her by Prior. Anne meant, probably, to liquidate this debt, directions being added, that certain sums of the annuity and arrear were to be liquidated quarterly, "during the life of the said queen-dowager, and for so doing this shall be your warrant; given at our court, at Windsor, the 23rd day of December, 1713, in the twelfth year of our reign."[2] Another sum, being a quarter's payment of her annuity, it was asserted by the English ministers, was paid to Anne's unfortunate stepmother, but it probably never reached her hands.

Scarcely was the queen's assent given to the commencement of the payment of the dower of her stepmother, when she was stricken down with illness of the most threatening character. Some circumstances attended this attack, which caused another change in her majesty's manner of speaking in regard to her brother. All those who knew her intimately, dated an alteration in her feelings from this fit of illness, which occurred Christmas, 1713. The queen was, moreover, made only too well acquainted with the exultant manner in which the opposition meant to hail her demise; for her death was strongly reported, and some time elapsed before it could be credited in London that the queen was alive, and likely to recover. Her enemies had plucked off

[1] Lamberty, Histoire du Siècle, vol. viii., 2nd edition, collated with Parliamentary History of Queen Anne, p. 106.

[2] See vol. x., p. 177; and History of the Parliament of Great Britain from the death of Queen Anne, &c., p. 157, which last mentions *two* instalments paid to Mary Beatrice, while the Chaillot documents allow only one. But these payments, although tardy and imperfect acts of honesty, caused Prior and the earl of Oxford to be tried for their lives in the succeeding reign. They pleaded, and successfully proved, that they obeyed the orders of queen Anne.

their masks entirely, and they were perplexed how to fit them on again. Expressions of joy were frequent and loud among the Whig party;[1] crowded meetings took place, with great hurryings of coaches and chairs to the earl of Wharton's house; messengers were despatched from Windsor with accounts of the queen's health to the lord-treasurer, who was then in town. To stop the reports of the queen's death, he sauntered about the whole of the day, and abstained from going to Windsor until his usual time. From his reply to the official report of Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's domestic physician, may be gathered how near unto death was the sovereign at this juncture:[2]

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

"I return you very many thanks for the exact and particular account you were pleased to give me of her majesty's indisposition; it is of too great importance to all the world not to have a concern for it, and it is my duty to sacrifice everything I am or have to her service.

"I verily believe that the rigour and trembling you mention may be the effect of a sudden cold the queen took; for those shiverings are not unusual on the like occasions, and the east wind makes the cold much more affecting the nerves.

"I have sent my servant with one of your letters, and my chairman with another; neither of the doctors were at home. It is likely they may be vain enough to publish it, though I trust in God the queen will be well before they come down; yet I think you nor I could have been justified unless they had been sent to.

"God, who has so often saved the queen and delivered the nation, will, I hope, restore the queen to perfect health, in which prayer none joins more fervently than your most faithful and most humble servant,

"OXFORD.

"P.S.—There is a meeting appointed to-morrow of the lords, and should I go down it would cause great alarm; but I send this messenger belonging to the treasury, and desire you will despatch him quickly back; if there be any occasion, I can come after we return, to-morrow."

Endorsed in a more modern hand, "DR. ARBUTHNOT."

When the cautious policy of the premier permitted him "to go down" to Windsor, he found the immediate danger of death had passed from her majesty; yet serious alarm sat on every countenance, and the account of the confusion and distraction that was round the queen was almost incredible. Lord-treasurer Oxford, when giving this detail to

[1] Scott's Swift, vol. v. p. 294. Inquiry into Queen's Ministry.

[2] We have been permitted, by the great courtesy of W. Baillie, Esq., of Cavendish-square, to print from his valuable collection of inedited autograph letters, this, among others, from Dr. Arbuthnot's papers in his possession. The reader will observe how entirely this letter agrees with the published letters and journals of Swift.

Swift, used these remarkable words: "Whenever anything ails the queen, these people are scared out of their wits, and yet they are so thoughtless, that, as soon as she is well, they act as if she were immortal." His auditor remembered these words, and declared that he thought that the prime-minister might apply some share of the same blame to himself.[1]

The queen's friend or favourite, the duchess of Somerset, by command, received due information of the state of her majesty from Dr. Arbuthnot,[2] and thus expressed her feelings on the occasion:—

"The Duchess of Somerset to Dr. Arbuthnot.

"Petworth, nine o'clock, Friday morning.

"It is with the greatest concern imaginable that I received your letter this morning, with an account of the queen's being ill, and if it were possible for me to reach Windsor this night, I would certainly do it; but as the roads are *now*,[3] and no relays of horses at Guildford, I am afraid I shall not be able to go any farther this day, but will set out from thence to-morrow morning very early, and I hope in God I shall find the queen free from any complaint, and in so good a way of recovery that she will very soon be restored to perfect health. I desire the favour of you to present my most humble duty to her, *and to assure her I will make all the haste I can to wait on her*;[4] for I shall not stay one moment longer here than till my coach is ready, for I am impatient to have the honour of attending on her majesty.

"I am your humble servant,

"E. Somerset

"Dr. Arbuthnot."

"I had so ill an opinion of the queen's health, that I was confident you had not a quarter of time for the work you

[1] From Swift's remarkable paper, called "An Inquiry into the Queen's Ministry," may be gathered that the Tory ministers of queen Anne meant, by means of their influence on the public press, "to write the chevalier de St. George into the public favour again, as his family had been *written down*." This, Swift declares would have been a work of longer time than the life of Anne could allow. This admission displays the secret springs of the historical literature of the era of the Revolution.

[2] Printed from the autograph letter in the collection of W. Baillie, Esq., Cavendish-square, with a copy of which we have been favoured.

[3] The letter is without date of month or year; but from this expression, we refer it to the queen's violent illness, at Christmas, 1713, as, at her alarming illness in the beginning of September, 1712, the roads must have been as good as they usually were, neither would they be complained of at the time of her fatal seizure at the end of July 1714, which withal did not occur at Windsor, but Kensington.

[4] From this passage it may be inferred, that the queen had caused her mistress of the robes to be summoned when in danger of death, as if unwilling to be surrounded by those who were, like Arbuthnot and lady Masham, entirely in her brother's interest. After this illness another remarkable change occurred in the queen's feelings towards him—a change which probably took place during her convalescence.

had to do," writes Swift, "having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at Windsor."[1] What disposition the royal mind was in, at this time; can only be matter of surmise, perhaps repentance for the past, and fruitless wishes for that species of reparation which was not in her power. Her feelings of this kind were as implied above; it was, moreover, observed that her majesty became, during her recovery, pensive and low-spirited, wept frequently, and spent four hours every day by herself, in the retirement of her closet at Windsor, either in earnest prayer or in writing.[2] What the queen wrote has not come to light. Her majesty had returned from Windsor to Kensington by May 18th, and from thence went to St. James's to transact business. Swift notes, in his letters—"She can walk, thank God, and is well recovered."

The queen's want of moderation in eating made her relapses very frequent; for instance, after being in danger with gout in the head or stomach on Friday, she would, on the Sunday afterwards, devour a whole fowl;[3] and if this was the repast of a patient scarcely convalescent, it may be supposed that her usual meals were too ample for a female who took no exercise and performed no labour. A French authority declares that the queen's epicurism led her to hold regular councils with her cooks, on affairs of the table. But devouring large quantities of food was this queen's propensity, rather than a dainty discrimination regarding its quality.[4]

Queen Anne's perpetual vacillations, between her dread lest her brother should land in England, and her terror lest George of Hanover, or his eldest son, should come to her court, to claim place as her heir and successor, produced many inconsistent acts, which puzzle historians into silence, and wholly prevent her biographer from attributing to her

[1] Swift's Correspondence. Letter to Bolingbroke, vol. xvi. p. 187.
[2] Roger Coke's Detection. [3] Tindal's Continuation.
[4] The report of Anne's culinary consultations is founded on the assertions of a foolish cookery book, called "The Queen's Closet broken open." From the same authority, Anne had inherited the credit of personally superintending the concoction of various eatables, from her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, who was, nevertheless, remarkably abstemious regarding food. Nothing but the title-page of this book was altered for more than half a century, and the same expressions regarding the royal experiments in cookery had been made to serve for Henrietta Maria, Mary II., and Anne.

any premeditated principle of action. Her intentions, like feathers on a stream, fled from side to side before every gale that blew. The angry parties, into which her empire was rent, continued to threaten her with the advent of either one or other object of her alarm, as they became offended with her proceedings.

Her majesty's apprehensions rose high enough, in the spring of 1714, to make an appeal to the honourable feelings of her kindred in Hanover. Notwithstanding every temptation from crowds of sycophants, who perfectly besieged the court of Hanover, in hopes of being remembered when they came to their inheritance, those princes never attempted to encourage faction by approaching the shores of England. Much has been said of their intentions; but the plain fact of their absence, until invited, must outbalance many folios of mere words.

The following is the remonstrance which the harassed queen of Great Britain, the day after her return from Windsor, addressed to her aged kinswoman:—

"Queen Anne to the Princess Sophia (Dowager Electress of Brunswick.)

"May 19, 1714.

"Madam, Sister, Aunt,

"Since the right of succession to my kingdoms has been declared to belong to you and your family, there have always been disaffected persons, who by particular views of their own interest, have entered into measures to fix a prince of your blood in my dominions, even whilst I am yet living. I never thought till now, that this project would have gone so far, as to have made the least impression on your mind. But, (as I have lately perceived by public rumours, which are industriously spread, that your electoral highness is come into this sentiment,) it is important, with respect to the succession of your family, that I should tell you such a proceeding will infallibly draw along with it some consequences that will be dangerous to the succession itself, which is not secure any other ways than as the prince, who actually wears the crown, maintains her authority and prerogative. There are here—such is our misfortune—a great many people that are seditiously disposed; so I leave you to judge what tumults they may be able to raise, if they should have a pretext to begin a commotion. I persuade myself, therefore, you will never consent that the least thing should be done that may disturb the repose of me or my subjects.

"Open yourself with the same freedom that I do to you, and propose whatever you think may contribute to the security of the succession. I will come into it with zeal, provided that it do not derogate from my dignity, which I am resolved to maintain.

"I am with a great deal of affection, &c.

"St. James's, May 19, 1714."

Superscribed—"To my Sister and Aunt, Electress Dowager of Brunswick, and Lunenburg."[1]

[1] Printed for John Baker, at the Black Boy, in Paternoster-row, anno 1714.

The grandson of the electress, afterwards George II., received from queen Anne, at the same time, this epistle:—

"Queen Anne to George Augustus the Duke of Cambridge.

"Anno, 1714.

"Cousin,

"An accident which has happened in my lord Paget's family having hindered him from setting forward so soon as he thought to have done, I cannot defer any longer letting you know my thoughts with respect to the design you have of coming into my kingdoms. As the opening of the matter ought to have been *just* to me, so I expected you would not have given ear to it without knowing my thoughts about it. However, this is what I owe to my own dignity, the friendship I have for you, and the electoral house to which you belong, and the true desire I have that it may succeed to my kingdoms. And this requires of me, that I should tell you nothing can be more dangerous to the tranquillity of my dominions and the right of succession in your line, and consequently more disagreeable to me than such a proceeding at this juncture.

"I am, with a great deal of friendship, your very affectionate cousin."[1]

Superscribed—"To the Duke of Cambridge."

The patronage queen Anne bestowed on Tom D'Urfey, the song-writer of her era, resembled that extended by the sister queens, Mary and Elizabeth, to their dramatic buffoons, Heywood and Tarleton. After her majesty's three o'clock dinner, D'Urfey took his stand by the sideboard at the time of dessert, to repeat political gibes or doggrel ballads, prepared to flatter some of the well known prejudices of his royal mistress. It is said that D'Urfey received a fee of fifty pounds for a stave which he compounded soon after queen Anne's refusal to invite the elector of Hanover's son, for the purpose of taking his place as duke of Cambridge in the house of peers. It is added, that the electress Sophia greatly displeased and irritated queen Anne, by uttering a speech which was reported; it was, "that she cared not when she died, if on her tomb could be recorded that she was queen of Great Britain and Ireland." Such report pointed the sting of the satirical doggrel, so bountifully rewarded by queen Anne:

"The crown's far too weighty
For shoulders of eighty,
She could not sustain such a trophy,
Her hand, too, already
Has grown so unsteady,
She can't hold a sceptre;
So Providence kept her
Away—poor old dowager Sophy!"

[1] Printed for John Baker, at the Black Boy, in Paternoster-row, anno 1714.

The audiences queen Anne granted to the facetious D'Urfey, must have taken place in some intervals between the meditative and prayerful change of feelings which had taken place in the mind of her majesty, during her convalescence in the spring, for the foregoing strain has no savour of edification in it.

Many vague reports of secret interviews between queen Anne and her disinherited brother, float through the history of her times; they chiefly arise from the reminiscences of Horace Walpole, who had certainly the best means of knowing the truth if he chose to tell it—a point which is extremely doubtful. He declares, that the young prince came incognito to England, and was introduced to his sister in her closet, by Harley and lady Masham, at the very time when the faithful commons were thanked by the queen, in one of her speeches, for putting a price on his head. But Harley could not have been a party concerned; for he was no more sincere in his Jacobitism, than Marlborough himself. Lady Masham was a disinterested partisan, but neither herself nor her royal mistress had power enough either to effect an interview of such importance, or to keep it from the knowledge of persons interested in the exclusion of the exiled Stuarts.

It is affirmed that queen Anne consulted a bishop, who had assumed the mantle of prophecy, as to what would be the consequence if she invited her brother and presented him to the privy-council, as the letters she received from his partisans boldly pressed her to do.[1] "Madam," replied the bishop, "you would be in the Tower in one month, and dead in three." Another edition of this anecdote affirms, that Anne cherished the idea of resigning her throne to her brother; but no one who has watched her through all the fluctuations of conduct and character, will for one moment doubt that ambition and love of her own consequence were governing traits of her disposition to the last. The Anne of history, embellished with so many soft and kindly qualities, might have done so, but the Anne who wrote the scandalous series of letters to her sister was not likely to take any such step. Can we believe but that the presence of a brother she had so deeply and wilfully injured must have been a torture

[1] Macpherson's State Papers, vol. ii.

to her? The exclusion from the British throne was the slightest part of the wrongs of the young prince—that measure ought to have been majestically founded on the inconsistency of his religion with the royal functions—not meanly on the calumny regarding his birth, for if he were disposed to continue the sacrifice of earthly grandeur to his religious prejudices, why might he not have been permitted to enjoy in his retirement the harmless satisfaction of being a gentleman of unsullied pedigree?

Although the slanders, on the birth of the son of James II., assuredly originated in the plotting brain of Sarah of Marlborough, it is a curious fact that she never names the expatriated heir, excepting by the title of the prince of Wales. Her private letters from Antwerp repeatedly mention him as such, when discussing her hopes and fears relative to the restoration of the house of Stuart, or the confirmation of the election of the house of Brunswick. "As soon as the emperor is forced into peace,"[1] she says, "the prince of Wales is to come into England, and 'tis said, in France, that queen Anne will consent to it. Perhaps she is not yet acquainted with *that* part of it. But, however, when things are prepared for it there can be no great difficulty in that, nor no great matter *whether* the queen likes it or not."[2] A tolerably good proof is here that queen Anne had never seen her brother, or intended it, if she could help it, for though the most lively hatred subsisted between her and her once-loved favourite, yet the latter knew well every turn and feeling in the mind of her mistress, and doubts are here expressed as to whether the queen would like the restoration of her brother. "I never," writes the duchess, "was much concerned for the disappointment of the *honest people* (Jacobites) concerning the words in the proclamation, if the prince of Wales landed. It appears to me that the great struggle the ministers made to have that *matter left to her majesty's own time*, and then the queen answering, *that she did not think it necessary*, must needs help to convince men, that whenever the prince does really land, whatever are the proclamations[3] on either side, those that conquer will do as they please."

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i.

[2] Duchess of Marlborough to Mrs. Clayton, April 1714. Coxe.

[3] There was a proclamation for the head of James at this period—the spring of 1714.

About this time great dissensions arose between the queen and the earl of Oxford, which were clearly attributable to lady Masham, who had discovered that her cousin did not mean to aid in the restoration of the queen's brother. As the founder of the South Sea fund,[1] which James Stuart would not guarantee, the premier was perforce his opponent.

[1] The difficulties of presenting a clear idea of what this fund really was, are almost insurmountable, owing to the intentional mystifications of the Mammonite party who founded it. Indeed, its origin was too infamous to have any great light cast on it at that era. Notwithstanding the enormous taxation in the reigns of William and Mary and Anne throughout their bloody wars, the wretched common soldiers and sailors *had never been paid*, excepting by tickets bearing *interest*. These tickets the poor creatures sold to usurers, (being the Jews, who had actively pursued their favourite occupation since Cromwell had invited them into England,) at *half price*. Thus there was a floating debt due to the Jew usurers, in 1710, of ten millions, the price of the miserable sailors' limbs and lives, paid by Harley from a fictitious fund formed by the government; there were, moreover, twenty-five millions more due. The usurers were allowed their stock of tickets, on which was added their interest and compound interest at the low rate of only 6*l.* for every 100*l.* of stock. The fund was proposed to be paid off by a monopoly of British trade to Peru and Mexico, always very enticing to English rulers. The golden trade of the Spanish Main was peculiarly liable to stock-jobbing puffery: hence the enormous fluctuations. Spain was, however, not then in her present helpless state, and the stock-jobbing public had bought the bear-skin of the cunning ministry before the bear was killed. The navy of England was in a state of hollow insufficiency, which may be guessed by the origin of this fund. The first ships sent to realize this South Sea, or rather Spanish Main trade, were taken by the Spaniards for want of convoys. Nevertheless, by the public press, the South Sea stock was puffed up higher and higher even in the reign of Anne. The duke of Marlborough had by some means 100,000*l.* in it. All the cunning courtiers behind the scenes sold in time, and were not hurt by the crash that took place in the reign of George I., in the disastrous years of 1720-1. The public ought especially to note that the monarchs of the house of Hanover, although they have borne the blame of this iniquity, were innocent of its original construction. The guilt belongs to the Mammonite party, who took advantage of the rapacity of William III. to encourage him in debt and taxation for their own advantage; likewise to the Whig ministry of queen Anne.—Smollett and Macpherson's History of Great Britain furnish the authorities for this note. Cunningham, the Whig panegyrist of William III., an actual contemporary, is still more severe in his remarks regarding the navy tickets, and the disgraceful state of the navy. For which see Hist. of Great Britain.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

Vacillation of queen Anne's mind and affections concerning her brother—She again sets a price on his head—Her extraordinary conduct at council—Appoints lord Marr one of her ministers—He brings the queen the Whig badge—Queen often witnesses debates in the house of lords—Queen's healthful appearance when she dissolves parliament—Her political anxieties—Her personal antipathy to lord Oxford—Her complaints of his disrespectful behaviour—She dismisses him—Kept up till two in the morning at a stormy council—Is carried from it swooning—Her prognostication that the dissensions would be fatal to her—Sudden illness of the queen while looking at the clock—She is delirious—Raves of her brother—Deplorable state next morning—Her recovery doubted—Privy-council consult on her state—Her death predicted by Dr. Mead—The queen recovers her senses—Names the duke of Shrewsbury prime-minister—Her agonies of mind afterwards—Cries on her brother's name incessantly—Gives some mysterious charge to the bishop of London—Her lamentations for her brother until speechless—The black bag opened containing the act of succession—Tidings of the queen's state despatched to Hanover—She is prayed for at St. Paul's—Jacobite council held during the night of her death-agony—Queen Anne expires, August 1, 1714—Peaceful proclamation of George I.—Preparation of the royal chapel-vault for the queen's burial—Various conflicting statements on her character and conduct—Elegies—Malignant summary of her character by the duchess of Marlborough—Flattering summary of her character by the same pen—Slandered by Horace Walpole—Queen Anne's funeral—Funeral of her father in 1813—Conclusion of the work.

One day, in the middle of June, 1714, when the council met, the queen, giving nobody time to speak, told them that she had resolved on a proclamation which she caused to be read, and then, without asking, or hearing advice

from any one, she went out; thus she made it entirely her own act.[1] The proclamation was carried into effect, June 23rd, setting a price of 5000*l.* "for the apprehension of the pretender, dead or alive, if he were found in Great Britain or Ireland." Both Oxford and Bolingbroke professed utter ignorance of it, and intense astonishment withal, at her majesty's manner of bringing it to pass; they declared it to be a measure that emanated entirely from queen Anne. Even those who record the queen's conduct fancy that there was something mysterious in the whole, and that, in spite of all appearances, it was against her majesty's real inclinations. Very limited is the knowledge of human nature shown by those who argue thus; double-minded the queen had been from her youth upwards, and Divine Wisdom has pronouced that such persons "are unstable in all their ways." It was her punishment to feel the fierce conflicts of terror and remorse which deprived her of all decision in her action. The course that conscience dictated to her imperatively one day was crossed by her fears the next. Thus did Anne wear out the short remnant of her existence in the convulsive throes of self-contradiction. At times, which were very fresh in the memories of those who saw her set a price on her brother's life, when any injurious measure had been debated against him in council, the queen had been known to burst into tears, and then the assembly broke up in the utmost confusion.[2]

The queen had probably made a private compromise with the Whigs, that if they did not insist on bringing the heir of Hanover to England, she would proscribe her brother. On the other side, it is said that, on a former occasion, she appeared horror-struck when the profligate earl of Wharton proposed to add to the mention of the reward, for the apprehension of the pretender, the homicidal words, "whether he be dead or alive."

These instances illustrate the state of pitiable indecision that agonised the mind of the declining queen. Let not the perpetual tissue of contradictions, which these pages must present, regarding the conduct of queen Anne, raise doubts of the authenticity of the actions detailed. Such contradictions are the natural results of a will and con-

[1] Carte's Memorandum Book, 1714.
[2] Tindal's Continuation, vol. x. p. 243.

science suffering internal war. The conscience of the queen, doubtless, was fully convicted of all her trespasses against her father, his wife, and her unoffending brother. On the other side must not the same conscience have addressed to her awful whispers of such truths as these:—"Wretch, you have urged the religion of your country as the excuse for all these slanders, this deceit, and for the bloodshed that has been the result. Yet will you, when your turn of personal aggrandizement is served, and your dying hand can grasp the sceptre no more, deliver it to a *Roman-catholic, who, being such, can have no will of his own in religious government?* Wherefore, then, was your father, the great colonizing, naval, and financial king, driven forth scathed with your slanders respecting the birth of his boy? Why did you not suffer him to remain and leave the sceptre to his heir, unencumbered with millions of debt and unstained with the blood of thousands of his subjects, who, instead of being slaughtered on the scaffolds of your sister, or in useless continental wars, would have extended his colonies, and cultivated commerce and the arts of peace? Let your country, at least, retain what she has bought at such cost—namely, all the privileges of her established church which the Revolution has left her?"

Who can doubt that the meditations of queen Anne were according to this tenour, and who can blame her that she ultimately acted in obedience to them, yet the natural yearnings of her heart forced her into many contradictory proceedings in favour of her brother, being occasionally swayed in his behalf by those officials who were immediately about her person, as Masham and Arbuthnot, his warm though humble friends.

Sophia, electress of Hanover, died on the birthday of the chevalier, June 10, 1714. She died in displeasure with queen Anne. The ambitious words attributed to this princess are inconsistent, it must be owned, with the extreme moderation and justice of her character, she being at that time eighty-four and queen Anne but fifty; some of the friends of the electress[1] declare that she died a few minutes after reading queen Anne's angry letter. The foregoing epistle, dated May 19th, is quoted as the death-blow of the electress; but that illustrious lady had experienced

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

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too many changes of capricious fortune in her youth to be slain with a few diplomatic words.

Scarcely had the Jacobite party recovered from the consternation that the queen's proscription of her exiled brother had induced, when a new turn of her humour amazed all people. The earl of Marr, who had fought very bravely in the Marlborough continental wars, was presented to the queen on his marriage with lady Frances Pierrepoint (sister to the famous lady Mary Wortley Montague.) The queen distinguished this noble very graciously, and he was soon on terms of very confidential intercourse with her majesty, and appointed one of her ministers of state.

Lord Marr, it will be remembered, was afterwards the leader of the Jacobite insurrection of 1715. A particular circumstance proved that he and queen Anne discussed Jacobite politics in their conferences. The Whigs had made a symbol, to designate their party, similar to the white harts of Richard II., the swans of the son of Henry VI., or the red and white roses of York and Lancaster. The Whig badge was a miniature brass *fusee*,[1] about two inches in length, which was worn at the waistcoat breast—but some were in gold, some in silver, according to the rank of the partisan. "A friend of mine being let into the secret acquainted me thereof and brought me three," says Lockhart,[2] "one of which was given to the queen by lord Marr." But her majesty seemed to wish to ascertain precisely whether the Whig party would own and respond to this symbol. For this purpose, Lockhart and Marr agreed upon a scheme which was forthwith communicated to her majesty. Lockhart tied the little fusee, or fusil, with a ribbon, to his button-hole, walked into the house of commons and took his seat by Sir Robert Pollock, a stanch west-country Whig member. Presently, Lockhart manœuvred the whig badge, so that his fellow senator took a full view of it. Sir Robert Pollock was, although of different politics, Lockhart's near kinsman and personal friend; he eyed the party symbol with no little consternation, and his cousin took a mischievous pleasure in coquetting with this toy; when Pollock looked at it he affected to conceal it, till

[1] Probably a fusil, but in obselete warfare there is something with the same name pertaining to the grenade.

[2] Lockhart Papers, vol. i. pp. 462-3.

at last the Whig member asked him angrily "What the de'il he meant, and whether he were in jest or earnest?" Lockhart pretended not to know what he was talking about. Pollock then asked, "if he was come over to them?" "You have no reason to doubt," said the Jacobite member, "seeing I carry the mark of the beast." "Well," replied sir Robert Pollock, "I don't know what to make of you, but either our secrets are discovered or you're a convert." Lockhart answered, "that he had not hit it yet; he would leave him to guess which was the case." But, afterwards, Sir Robert Pollock never saw him without urging him to tell him "how he had got that toy, for he had reason to believe these badges would not have fallen into such hands?" "In discoursing with him," continues Lockhart, "at divers times on the subject, I found the account I had of its being designed as a mark of faction was very well grounded." He supposes that it was connected with some insurrectionary rising likely to be attended with extensive slaughter, and as he communicated this supposition to the declining queen, marking its connexion with the nightly deeds of the furious Mohock-club, and that named, from its *reputable* components, "the Hellfire-club," her vacillations were not likely to be settled into any decided course of action against a party whose intentions were of this ferocious nature.

The former badge of the Orange party was a little pewter warming-pan, such as are occasionally sold at country fairs for the cost of a farthing.

While the whole country were dreading, or hoping, that the queen would take some decided step for the restoration of her brother, all the Tories being then deemed Jacobites, these Tories joined the Whigs, and by majorities in the house of commons[1] proceeded to reiterate the queen's personal orders in council, by setting a price on the head of James Stuart, talking at the same time of inviting the hereditary prince of Hanover over to England, as the first peer of the blood-royal, to take his seat as duke of Cambridge. Exasperated at these proceedings, the real Jacobite party in the house of commons, which amounted to about a third,

[1] P. 476. Viz., in concert with the Whigs, June 21, 1714, voting a reward of 5000*l.* for the apprehension of James Stuart, assuming to be James III.

formed themselves into what was called, in the diplomatic language of the day, a *squadrone volante;* and, as they could not command a majority, they came to a resolution to join with any party so as to out-vote the ministry and stop the wheels of government. This is not an uncommon manœuvre at the present day, and a dissolution of parliament is the usual remedy—a measure that would, at the crisis of the queen's demise, have proved very advantageous for the Jacobites, because there would have been no responsible head of government, and party spirit, becoming terrific during the election of new members of parliament, would have flamed out into a civil war. The clue of the intrigues of this important epoch is furnished by the head of the Jacobite *squadrone volante*, the then member for Edinburgh, Lockhart of Carnwath. This gentleman's historical narrative of the scenes in which he was a principal actor, presents the only intelligible narrative we ever met with of this extraordinary juncture. He speaks in many instances with the vivacity natural to a party concerned.

"About ten days after the Jacobites had out-voted the ministry," says Lockhart of Carnwath, "the lord Bolingbroke sent for me very early one morning; and I no sooner entered his room than he asked me, with an adjuration, 'what moved me and so many *honest gentlemen* (Jacobites) to act so unaccountable a part?' I answered, 'that if his lordship and his friends would give a tolerable reason for their conduct of late, we could do the like, I believed.' He said, 'what had passed was unavoidable in the present state of affairs, and was, moreover, to be attributed to lord Oxford, but his business was done, and he would soon be laid aside; but it was not advisable to turn him out and his partisans while the present parliament sat, for his lordship would join the Whigs and make a terrible bustle and clamour in parliament, whereas, if parliament was prorogued there was no power to thwart or interfere with the queen, who would be at liberty to do what she pleased.' Bolinghroke then threw out many hints that the restoration of her brother was the first wish of the queen's heart, which would be thwarted, if Lockhart, Shippen, Packington, and other leaders of the *squadrone volante*, in the house of commons, stopped the wheels of state-business. 'Is it not,' continued the orator, (Bolingbroke,) 'better

to take my word and follow my advice at once, than run the risk of baffling the queen's designs, when it is a certain truth that they are such as will be agreeable to you?'"

The queen, meantime, witnessed privately the discussions in parliament, and by her presence, apparently, formed some barrier to the furious effervescence of party hate. "Yesterday, they were all in flame in the house of lords, about the queen's answer, till her majesty came in and put an end to it."[1] History has not noted this custom of the monarchs of the seventeenth century. Charles II. often witnessed, as a private individual, the debates in parliament. He said they were entertaining as any comedy. William III. spent much of his time there; his entrances are always noted in the MS. Journals of the House of Lords. Queen Anne almost lived in the house of lords while it sat in session. She witnessed a debate within three weeks of her mortal attack. Her majesty came in the hopes that her presence might induce them to keep the peace. Once, however, it happened that the name of the disinherited prince, her brother, was introduced by one of the Jacobite members into his speech, on which a stormy discussion took place. Order, etiquette, and even decency, were forgotten by some of the speakers, and observations so pointed and personal were made, that her majesty, perceiving all eyes were turned on her box, became painfully embarrassed, and hastily drew the curtains with her own royal hand to conceal her confusion. Her father's widow, Mary Beatrice, related this incident.[2]

"In a few days," pursues Lockhart, "the money bills and other affairs of moment being despatched, the parliament was prorogued; on which occasion, the queen came to the house, looked extremely well, and spoke to both houses more brisk and resolute than on other the like occasions, acquainting them 'that she was determined to call them together before it was long.'"[3]

Her majesty came in state, July 7, 1714, to the house

[1] Letter from Dr. Arbuthnot to Swift, dated July 10, 1714. Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 140.

[2] MS. Memorials of the Queen of James II. in the Archives of France, by favour of M. Guizot. A similar incident has been quoted in regard to a speech of Lord Strafford when he was her secretary of state. Such was likely to occur frequently, as the queen was so often witness of debates.

[3] Lockhart of Carnwath Papers, vol. i. p. 478.

of lords; how she looked and appeared, an eye-witness, Lockhart (who was member for Edinburgh) has recorded; and it must be remembered that the queen's maladies proceeded from plethora, aggravated by habits which render such tendencies fatal to those who enjoy their ease overmuch. The queen had too much to drink, too much to eat, too little to do; and these causes coloured her complexion with a semblance of health and strength, far more dangerous than the wan hue of less perilous disease; hence the mistaken report of "good queen Anne's good looks," as recorded by her historian-senator, Lockhart of Carnwath.

The queen, in her accustomed thrilling sweetness of voice, "thanked her assembled peers and commons for the supplies they had given her for the current year, *and for discharging the national debts.*"[1] She added, "that her chief concern was to preserve to them and to their posterity their holy religion, the liberty of her subjects, and to secure the present and future tranquillity of her kingdoms; but these desirable ends could never be obtained unless all groundless jealousies were laid aside, and unless they paid the same regard for her just prerogative which she had always showed for the rights of her people." Her majesty then prorogued her parliament until the 10th of August—a day she never saw.

Lockhart pursues, "About an hour after this, I met general Stanhope, walking all alone and very humdrum, in Westminster Hall. I asked him, 'what was the matter with him, for he seemed to be out of humour when every other body was rejoiced, at being able to get into the country?'[2] He answered, 'that all true Britons had reason to be out of humour.' I replied, 'that I thought myself a Briton true, and yet was in a very good humour.' 'Why,' said he, 'then it seems you have not considered the queen's speech?' 'Yes, I have,' replied Lockhart, 'and I was pleased with it, for I think she spoke like herself.' 'That's true enough,' said Stanhope, 'for from what she said, I consider our liberties as gone!' 'I wish with all my soul it were so,' retorted Lockhart. 'How,' exclaimed Stanhope, 'do you declare openly for your pre-

[1] Which discharge consisted in funding an alarming increase of it. See Toone's Abstract of Acts of Anne, Chronology, vol. i. p. 432.

[2] Lockhart of Carnwath, Papers, vol. i. p. 479.

tender?' 'The pretender?' said Lockhart, 'I was not thinking of him; but as you Englishmen have made slaves of us Scots, I *would* (should) be glad to see ye reduced to the same state, which would make our union more complete and equal!' 'Well, well!' cried Stanhope, 'tis no jest; you'll get your pretender, and you'll repent it, I answer, ere long!' and with that, the gentleman went off in a prodigious fury."[1]

It must have been her mention of prerogative that incensed the Whig general Stanhope, and exhilarated Lockhart. But the great error of the speech was the false phrase put in the helpless queen's mouth, that her parliament had discharged the national debts, when in truth she, in that session, had greatly enlarged them.

The queen had, it was supposed, dissolved parliament so unusually early as the 7th of July (O.S.), in order to prevent any discussions on the arrival of the baron de Bothmar, who was expected from Hanover, to announce the death of the electress Sophia, at her palace of Herenhausen, the preceding 8th of June. German statesmen are proverbially as slow as those of Spain, and it appears that Bothmar did not arrive with his credentials until July 25. A general mourning was, as a matter of course, ordered for her majesty's illustrious kinswoman, Anne herself complying with the injunction that had been issued in her name, for all people to put on suitable mourning. The substitution of the elector's name in the common prayer-book in the place of that of his mother, as heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, caused her great agitation.

The displacing of Harley earl of Oxford from his dignity as lord-treasurer, appears to have been coincident with the resolution of the Jacobite party just described by its leader in the house of commons, Lockhart of Carnwath. But the queen and her household found that no insult could induce him to quit office. "The *dragon* holds *the little machine*, (the treasurer's white staff,) with a dead gripe," wrote Arbuthnot; "I would no more have suffered what he has done than I would have sold myself to the galleys." Lady Masham huffed her cousin whenever he dined with her, which he usually did, and in company with her enemy, St.

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath Papers, vol. i. p. 481.

John Lord Bolingbroke, not as her guest, but at the board of green cloth. On one of these occasions she taunted him by saying, "You never did the queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any." This was as late as July 14, when it was found that nothing could induce "the dragon," as they called lord Oxford, to resign. The queen—to whom he was personally obnoxious, as he had given her some unknown but mortal offence, in his fits of intoxication—imparted to the lords of her cabinet-council the following extraordinary list of reasons for dismissing her lord-treasurer; some of his delinquencies would have seemed more fitting for the discharge of an ill-conducted footman: her majesty affirmed "'that he neglected all business—was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that he often came drunk; lastly, to crown all, he behaved to her with bad manners, *indecency*, (indecorum,) and disrespect.' The stick (white staff) is still in his hand, because they cannot agree who shall be the new commissioners; we suppose the blow will be given to-night or to-morrow morning."[1] This letter was dated July 27th, 1714; it was written by one of Bolingbroke's under-secretaries of state. The blow was indeed given, but it was the death-blow to the queen.

Her majesty was then at Kensington Palace, where she always sojourned, and held council when detained to transact business in the middle of the summer; she had, in the preceding June, been better in health than usual. Her spirits had been cheered by passing the schism bill, which she deemed would add to the prosperity of the church, although it was feared by others that the bill would occasion some persecutions against the dissenters.[2]

The queen had visited Windsor, in the beginning of July, but having been taken ill there, had returned to Kensington, in hopes of putting an end to the perpetual quarrels between Harley, lord-treasurer, and Bolingbroke, the secretary-of-state, by dismissing the former. The queen had

[1] Letter of Erasmus Lewis to Swift, dated Whitehall, July 27, 1714. Scott's Swift, vol. ix. p. 166.

[2] See the Life of Calamy, vol. ii., who bitterly complains of it. It seems never to have been acted on; it was another edition of the Occasional Conformity Bill, the animus of which was to prevent dissenters from qualifying themselves to legislate for our church, by taking the sacramental test.

frequently exclaimed, in the course of the sessions, "that the perpetual contention of which her cabinet council was the scene, would cause her death;" therefore she determined to bring matters to a crisis on Tuesday, the 27th of July.

Her majesty wrote a note to the earl of Oxford on the morning of that day, telling him "she was willing to receive the resignation of his charge." The earl ran to speak with the queen, who was at first denied to him, but he was admitted two hours later. He only stayed with her majesty one quarter of an hour. He then went to the treasury, made his payments and arrangements, and, at eight in the evening of the same day, returned to the queen, into whose hands he finally surrendered his white staff; he remained with her a full half-hour.[1] The adventures of this eventful day had not concluded; on Tuesday night, a cabinet council was held (after the earl of Oxford had resigned his staff, consequently, about nine o'clock) to consult what persons were to be named in the commission, into which the office of the lord-treasurer or prime minister was to be put, for every one of the Jacobite party shrank from its sole responsibility. Sir William Wyndham offered to be one of the five commissioners—he was just appointed chancellor of the exchequer. None of the council could agree as to the other four partners. The chief Jacobites in the queen's cabinet council may be reckoned as lord Harcourt, the duke of Ormond, and sir William Wyndham, and the duke of Buckingham and the duke of Shrewsbury, but the last is doubtful. However this might be, the partisans of the displaced premier kept the invalid queen sitting at council until two in the morning, raging at the Jacobite faction in the most frightful manner; the scene was only terminated

[1] Lamberty's Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 18e Siècle, 2nd edition, vol. viii. p. 657. Somerville declares that the scene of Harley's dismissal took place at Windsor, but this is inconsistent with the circumstantial detail the author has translated from the French letter of Lamberty, which describes the comings and goings of Harley, earl of Oxford, to the treasury, &c. The fact is, Somerville had not the advantage of this evidence, which Lamberty, who was staying at the Hague with baron de Hiems, the Hanoverian minister there, *copied direct from the dispatch of baron de Hoffman*, the emperor's minister in England, brought from London by Craggs, who had been sent by the privy council to the elector of Hanover. Somerville has been deceived by the assertion of Erasmus Lewis, in the Swift correspondence, dated July 22, who says—"Next Tuesday the queen goes to Windsor," but on that day she certainly received the white-staff at Kensington, according to Lamberty's detail, which he had direct from Craggs and the Hanoverian minister.

by the violent agitation of the queen, who complained of the disorder of her head: and finally sank into a deep swoon from utter exhaustion. Nothing was settled, and her majesty was carried to bed seriously ill;[1] she wept the live-long night, without once closing her eyes.[2]

Another council was called for the 28th of July, with as little success in regard to any settled determination; it was again broken up by the illness of the queen, and consequently was prorogued until the 29th of July.[3] The queen declared to her physicians that her indisposition was occasioned by the trouble of mind which the disputes of her ministers gave her, and made use of these words to Dr. Arbuthnot—"I shall never survive it." Her majesty was observed to be unusually silent and reserved at these two remarkable councils, probably from an utter incapacity for utterance.

Lady Masham became apprehensive that her royal mistress was on the verge of an illness far more alarming than any of the numerous attacks through which she had previously nursed her. In her alarm, she wrote her perceptions of the queen's uneasiness of mind and body to Dean Swift, the only politician at that crisis to whom she attributed energy and decision of character. Swift had been about the court the whole summer, soliciting the place of "historiographer to the queen," for the purpose of writing the history of the peace of Utrecht.[4] Her majesty or her ministers had given the office to the learned Madox,[5] a person whose heart and soul were buried among the dusty records of the Plantagenets, studies much more convenient than stirring up the yet glowing embers of a ratification which might have been called a cessation from bloodshed rather than a peace, so replete was its very name with the elements of

[1] Swift's original note, signed H., to Erasmus Lewis's letter. It coincides with Lamberty's foregoing letter. It is the old edition of Swift.

[2] Lamberty, vol. viii. p. 657.

[3] La Vie d'Anne Stuart, Reine de la Grande Bretagne, &c., 1716.

[4] A great mistake, for he lived a century too near the time. He could not have published the gist of his documents. For instance, the Torcy Despatches we have just quoted would have caused many impeachments. Swift was then staying at the village of Letcombe, to keep out of the quarrels of his two friends, Harley earl of Oxford, and Bolingbroke.

[5] To whose learned researches, as historian of the Exchequer, the earlier biographies in this work have been peculiarly indebted. Madox troubled himself nought with the peace of Utrecht, or such moderns as Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs.

strife, a peculiarity which it retains to this day. The stormy transition from sanguinary warfare to such peace as the treaty of Utrecht gave, was even then rudely shaking the sands of the queen's precarious existence.

"July 29.

"I was," said lady Masham, to Swift, "resolved to stay till I could tell you that our queen had got so far the better of the dragon, (*Harley, earl of Oxford,*) as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the most ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, that ever was born. I cannot have much time now to write all my mind, for my dear mistress is not well, and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the lord treasurer,[1] who, for three weeks together, was vexing and teasing her without intermission; she could not get rid of him till Tuesday last (July 27th). I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is, 'I pray God send you wise and faithful friends to advise with you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with.' That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through so much and taken more pains than anybody, and given wise advice, (if that wretched man [*Oxford*] had had sense and honesty to have taken it)—I say, will you leave us and go into Ireland? No, it is impossible; your charity and compassion for this *poor lady,* [*the queen,*] who has been barbarously used, will not let you do it. I know you take great delight to help the distressed, and there cannot be a greater object than this *good lady,* who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay here, and do not believe us all alike, to throw away good advice, and despise everybody's understanding but one's own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to *her,* for she is not well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that neither of us need be in any pain about it."

At the very moment when the compassion of one of the mightiest minds in her empire was thus claimed for queen Anne, by her confidential attendant, the destiny thus dreaded for her majesty was near at hand. Two councils having been interrupted by the violent illness of the queen, the decisive one was delayed until the evening of the 29th of July (Thursday.) The anticipation of another agitating and protracted scene of altercation between the unmannerly worldlings, who, although they styled themselves her servants, not only violated the respect due to her as their sovereign, but conducted themselves with the most cruel disregard of her feelings as a lady, and her weakness as an invalid, was of course most distressing to the poor sufferer, who was sinking prematurely to the grave beneath the weight of the crown she had sinfully coveted, and, for her own punishment, obtained. Worn out as she was with sickness of mind and body, Anne had not completed her fiftieth year. When the hour appointed for the royal victim to meet these trusty lords of her council drew near,

[1] Harley, earl of Oxford. The letter is in the Swift Correspondence, dated July 29. Scott's Swift, vol. ix. p. 168.

Mrs. Danvers, the oldest and probably the most attached lady of her household, entering the presence-chamber at Kensington Palace, saw, to her surprise, her majesty standing before the clock, and gazing intently upon it.[1] Mrs. Danvers[2] was alarmed and perplexed by the sight, as her majesty was seldom able to move without assistance. She approached, and ascertained that it was indeed queen Anne who stood there. Venturing to interrupt the ominous silence that prevailed through the vast room, only broken by the heavy ticking of the clock, she asked, "Whether her majesty saw anything unusual there, in the clock?" The queen answered not; yet turned her eyes on the questioner with so woful and ghastly a regard, that, as this person afterwards affirmed, she "saw death in the look." Assistance was summoned by the cries of the terrified attendant, and the queen was conveyed to her bed, from whence she never rose again.[3] It appears that her dread of a third stormy council had caused her illness. "Her majesty was taken," says Lamberty, "on the evening of the 29th of July, with a burning fever. Her brain was affected, and she murmured all night, at intervals, words relative to 'the pretender,' without cessation."

There can be no doubt that this peculiar bias of the queen's mind occasioned her illness to be concealed for several hours in the recesses of the royal apartments of her palace at Kensington. Dr. Arbuthnot and lady Masham dared not make her majesty's state sufficiently public, as to cause a general consultation of the royal physicians, lest one of them, doctor Mead (a politician in the Whig interest) should hear the poor queen uttering "the perilous stuff" that weighed so heavily on her breast; yet there was a medical consultation held in the middle of that important night, by Dr. Arbuthnot, and such physicians as were in ordinary attend-

[1] Tindal affirms that the clock scene took place on Thursday morning [*29th of July*] at eight o'clock. Yet no such serious alarm of imminent danger *could* have occurred then, as is plainly to be ascertained by lady Masham's letter to Swift, dated on the 29th.

[2] Said by Tindal to be Mrs. Danvers; by the Amsterdam Life to be her daughter.

[3] Tindal, in his Continuation of Rapin, Barnard, in his History of England, and La Vie d'Anne Stuart, all mentioned this clock scene, but all speak of it as occurring in the morning of the 29th of July. The letter of lady Masham sufficiently contradicts this assertion. Lamberty alone mentions it as happening in the *evening* of the 29th.

ance on her majesty, being Dr. Thomas Lawrence, Dr. Hans Sloane, Dr. Shadwell, and Dr. sir David Hamilton, (the same person whose very remarkable correspondence with the duchess of Marlborough has been previously quoted.)[1] It was agreed that her majesty ought to be cupped, which was accordingly done, in the presence of lady Masham and Dr. Arbuthnot, about two in the morning of July 30. Eight ounces of blood, very thick, were taken from her; she was relieved from her worst symptoms, but it was observed that her eyes looked dull and heavy.[2] Severe indications of indigestion occurred—indeed, the common traditional report that the death of "good queen Anne" was occasioned by her eating a vast quantity of black-heart cherries, was, perhaps, not altogether unfounded. Towards morning, the queen fell asleep, and, it is said, rose at her accustomed hour of seven in the morning, and was attired and combed by her women; but such an alarming relapse occurred at half-past eight, that Dr. Arbuthnot was forced to make her malady public, for he could not have recourse to the lancet without more authority, and he considered the royal patient was suffering under an access of apoplexy. When Mr. Dickens, the queen's apothecary, had taken ten ounces of blood from her majesty's arm, a sound was heard of some one falling heavily. The queen was sufficiently recovered to ask, "What that noise was?" Her attendants answered, "It was lady Masham, who had swooned from grief and exhaustion." It was judged proper to carry lady Masham for recovery from the royal apartments, and the bustle of removing her, together with the incident itself, was supposed greatly to alarm and hurry the queen.[3]

Her majesty experienced a third terrible seizure of pain and weight in the head, just before ten o'clock the same morning, and every one around her believed that her death would be immediate. There is reason to suppose that the duchess of Ormond had, in the late violent changes, succeeded to the functions of the duchess of Somerset, the

[1] From the Inedited Coxe Manuscripts. Brit. Museum.

[2] La Vie d'Anne Stuart, reine de la Grande Bretagne, &c., 1716, Amsterdam, p. 447. This biography has preserved several links in the chain of the last eventful days of the life of Anne, entirely lost in her native annals, but, in common with several English histories, calls Friday, July 29, which it was not.

[3] La Vie d'Anne Stuart, 1716. Amsterdam.

queen's principal lady and mistress of the robes. Terrified at the state of her royal mistress, the duchess of Ormond sent an account of it to her husband, who was then at the Cockpit, the official seat of government, endeavouring to arrange the jarring and broken cabinet-council, of which he seems to have been president.[1] The news flew like fire over London, and the influential Whig magnates, the dukes of Somerset and Argyle forced their way into the assembling privy-council, and insisted on taking their places therein; from that moment they swayed everything, for the displaced premier, the earl of Oxford, had sent a private circular to every Whig lord in or near London, who had ever belonged to the privy-council,[2] warning them to come and make a struggle for the protestant-succession. There is no doubt that Oxford had had immediate notice of the queen's mortal seizure on the preceding evening.

Dr. Mead's hopes made him bold in pronouncing the truth; no one about the dying queen chose to believe him, upon which he "demanded that those who were really in favour of the protestant-succession in the royal household, should send a memorial of her majesty's symptoms to the elector of Hanover's physicians, who would soon pronounce how long Anne, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, had to live; but he staked his professional credit that her majesty would be no more long before such intelligence could be received." It has always been considered that the prompt boldness of this political physician occasioned the peaceable proclamation of George I.

Dr. Mead even ventured to predict the queen's demise in one hour;[3] he was often taunted afterwards with the professional chagrin his countenance expressed when the royal patient, on being again blooded, recovered her speech and

[1] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, vol. ii. p. 370.

[2] Here we resume the narrative of Lamberty, whose evidence, confirmed as it is on every side incidentally by eye-witnesses, *who dared not boldly say* what he said safely in a foreign land. His former position in England (as an official in William III.'s cabinets), and his acquaintance personally with all parties, rendered it not easy to deceive him. This excellent authority has been feebly impugned by Cole, because "*making* queen Anne *grieve for her brother on her death-bed was disrespectful to the memory of that illustrious princess.*" This objector to documents which did not hit his fancy, was not the learned historical antiquarian, Thomas Cole, (as usually supposed,) but the envoy Christian Cole, whose intellect is much on the grade of that of lord Noodle, in the burletta of Tom Thumb.

[3] Bio. Brit.

senses. Lord Bolingbroke went to her, and told her the privy-council were of opinion it would be for the public service if the duke of Shrewsbury were made lord-treasurer. The queen immediately consented. But the duke refused to accept the staff unless the queen herself placed it in his hand. He approached her bed, and asked her, "If she knew to whom she gave the white wand?" "Yes," the queen replied, "to the duke of Shrewsbury." History adds, that when the dying sovereign placed it in his hands, she added, "For God's sake, use it for the good of my people!"[1]—a speech perfectly consistent with Anne's conduct, as regnant, because, whatsoever wrong she practised before her accession, she was a most beneficent and loving sovereign to her people, who have reason to bless her name to this hour.

Queen Anne retained sufficient intelligence to be conscious that the duke of Shrewsbury, then invested by her act with the power of prime-minister in addition to his mighty functions of lord-high-chamberlain and lord-lieutenant of Ireland, must, perforce, act according to the parliamentary settlement in favour of her distant kindred, the princes of Hanover. Having thus performed her duty as queen, all the duties she had outraged in her early career, to obtain the crown, overwhelmed her conscience, and rendered her death-bed comfortless. When her mind wandered, she began to utter in a piteous tone, "Oh, my brother!—oh, my poor brother!"[2]

The bishop of London stood by her bedside contemplating this awful termination of the successful fruition of ambition. He was the same prelate who had assisted her in giving peace to Europe, and had been advanced to the see of London, on the miserable death of the queen's former tutor, the aged Henry Compton.[3] The nature of the injunctions given by the dying sovereign to Robinson, bishop of London, after the long private conference in which she is said, in

[1] Lamberty's Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 8me Siècle, tome viii. p. 657, 2nd edition. Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

[3] This prelate, who lived to be eighty-four, met with a dreadful accident. He fell backwards from the top of a high flight of stairs, which he was ascending without the assistance proper at his great age. He hurt the back of his head, and was taken up for dead, but revived, and, according to the cruel jest of Swift, was "as sensible as ever." He lingered in misery a few weeks, and died in the beginning of the year 1713. Tindal. Swift.

compliance with the recommendation in the rubric for the visitation of the sick, to have disburthened her mind of the weighty matter that troubled her departing spirit, was surmised from his emphatic rejoinder, as he left her bedside, "Madam, I will obey your commands; I will declare your mind, but it will cost me my head." The words were heard by the duchess of Ormond; at the same time, the queen said "she would receive the sacrament the next day."[1]

Whatsoever was done by the bishop of London, it is impossible to say, but probability points at the fact that the royal wish was delivered to the duke of Ormond, the commander of the army.

The queen, when the bishop had withdrawn, fell again into her delirious agony, and she reiterated unceasingly her former exclamations of, "Oh my brother, my dear brother, what will become of you?" Something within her mind stronger than delirium must have whispered that her recently-given commands would be useless. Little did the queen anticipate when, as the princess Anne, in 1688, she was eagerly employed in casting the well-known stigma on the birth of her brother, that her death-bed lamentations would be for him, and that her last agonizing cry would be his name!

Queen Anne continued to repeat this sad exclamation until speech, sight, and pulse left her. The privy-council then assembled[2] in the royal bed-chamber; they called on the physicians to declare their opinions, who all told them, the queen's state was hopeless. They (the privy-council) withdrew, all but the bishop of London, who remained near the insensible queen; but she never again manifested sufficient consciousness to speak or pray, although she, from time to time, showed signs of actual existence.

As the privy-council separated, the duke of Buckingham came to the duke of Ormond, clapped his hand on his shoulder, and said, "My lord, you have four-and-twenty hours to do our business in, and make yourself master of the

[1] MS. Memorandum Book, preserved in the Bodleian Library, copied by Macpherson in the Stuart Papers. They agree wonderfully well with the important document of the Whig statesman, Lamberty.

[2] Lamberty, ibid. The privy-council or some of the most responsible members must have been assembled in the queen's chamber, because Lamberty says, "*they quitted her*, but the bishop remained with her," &c.

kingdom."[1] The military force being in the hands of Ormond, he knew that the appeal to arms would be as useless as it was criminal. But if any popular movement had coincided with his wishes, there is little doubt regarding which side Ormond would have taken.

The great-seal was put to an important patent by four o'clock that day.[2] It was to provide for the government of the country by four-and-twenty regents, who constituted an *interregnum*. The act had been prepared for years, and inclosed in "*the* black bag," which the duchess of Marlborough exultingly intimates had long been a source of inexpressible horror to queen Anne whensoever her thoughts glanced that way.[3]

Dr. Radcliffe, who had been, since noon, sent for from Carshalton, to attend her majesty, returned for answer in the evening, "that he was ill, and could not come." The queen's friends were positive, that although the poor man was actually in a dying state himself, he could arrest the power of death, almost by looking upon the royal patient, for "the lord Gower had often been in the same condition as the queen with the *gout in the head*, and Radcliffe kept him alive many years." The privy-council never sent any order to Dr. Radcliffe, nor was his name ever mentioned there, or by the queen herself; it was only lady Masham who sent privately an agonizing entreaty to summon him.[4]

"I am just come from Kensington," writes Charles Ford, an official in the government and a correspondent of Swift, Saturday, July 31, "where I have spent these two days. At present, the queen is alive, and better than could have been expected; her disorder began about eight or nine yesterday morning.[5] The doctors ordered her head to be shaved; while it was doing, the queen fell into convulsions, or, as they say, a fit of apoplexy, which lasted two hours; during which time she showed but little signs of life."

At six in the evening of the same day, another anxious

[1] Marginal Note, Carte's Memorandum Book, marked vol. xi. p. 4 to 13, 1714. Bodleian.

[2] Letter of C. Ford to Swift. Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 173.

[3] Coxe MSS. [4] Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 172.

[5] Thus reckoning the queen's illness only from Friday morning; such was the official date of queen Anne's mortal attacks, while the ambassadorial reports of Hoffman and Bothmar declare she had raved that live-long night. (Lamberty.)

watcher within the palace-walls, Erasmus Lewis, one of the displaced secretaries, wrote to Swift: "At the time I am writing, the breath is *said* to be in the queen's nostrils, but that is all. No hopes of her recovery. Lord Oxford is in council, so are the Whigs.[1] We expect the demise to-night. There is every prospect that the elector of Hanover (George I.) will meet with no opposition. The French having no fleet, nor being able to put one out so soon. Lady Masham received me kindly. Poor woman, I heartily pity her! Dr. Arbuthnot thinks you should come up. A report had been carried into the city, during the course of Saturday afternoon, that the queen was actually dead; and, what was more infamous, stocks rose on it, as much as three per cent." But that was really no disgrace to the queen's memory.

Again, the rumour spread that her majesty's danger was over, and that she was fast recovering. She was prayed for in the daily service at St. Paul's Cathedral,[2] but not in her own royal chapel of St. James;[3] and the omission there excited the surprise and anger of her anxious subjects. Dr. Mead, a violent Whig, was, as all the queen's friends declared, chagrined when she seemed to rally and recover as the day advanced, and actually imbibed a little nourishment, although past the power of utterance.

The council, which had sat through the preceding day and night, adjourned till eight next morning, having first despatched Craggs to Hanover by the Hague, laid embargo on all shipping, and ordered the Hanoverian envoy to attend with the black bag or box, wherein was deposited the authority for the regency in case of the demise of the queen.[4] It has been observed, that the displaced minister, Oxford, had, at the first alarm of the queen's illness, sent round little billets to summon all the Whig lords to the privy council, and when there, he continued to exert himself in favour of the Hanoverian succession.[5] The lords of the council sent to the lord-mayor to take special care of the

[1] Much of Lamberty's intelligence is thus verified, line by line, by these sub-ministers; they dared not put to paper the rest of his intelligence.

[2] Thoresby's Journal.

[3] Ford's Letter. Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 171.

[4] Ford's Letter. Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 171; and Lamberty's Mems. pour servir à l'Histoire du 18me Siècle. vol. viii. p.

[5] Ibid.

city; the trained bands were raised, and a triple guard sent to the Tower.

All persons were deeply concerned, among the populace, at the state of the queen, as was visible by their countenances. Great solicitude was manifested regarding her all the 31st of July, in the swarming and agitated streets; some reported she was better, others that she had died at eleven. She was again prayed for in St. Paul's cathedral in the afternoon daily service, but nowhere else.

During the hours while the insensible queen was thus suspended over the abyss of eternity, other vigils were held in the recesses of her palace at Kensington, and other councils, besides that one, the vigilance of which secured the throne to our present royal line.

If the evidence of an enemy may be admitted, the "Jacobite members of the queen's household were greatly taken by surprise at the sudden and mortal attack, having shut their eyes to all symptoms of her danger, in strong reliance on a prediction which had given her years of life to come." One of the queen's physicians is charged with these defective conjurations; but Peter Rae[1] leaves his readers' imagination to rove over a formidable medical band without indicating the professor of the black art among them, further than that "one of her physicians, the most intimate with her, had pretended, by some other art (than physic), whether of calculation, magic, or other *infernal* speculations, to tell the great men of the royal household, 'that the queen would live six years and a half.' This was certainly a reason why they were the more secure, and had not their design complete, and all orders and warrants in readiness for the execution thereof." So says this contemporary, but he comes to a false conclusion; for Anne would never have authorized any such warrants while she believed her existence would last one day.

"The first alarm of the queen's illness and surprising

[1] Peter Rae's History of the Rebellion, p. 54. He evidently is guided by a curious pamphlet of that day, containing much authentic intelligence; it is called, "Two Nights' Court at Greenwich." Its name is derived from the circumstance, that George I. remained at the Queen's House in Greenwich Park (now the Naval School) the two first nights of his landing as king of Great Britain.

distemper," continues Peter Rae, "brought the whole Jacobite party to court, the great officers, as well as the privy councillors of the other sex, met in a certain lady's apartment. In these apartments business of the nicest nature in government used to be familiarly discussed. It was found that my lady [Masham] was with the queen, whereupon they sent for *the countess*." This lady had been watching by the queen for some hours, and had retired to take a little rest; she was roused, but entered the Jacobite conclave ill, and in tears. She is supposed to be lady Jersey, the widow of Edward, earl of Jersey, (one of the queen's Tory ministers,) who had died just after the Marlborough faction were displaced.

Nothing could, however, be done without lady Masham, who was sent for from the royal chamber. She entered in the utmost disorder, and without staying for any question, cried out—

"Oh, my lords, we are undone, entirely ruined—the queen is a dead woman; all the world cannot save her!"

Upon which, one of the lords asked, "if the queen had her senses, and if lady Masham thought she could speak to them?"

"Impossible!" returned lady Masham; "her pain deprives her of all sense, and in the intervals she dozes, and speaks to nobody."

"That is hard, indeed," said another of the lords; "could she but speak to us, and give us orders, and sign them, we might do the business for all this."

"Alas!" said another lord—"who would act on such orders? We are all undone!"

To whom another replied, "Then, my lord, we cannot be worse! I assure you that if her majesty would give orders to proclaim her successor in her life-time, I would do it at the head of the army—I'll answer for the soldiers." The duke of Ormond, commander-in-chief, is clearly indicated by this speech. "Do it, then," said Dr. Atterbury, the bishop of Rochester; "let us go out and proclaim the chevalier at Charing Cross. Do you not see that we have no time to lose?"[1]

[1] This speech is not in Peter Rae's Abstract of this council, but, in his authority, the "Two Nights at Greenwich."

The *countess* begged them to waive debate, "for," said she, "there is nothing to be done. Her majesty is no longer capable of directing anything; she is half dead already: I die for her if she lives four and twenty hours!"

The duke of Ormond returned, "Lord! what an unhappy thing this is! What a cause is here lost at one blow! Is there no remedy?"

After some discourse, they sent lady Masham to see if there was any alteration in the queen; she presently returned and told them—

"It is all the same: she's drawing on: she dies upwards; her feet are cold and dead already."

One of the secret conclave then proposed "to temporize for the instant, and, on the last breath issuing from the queen, to proclaim the elector of Hanover, whom they would privately do their best to oppose: in the worst, they should all be exonerated, by pleading that they were the first and forwardest to proclaim him."

The lords appeared stunned at this proposal; but one of them, turning to "the countess," said, "Pray, madam, what is your opinion?"[1]

"Let my opinion be what it may," she replied, "I see no other way. The queen will be dead to-morrow. Our measures are in no forwardness—all is disconcerted since the last remove (meaning of Harley, earl of Oxford, from being lord-treasurer): to make any attempt would be to ruin ourselves and help the establishment of those we hate. The successor must be immediately proclaimed: if we decline it, the Whigs will do it with the greatest clamour, and will not fail to fall on us for not doing it. By all means do it, and receive the credit of it. Such is your only way."[2]

Queen Anne drew her last breath between seven and

[1] Again Peter Rae has diverged from his authority. He puts a very long oration into the mouth of one of the lords, but to the same effect.

[2] The author received the following valuable communication from some courteous unknown correspondent. It will be observed, that the narrative agrees, in many circumstances, with Rae's Memorials, quoted above; and, as far as documentary historical biographers dare sanction any paper the original of which has not been before them, we must say the coincidences with the whole tenour of the latter portion of the life of queen Anne are striking enough to induce belief in its veracity:—"When queen Anne was dying, Mr. Scott, of Brotherstown, a colonel of the guards, was on guard at the palace that night in which the queen died. He went to Dr. Arbuthnot, one of the queen's

eight o'clock, August 1, 1714, in the fiftieth year of her age, and the thirteenth of her reign; like her predecessor, she died on a Sunday morning.

When the queen was released, the lords-regents com-

physicians, and desired the doctor 'to tell him whenever the queen was dead;' but the doctor told him, 'that he durst not;' upon which, the colonel desired the doctor 'to let him know by the sign of putting to the window a white handkerchief;' to which the doctor agreed. As soon as the queen was dead, doctor Arbuthnot gave the sign; upon which the colonel went to the earl marischal's house, and desired to see him immediately; but the servant told the colonel 'that he was forbid to admit any person to his lordship till his bell was rung, as he was late up the night before, and it was yet very early in the morning;' but the colonel insisted on being admitted, as he had matters of great consequence to communicate to his lordship. He locked the room-door, and then awaked his lordship, and desired him 'to rise immediately and proclaim the king, as the queen, his sister, was dead,' which none out of the palace knew but him. His lordship said, 'there might be danger in doing it;' but the colonel said 'there would be none, if they did it without loss of time.' He assured his lordship, 'if he would draw out the guards immediately, and proclaim the king (James Stuart) at Charing-cross, he knew the duke of Ormond was ready to do the same at the head of the army, and that he would take upon himself to secure the Tower;' but his lordship remained quite obstinate, and said, 'that it might cost them their lives if they failed in the attempt;' but the colonel repeated his assurance, 'that there was not the least fear if done immediately,' and 'although they lost their lives, it was losing them in an honourable way,' and 'gave his word of honour, that if they were brought to a trial, he would do all in his power to save his lordship's life, and would declare, when on the scaffold, that it was by his persuasion his lordship did it, he being a young man.' But all was to no purpose; he remained quite obstinate, and would do nothing, at which the colonel left him in a great passion.

"This conference was not known until after the battle of Sheriffmoor.

"Dr. Arbuthnot asked *at* colonel Scott some time after, 'what he meant by being so particular about the queen's death?' But the colonel would not tell the doctor.

"When earl-marischal was retreating after the battle of Sheriffmoor, in company with Mr. Irvine, of Brackly, they being very much fatigued, his lordship threw himself down on the ground, and burst out a crying, which surprised Mr. Irvine greatly, who bade his lordship 'not lose courage, as he hoped soon to get to some place where they would get rest and refreshment.' His lordship replied, 'that it was not the fatigue they had undergone that day that distressed him, but that he had to answer for the death of all the men that were killed that day. Had he taken colonel Scott's advice at queen Anne's death, he might have saved his country by restoring the king when it was in his power;' and although 'we had then failed, I *would* have died with honour, whereas I *will* die now like a dog, unregretted;' upon which he told Mr. Irvine the whole conference that passed between colonel Scott and him at the queen's death, which surprised Mr. Irvine extremely. Mr. Irvine told this to Mr. Ogilvie, of Balbignie, colonel Scott's half-brother, and to Mr. Peter Smith, Methuen's brother. Some time after, colonel Scott came to Balbignie, where he met Mr. Irvine and Mr. Peter Smith. Mr. Ogilvie, in presence of these gentlemen, asked the colonel 'if the above conference had passed between the earl marischal and him at queen Anne's death?' The colonel confessed it had; 'but desired it might not be spoke of while he lived,

manded Addison, whom they had appointed their secretary,[1] to announce the important event to the prince whom the choice of the nation had appointed her successor. The celebrated author was completely overwhelmed with the importance of his task; and while he was culling words and phrases commensurate in dignity to the occasion, hours fled away—hours of immense importance to the protestant cause in England. At last, the regency was forced to call to its assistance Mr. Southwell, a clerk belonging to the house of lords, who announced to the elector of Hanover "that the British sovereign was dead, and that the throne was vacant," using the dry, technical phrases best fitted for tidings received, if not without positive exultation, certainly without affectation of sorrow.

"On the Sunday morning, the proclamation of George I. took place," says Thoresby,[2] who witnessed it, "mightily to the satisfaction of all the people"—of which there was the greatest concourse ever known, not only of the populace, but of the nobility and gentry, who attended in their coaches. The bishop of London and vast numbers of the clergy were likewise present. The next day, this witness of the peaceable recognition of the line of Hanover

as it might lose him his commission, he being still in the army.' Mr. Ogilvie told his lady, who is still alive, and ready to attest the truth of it.

"Edinburgh, 30th April, 1768."

"Of this date I wrote the above, as dictated by Mrs. Agnes Haldane Dundas, and she read it to Mrs. Ogilvie, who said 'she was ready to give oath to the truth of the narration.' "CHARLES WILSONE.

"Glasgow, 18th November, 1812."

The reader will observe that many particulars coincide with the narrative above quoted. The only difficulty in the history is, wherefore so determined a man as colonel Scott seemed to be should be entirely swayed by the decision of the earl-marischal of Scotland, seeing his guards were on English ground, and the commander-in-chief of the English army affected to be willing to do the same. The truth is, that every one of the Jacobites wished the proclamation to be hazarded by some one rather than himself. The guards indicated were probably the *Scots' Royals*, the incorporation of which regiment or regiments into the force of the body-guards of queen Anne has been noted in the preceding chapters—a circumstance not a little confirmatory of our unknown correspondent's anecdote.

[1] Tindal's Continuation. Addison was chosen secretary of the regency on this emergency. He was made secretary of state in 1717, the year after his wretched marriage with the countess dowager of Warwick. The anecdote is recorded by Dr. Johnson in his biography of Addison.

[2] Thoresby's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 245—248.

"went to prayers at St. Dunstan's, where king George was prayed for." Three days afterwards, he saw the triumphant entry of the duke of Marlborough, "who returned from a sort of voluntary exile; he passed through the city of London in great state, attended by hundreds of gentlemen on horseback, and some of the nobility in their coaches, followed by the city trained-bands." This array was made to intimidate those who were inimical to the protestant succession; and these persons reflected, with the utmost bitterness, on Marlborough, for assuming a demeanour so joyous and triumphant, when the corpse was scarcely cold of his early friend and benefactress. His grand coach broke down by Temple-bar, much to the satisfaction of the Jacobites.[1]

A fortnight afterwards, the good old antiquary, Thoresby, visited Westminster Abbey, to see the royal vault preparing to receive the corpse of queen Anne. It was with difficulty he made his way through the immense crowds who thronged to gaze on the last resting-place of their native princes. "It was affecting," says our moralist, "to see the silent relics of the great monarchs, Charles II., William and Mary, and prince George, next whom remains only one space to be filled with her late majesty, queen Anne. This sight was the more touching to me, because, when young, I saw in one balcony six of them that afterwards were kings and queens of Great Britain, all brisk and hearty, but all now entered on a boundless eternity! These were then present —king Charles and his queen Catharine, the duke of York, the prince and princess of Orange, and the princess Anne." He mentions, with reverence, the velvet, silver plates, nails, and hasps which adorned the royal coffins; but all this cost and magnificence is hidden from the eye, and now moulders with the silent dead.

A vast mass of conflicting statements exists relative to queen Anne, whose memory has experienced more than the accustomed portion of praise and blame that usually pertains to the royal dead. Anne never refused the royal assent to one bill tendered to her to be enacted into a law; no person was put to death in her reign for high treason: circumstances which rendered it remarkable in English history.

[1] Peter Rae's Rebellion.

"As to her privy purse,[1] it was the poor's box, a perpetual fund for charity. And it appeared after her death (for she made no ostentation of her charities, nor were flatterers employed to trumpet them about) that several persons had pensions from the privy purse; pensions not given as bribes to do the dirty work of a minister, but merely out of charity for the support of indigent families. If she was frugal, it was to enable her to be generous, and she would have thought that she defrauded her people, if she had been niggardly in order to lock up that money in chests which should circulate among them, or had sent it to foreign banks; and therefore all she could spare, she returned back again to them as their right. It must be observed, that all this was done without anything that looked like sordid saving, no retrenching her servants at their tables, allowances, or perquisites: the hospitality within doors was equal to the charity without."

Dr. Radcliffe, who was a member of the house of commons, was fiercely attacked there by a friend of his, who was rendered desperate by his sorrow for the demise of the queen. To this the physician replied by a letter of remonstrance, in which he thus mentions the deceased sovereign, the date August 3, 1714:—

"I could not have thought that so old an acquaintance and so good a friend, as sir John always professed himself, would have made such a motion against me. God knows that my will to do her majesty any service has ever got the start of my ability, and I have nothing that gives me greater anxiety than the death of that glorious princess.

"I must do that justice to the physician that attended her in her illness, from a sight of the method taken for her preservation by Dr. Mead, as to declare that nothing was omitted for her preservation. But the (political) people about her—the plagues of Egypt fall on them!—put it out of the power of physic to be any benefit to her.

"I know the nature of attending crowned heads in their last moments too well to be fond of waiting upon them without being sent for by a proper authority. You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians before a sovereign's demise. However, in as I was, I would have come to the queen in a horse-litter, had either her majesty, or those in commission next to her, commanded me so to do. You may tell sir John as much; his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill usage of a friend.

"Thank Tom Chapman for his speech made in my behalf. I hear it is

[1] From lord Chesterfield's estimate of the revenues of the house of Stuart, contained in a work entitled "Common Sense, or the Englishman's Journal." It is attributed to this nobleman, in the Catalogue of the Brit. Museum. Although troubled with a superabundance of quaint politesse, lord Chesterfield was a wise and beneficent statesman.

the first he ever made, which is taken more kindly. I should be glad to see him at Carshalton, since the gout tells me that we shall never more sit in the house of commons together."[1]

Dr. Radcliffe, who has been mentioned at the death-beds of all the royal personages of the English revolution, did not survive queen Anne many months, and his death was reported to be in a manner connected with her own. There was a large portion of the people who passionately lamented the last of their native line of sovereigns, and with these Dr. Radcliffe became an object of detestation, because the idea had gone forth among them, that he might have saved "good queen Anne, and would not." It is said, that he dared not quit his house on account of his dread of being torn limb from limb. Indeed, a letter of his is extant in which he affirms that he had received many threatening missives, promising "that he should be pulled in pieces if he ventured to London." However, he was not a man to be intimidated, and it is evident by the conclusion of his letter above quoted, that he knew his fiat had gone forth by reason of his personal ailments, and that he could never again sit in the house of commons. He died on the 1st of November following, only surviving his royal patient three months.

That the melancholy struggle of the unhappy queen with conflicting rights and duties brought her to the grave prematurely, is the expressed opinion of her own domestic physician, Dr. Arbuthnot. There is true attachment and deep tenderness in the manner in which he speaks of the departed queen, when all regard to her memory was, to say the least, no great advantage to those who were seen to mourn for her. "My dear mistress's days were numbered, even in my imagination,[2] they could not exceed certain limits, but of that small number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller, than death was to her. It surprised her suddenly before she had signed her will, which no doubt her being involved in so much business, hindered her from finishing. It was unfortunate that she had been persuaded (as is supposed by Lowndes) that it was necessary to have it under the great seal. I had figured to myself all this melancholy

[1] Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 174, 175.
[2] Arbuthnot to Swift, vol. ix. p. 196. Scott's Swift.

scene twenty times, and even worse, if that be possible than happened, so I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor lady Masham's, and several of the queen's servants, some of whom have no chance for their bread but the generosity of his present majesty (George I.), which several people that know him very much commend."

Thus lady Masham had not gathered riches, or even competence, by her services to queen Anne. It will be remembered that her majesty had been extremely opposed to Harley's resolution of making the humble attendant a peeress—no doubt the difficulty of building a competent fortune had perplexed the queen.

As to queen Anne's will, the royal personages of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were fully convinced of the uselessness of such documents. "The wills of sovereigns are never obeyed after death," said Louis XIV. not long afterwards, "perhaps as some counterpoise to the having their wills implicitly observed during life."[1]

The suspicions of the tendency of queen Anne to the cause of her brother led the Whigs to a resolution of dethroning her, which there can be little doubt they would have perpetrated long before, had it not been for the moderation of her successors. Glanville, the member for Hythe, was heard[2] to declare, "that the queen and her ministers' designs for the pretender were well known, and the opposite party had resolved that the queen should not remain on the throne one fortnight, for which purpose they had 16,000 men in readiness, not," he added, "to begin first, but to resist the intrusion of the pretender."

That prince himself was deceived by the hopes grounded on the revived affections of the queen, his sister, to her family, if the following anecdote be authentic. "The chevalier St. George was at Luneville when he received the news of the mortal malady of his sister queen Anne; he returned to Bar-le-duc to be present at the assembling of his council. As he entered, he said, "If the *princess* Anne dies, I am lost."[3]

Yet while queen Anne remained free from delirium, it is evident that she made the strongest distinction between her

[1] Memoirs of duc de St. Simon.
[2] By the bishop of London, in 1749. Birch MS. 4326, f. 29.
[3] Coxe's MSS., vol. li. folio 1. French letter.

crime of stigmatizing her brother as a spurious child, and the act (which was no crime, but an unavoidable necessity) of excluding him from the succession to the British throne as a Roman-catholic. It seems that her remorse for her sin regarding the first, which agonized her deathbed, has been too much confounded with her supposed intention of reversing the other; but there is no regal act of her life in contradiction to the settlement which strongly secured the succession to the elector of Hanover. That prince (the next lineal heir to the throne of Great Britain, who was willing at the same time to tolerate the church of England, and to take the *new* coronation oath as a protestant sovereign) was proclaimed the same day as George I. king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. In perfect consistency with the moderation and honourable abstinence from intrigue to gain this vast accession of dominion, for which every one must allow George I. due credit, his majesty did not hasten his arrival in England, which remained six weeks without the presence of any sovereign, thus giving the people ample time by their acquiescence to confirm his succession. Lord Berkeley commanded the fleet which was despatched to Orange Polder in Holland, to await the embarkation of George I.[1] according to his pleasure. The king did not hurry himself, for he arrived not at Greenwich until the 16th of September.

The loss of queen Anne was sincerely deplored in most pulpits throughout England, for she was deservedly beloved both by the clergy and the people. Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Swift, wrote an eloquent oration on the demise of his queen, which he preached with universal applause in Ireland; he had considered himself extremely happy in the choice of his text, as applicable to the first of August, the day of her demise, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Subsequently he was appointed chaplain to the then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He was requested by the archdeacon to preach for him at Cork on the anniversary of the accession of George I., which was of course on the first of August. Sheridan, struck with the date, and entirely absorbed in his regrets for the last of the Stuart sovereigns, drew forth from some dusty nook his former sermon of lamentation for the loss of his royal

[1] Swift's Correspondence.

mistress, and preached it with an energy and pathos that drew tears from himself, and many a desponding Jacobite. Meantime, the Irish courtiers were transfixed with consternation. To preach an accession sermon with such a text, "Sufficient for the day is the *evil* thereof!" was a piece of audacity only to be paralleled by the papist White of Winchester's never-to-be-forgotten sermon at the funeral of the first queen Mary, delivered before her sister and successor Elizabeth, the tenour of which was, "that a living dog was better than a dead lion." Sheridan's sermon has been quoted as a remarkable effort of expiring Jacobitism; it was, however, but an instance of remarkable absence of mind — one of those practical Irish bulls for which he was noted.[1]

Fewer elegies and epitaphs were written on the death of queen Anne than for any previous sovereign of Great Britain. The only ode commemorative of this queen of the high church was the product of a dissenting muse. It is in vain to expect from Isaac Watts, in courtly poems, his own genuine style of holy simplicity, which has rendered his name deservedly illustrious. When William III. had departed to his place, Watts dedicated an ode to his memory, in which, in a fit of sectarian enthusiasm, he mistakes the king for an archangel, and finds it difficult to distinguish between—

> "Gabriel, or William on the British throne!"

Poetic beauty has long departed from royal elegies, and perhaps the performance of Watts equals any strain devoted to the monarchs of the Revolution, although, in the course of it, he does a little business in the courtier-line, by interweaving a curious eulogy on the advent of George I., the rising sun of himself and all his dissenting allies.

> "Princess, the world already owns thy name!
> Go mount the chariot of immortal fame,
> Nor die to be renowned. Fame's loudest breath
> Too dear is purchased by an angel's death!
>
> "But, oh, the parting stroke! Some heavenly power
> Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
> Some new propitious star appear on high,
> The fairest glory of the western sky,
> And Anna be the name.

[1] Epistolary Correspondence. Scott's edition of Swift, p. 482.

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"Britons, forgive the forward muse,
That dared prophetic seals unloose.
George is the name, that glorious star;
Ye saw his splendours beaming far,
Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies.

"'Twas George diffused a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day;
His influence soothes the Russian bear,
Calms rising wars, and heals the air;
Joined with the sun, his beams are hurled
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook."

Notwithstanding the paucity of elegiac odes on queen Anne's death, her memory was cherished with no little affection many years after her demise, by a distinguished class of her subjects. Swift, who is usually supposed to have been her enemy and calumniator, never speaks of her, but with deep reverence; in one remarkable letter, he mentions her as "our late blessed queen."[1] In one of lord Orrery's letters, dated as late as 1741, he says, "lord Bathurst is at Cirencester, erecting statues and pillars to queen Anne."[2] Pope, in his poetical letter addressed to lord Mansfield (when he was the elegant young Murray, the Apollo and Adonis of the English bar), gives a sigh of regret at once to his days of youth and to her memory, by alluding to

"The golden days of my queen Anne."

Among the lower orders, for some years after her death, her name alone had power to agitate or excite them. In the reign of George I., the notorious Edmund Curl was doing penance in the pillory for some of his libellous publications, when he took it into his head to say to the mob, "that he was put there for speaking well of the memory of good queen Anne." Upon which "messieurs the mob" laid aside the various missiles with which they had intended to assail him, and when he had stood his appointed time, escorted him to his own home with great respect. Edmund Curl had already lost both his ears, for speaking amiss of the parliament; these disgusting punishments not being abolished by the Revolution.

[1] Autograph in the possession of W. Baillie, Esq., Cavendish-square. Inedited.

[2] Scott's Swift, vol. xix., p. 257.

It was an age when all of biography that was suffered to be connected with history was comprised in laboured dissertations called *characters*. A moment's thought will suffice to show how partial or unjust, a series of assertions must be, detached from narratives of the facts, or supposed facts, on which they are presumed to be based. In illustration of the fallacy of estimating royal personages like queen Anne, or her sister, Mary II., by such performances, here follow *two* characters[1] of queen Anne, both penned by her domestic traitress and spy, the duchess of Marlborough. The malignant "character" was composed by that person to ornament bishop Burnet's History of his Own Times, meaning to wound the memory of her benefactress beneath the shelter of his shield. The bishop did not think fit to avail himself of the offered assistance.

"Queen Anne had a person and appearance not at all ungraceful till she grew *exceeding* gross and corpulent. There was something of majesty in her look, but mixed with a sullen and constant frown that plainly betrayed a gloominess of soul and cloudiness of disposition within. She seemed to inherit a good deal of her father's moroseness which naturally produced in her the same sort of stubborn positiveness in many cases, both ordinary and extraordinary, and the same sort of bigotry in religion."

This passage being written for insertion in a party work, appeals to vulgar opinion. The slight contraction in the queen's eyes, the writer perfectly well knew, had been occasioned by violent inflammation in her childhood, and was not connected with temper. The duchess likewise well knew, and had experienced, that excessive indulgence, and not moroseness, in his family circle, was the fault of the unhappy James II., her own early benefactor. However, this libel was to have been published under bishop Burnet's mask. Thus does the creature of the bounty of those she maligns pursue her theme.

"Queen Anne's memory was exceeding great, almost to a wonder, and had these two peculiarities very remarkable, that she could, when she pleased, forget what others would have thought themselves bound by truth and honour to remember, while she remembered all such things as others would have thought it a happiness to forget. Indeed, she

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

chose to exercise it in very little besides ceremonies and customs of courts, and such like insignificant trifles. So that her conversation, which otherwise might have been enlivened by so great a memory, was only made more empty and trifling by its chiefly turning upon fashions and rules of precedence, or some such poor topics. Upon which account it was a sort of misfortune to her that she loved to have a great crowd come to her, having little to say to them, 'but that the weather was either hot or cold,' and little to inquire of them, but 'how long they had been in town,' or the like weighty matters. She never discovered any readiness of parts, either in asking questions or in giving answers. In matters of ordinary moment, her discourse had nothing of brightness or wit; in weightier matters she never spoke but in a hurry, and had a *certain knack of sticking to what had been dictated to her* to a degree often very disagreeable, and without the least sign of understanding or judgment."

As the duchess was considered the queen's "dictator" for thirty years, she had ample opportunity of speaking on this trait of her character, but it only became apparent to her when the dictatorship was transferred for a few years to another person.

"The queen's letters," continues the duchess, "were very indifferent, both in sense and spelling, unless they were generally enlivened with a few passionate expressions, sometimes pretty enough, but repeated over and over again, without the mixture either of diversion or instruction."

In point of orthography there was little to choose between the letters of the queen and those of her censurer; they usually made the same mistakes—for instance, they both write *wigs* when they mean Whigs. And this, in the midst of an ardent political controversy, often gives laughable equivoques to their discussions. Swift or Addison may be permitted to censure the orthography of that day, which vibrated between unsettled and obsolete words, but not a person who committed the same blunders with those she condemned in the queen.

"Queen Anne's civility and good manners in conversation (to which the education of great persons naturally lead) were generally well enough, till in her latter days her new

friends *untaught* her these accomplishments, and then her whole deportment was visibly changed to that degree, that when some things disagreeable to her own humour or passion have been laid before her, she would descend to the lowest and most shocking terms of contradiction.

"Her friendships were flames of extravagant passion ending in indifference or aversion; her love to the prince seemed, in the eyes of the world, to be prodigiously great but great as was the passion of grief, her stomach was greater.

"I know that in some libels she has been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but I believe this was entirely groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of strong wines as her physicians judged to be necessary for her."

The testimony thus given among a mass of malice and misrepresentation ought to be considered conclusive in the queen's favour, since there cannot exist a doubt that if the malignant writer could have mentioned only one instance in which she had seen the queen guilty of this vice, she would have quoted it without scruple.

"Queen Anne's religion," continues the duchess of Marlborough, "was chiefly implicit faith, accompanied with the form and course of a sort of piety. She had a zeal for the church as for an infallible guide, and a devotion for churchmen to such a degree, as if she thought this sufficient to sanctify every other part of her conduct, and the churchmen repaid her civility in compliments and adorations. I have often blushed for her and her preachers, when I have heard it almost constantly affirmed to her face, with the most fulsome flattery, and to her great satisfaction, 'that all we enjoyed was granted by Almighty God as the reward of her piety and religion.' And, indeed, if religion consists in such zeal and such devotion, or in punctual and formal preparations for the communion, or the like, (as she had learned, without doubt, from such tutors as she was blessed with,) then it cannot be denied that she had as much religion as could be lodged in one breast."

As the duchess of Marlborough was a daring freethinker down to a late period of life, and (apparently) departed in the same state of mind, her opinion on matters of religion is of little consequence. She breaks out into rage in her

next paragraph, where she endeavours to prove many crimes on the poor queen, which merely amount to the fact that the political course she had to pursue, and her lately awakened affections, were diametrically opposite. Anne was certainly not the worse woman because she did not persist, to the end of her life, in the obtuseness of feeling of which her uncle, lord Clarendon, has left us so hideous a picture, when, in 1689, she was acting under the domination of her favourite, who was even then her ungrateful calumniator. It is indisputable, that, notwithstanding the agony of her internal remorse, the queen expired without in any way impeding the settlement which the country had been necessitated to make of the succession. Therefore, the following malignant charges fall short of their mark.

"If religion," continues the duchess, "be justice, truth, sincerity, honour, gratitude, or the like, then one cannot tell what to say; but let queen Anne's practice speak for itself—her broken vows, her violated alliances, her behaviour to her *old friends* at home, her conduct to her good allies abroad, and the returns she made to her native country, for an immense treasure of money and blood, spent for the vindication of her title and the security of her life. She would speak in public of her zeal for the protestant succession, and once she surprised the nation with the news of a particular friendship between her and the house of Hanover; but God knows what she meant, unless it were to delude the ignorant part of her people, for as for her heart there was proof enough in due time that it was engaged at another court (*St. Germains*), there was little of it left for that house (*of Hanover*), and it came to be accounted an affront to herself to allude to *it*, in addresses to the throne. In most cases, queen Anne was insensible of what related to the public, and could, with great coldness and tranquillity, let an express that was known to come with any important good news, lie unopened for half an hour, though she was alone, and had nothing in the world to do, whilst all about her were waiting with the utmost impatience to know the contents of it. She loved fawning and adoration, and hated plain dealing, even in the most important cases. She had a soul that nothing could so effectually move as flattery or fear."

How then came the person who is thus dissecting her

character to be able to sway her royal benefactress for thirty years? Either she had recourse to the same base means, or, if Anne did not require them, her witness is proved false and malicious.

"A sudden surprise, in an unguarded moment would make the truth sometimes discover itself in her look, or in some unlucky word, but if she had time and warning enough to learn her lesson, all the arguments and reasons in the world could *extort* nothing from her that she had not a mind to acknowledge. In such cases she seemed to have the insensibility of a rock, and would resolutely dissemble, or disown anything in the world, and by repeating one single answer in the same words, could tire out the patience and elude all such inquiries as were disagreeable to herself."

It is a serious loss to the world that the duchess herself does not subjoin her *own* recipe for eluding a cross examination when persons were pursuing a series of inquiries "disagreeable to *herself*." According to her system of ethics, a queen-regnant of Great Britain is criminal to the last degree, if not explicit in her answers to any questions the keeper of her gowns and cloaks chooses to ask her on state affairs!

"She had," continues the ungrateful recipient of forty thousand pounds of solid money,[1] "no native generosity of temper, nor was often known of herself to do a handsome action, either as a reward or as a piece of friendship. The diligence and faithfulness of a servant signified but little with her where she had no passion for the person. And even, to such as she professed to love, her presents were very few, and generally very insignificant, as fruit or venison, or the like, unless in cases where she was directed by precedents in former reigns.

"In a word, queen Anne had little zeal for the happiness of others, but a selfishness that was great enough to make every other consideration yield to it. She was headstrong and positive in matters of the utmost importance, and at last preferred her own humour and passion before

[1] Portions for her daughters of 20,000*l.*; and as much out of the privy-purse, as gratuity to herself, at first refused, and then positively insisted upon. See the statement of the duchess in her printed "Conduct."

the safety and happiness of her own people and of all Europe, which she had either not sense enough to see, or not goodness enough to regard. Whether her memory will be celebrated by posterity with blessings or curses, time will show."

Time has seldom shown a retribution more frightful than this vituperation on a mistress so bountiful to this calumniator as queen Anne had been, from her infancy.

Now let us turn the medal, and read the reverse inscription, by the same truthful hand:—

"Queen Anne had a person and appearance very graceful, something of majesty in her look,—she was religious without affectation, and certainly meant to do everything that was just. She had no ambition, which appeared by her being so easy in letting king William come before her to the crown, after the king her father had followed such counsels as made the nation see they could not be safe in their liberty and laws, without coming to the extremities they did; and she thought it more for her honour to be easy in it, than to make a dispute, who should have the crown first that was taken from her father.

"And it was a great trouble to her to be forced to act such a part against him, even for security, which was truly the case, and she thought those that showed the least ambition had the best character. *Her journey to Nottingham was purely accidental, never concerted*, but occasioned by the great fright she was in when king James returned from Salisbury, upon which she said she would rather jump out of the window than stay and see her father!"

The deliberate falsehood of these assertions is proved by the letter of Anne to William, dated ten days before she absconded, in which she very deliberately mentions her intended flight, nor was there any occasion to perform the hazardous gymnastic of leaping out of any of the windows of the Cockpit into the park, to run away, because the princess, by the advice of lady Marlborough, had just had a pair of private stairs constructed, very convenient for the purpose of quietly walking out of the back-door. But to proceed with this inimitable document:

"Queen Anne was never expensive, but saved money out of her 50,000*l.* a year, which, after she came to the crown,

was paid to prince George of Denmark, which was his by right. She made no foolish building, nor bought one jewel in her reign.

"She always paid the greatest respect to queen Mary and king William."

Excepting a few trifling expressions, such as calling William "Caliban," "Dutch monster," and vulgarer epithets, which occasionally occur in her correspondence with this candid friend, who, as king William's name was a strong party-cry just then, thought it best to scratch them out of her letters; yet as the duchess of Marlborough made it a practice to show them to her party, a clue remained which renders them legible under the erasures.[1]

"She never insisted upon any one thing of grandeur more than she had when her family (*household*) was established by king Charles II., though after the revolution she was heir-presumptive to the crown, and after her sister, queen Mary, died, was in the place of a prince of Wales.

"The civil list was not increased on her having the crown, and Lord Godolphin, who was treasurer, often said that, from not straining things to hardships, her revenue did not come, one year with another, to more than 500,000*l.* However, as it was found necessary to have a war, to secure England from the power of France, she contributed, for the ease of the people, 100,000*l.* out of her own revenue[2] to lessen the expense in one year. Out of the civil list she paid many pensions, given in former reigns, which have been since thrown on the public. She gave the first fruits, to be distributed among the poor clergy.

"Queen Anne was extremely well bred: she treated her chief ladies and servants as if they had been her equals, and she never refused to give charity, when there was the least reason for anybody to ask it; she likewise paid the salaries of most of her sister, queen Mary's servants, notwithstanding the hardships she had suffered in king William's reign. And, to show how good manager she was for the public, till a very few years before she died, she never had but 20,000*l.* a year for her privy-purse, which was vastly less than any king or queen ever had (but at the latter end of

[1] See the letters of Anne in chronological order, Life of Queen Mary.

[2] This and the facts succeeding, are verified from sources previously quoted.

her reign she had 26,000*l.*) which was much to her honour, because *that* is subject to no account. And, in comparison with *other* queens, (namely of Mary II. and queen Caroline,) queen Anne was as saving in another office, that of the robes, for it will appear, by all the records in the exchequer where the accounts were passed, that in nine years she spent only 32,050*l.*, including her coronation expenses. I have put these facts together for materials for the person who writes the inscription."

And actually Dr. Hooke compounded a most laudatory character of queen Anne from this sketch, wisely omitting all the figments in the outset. Hooke, as a Jacobite, well knew how daringly false the Marlborough versions of the escapade from the Cockpit were. This fine character of queen Anne is still to be seen on the pedestal of her statue at Blenheim, where it stands to this day.

Those who have read the preceding black portrait drawn of queen Anne, by the same person, must think the contradictions between the two truly monstrous, and the emanation of a bewildered brain. Some candid persons disposed to sentimentalize on the fierce duchess, have supposed that after a lapse of time her mind had softened towards her benefactress, and that she wrote the last character as a reparation for the first. But such inferences vanish before the fact that the duchess herself favours the world with her motives in raising the statue and making the laudatory inscription, the whole being avowedly, not to do justice to queen Anne, but to vex and spite queen Caroline, the consort of George II. Here are her words, "This character of queen Anne is so much the reverse of queen Caroline, that I think it will not be liked at court."[1]

In the middle of the last century, the duchess of Marlborough hated queen Caroline more than she did queen Anne; such is the real explanation of these discrepancies.

Other contemporary authors have mentioned traits of queen Anne, according to their knowledge. When all are collected and examined, great contradictions occur, for they do not enough distinguish between the actions of Anne in her youth, as an uneducated and self-indulgent woman, and the undeniable improvement in her conduct when the

[1] Opinions of the duchess of Marlborough. Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

awful responsibility of a reigning sovereign, whose practical duties were, at that era, by no means clearly defined, awoke her conscience to trembling anxiety for the welfare of her people. Much permanent good she certainly did, and no evil, as queen-regnant; notwithstanding the ill-natured sarcasm of a Whig politician, who, when mentioning her demise at an opportune juncture for the Hanoverian succession, declared that "queen Anne died like a Roman, for the good of her country."[1] But no sovereign was ever more deeply regretted by the people.

The office of regality was, there is no doubt, a painful occupation to her, for her constant complaint was, observes Tindal, "that she was only a crowned slave."[2] The originality of which expression savours not of the dulness generally attributed to this queen.

Her very person is represented differently by those who saw her daily. "Her complexion was ruddy and sanguine; the luxuriance of her chestnut hair has already been mentioned; her face was round and comely; her features strong and regular, and the only blemish in it was that defluxion, which had fallen on her eyes in her childhood, had contracted the lids and given a cloudiness to her countenance." Thus the frown that the duchess of Marlborough dwells on malevolently, did not arise from ill-nature, but from defect of vision. The duchess has likewise given a malignant turn to a trifling incident arising from Anne's near-sightedness, quoted in her early life.[3]

"Queen Anne was of a middle stature," observes another contemporary,[4] "not so personable and majestic as her sister, queen Mary. Her face was rather comely than handsome; it seemed to have a tincture of sourness in it; and for some years before she died, was rubicund and bloated. Her bones were small, her hands extremely beautiful, her voice most melodious, and her ear for music exquisite. She was brought up in high church principles, but changed her parties according to her interest. She was a scrupulous observer of the outward and visible forms of godliness and

[1] Duchess of Marlborough's Private Correspondence, Coxe MS.
[2] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, vol. ii. p. 370.
[3] Vol. x. chap. i. Life of Mary II. and Anne as princesses.
[4] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 303—6.

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humility in public service—as, for instance, she reproved once the minister at Windsor Castle, for offering her the sacrament before the clergy present had communicated, thus forgetting her position and dignity as head of the church.

If one of the bitterest of all her revilers, Horace Walpole, may be believed, queen Anne did not show reverence for the liturgy in her daily routine of private life. He says that when queen Anne rose, prayers were read while her ladies dressed her, for the purpose of saving time, in the adjoining room. Now and then, the queen's ladies considered it proper to shut the door. One day, a very devout but unworldly chaplain being on duty, he ceased reading when the door was shut, and to her great wrath the lady of the bed-chamber found he was not further advanced in the service, when she opened the door of the queen's bed-room. "Why did you stop?" asked the lady, angrily. "Because, madam," replied the uncompromising clergyman, "I do not chose to whistle the word of God through a keyhole." Whiston, a man of severe but rather fantastical tendency of belief, is always mentioned as the person who made this remarkable rejoinder. The incident is attributed, by all but Horace Walpole, to queen Caroline, the consort of George II.; and it is certain that Whiston was the chaplain of that queen, and not of queen Anne, who disliked him on a charge of Socinianism; her government likewise brought him into some trouble on account of his works being considered derogatory to the veneration due to the holy Trinity. These circumstances totally acquit queen Anne of this widely known but undeserved stigma, which has been fastened on her memory by the wicked wit of Horace Walpole, who thought the story too good to be lost, and dared not give it to the right owner. Great ladies had in those days a bad custom of proceeding with the affairs of the toilet during prayers, which was severely satirized in one of the old plays of that era, where the fashionable belle is described preparing for her morning-toilet, by saying her prayers in bed to save time, while one maid put on her stockings and the other read aloud the play-bill.

The duchess of Marlborough acquits her royal mistress

of all this reckless profanity at private praying, by abusing her as a "godly, praying idiot," when in the seclusion of her chamber.[1]

"Her life would have lasted longer," says another contemporary, who cannot forgive the harassed, world-wearied queen for dying at a political crisis, "if she had not eaten so much—a propensity not derived from her father, king James, who was most abstemious, but from her mother. I say," continues Coke, "she supped too much chocolate, and died monstrously fat, insomuch that the coffin wherein her remains were deposited, was almost square, and was bigger than that of the prince, her husband, who was known to be a fat, bulky man." There are prints representing the queen's coffin, when placed by her husband in the Stuart vault.[2] If they may be depended upon, both Coke and Thoresby, who went to see the lying in state of queen Anne, have exaggerated when they represent her coffin as a square every way.

The queen's effigy in wax was certainly prepared for the purpose of being placed on her coffin. It is still in Westminster Abbey, and represents her as a very tall as well as very stout woman. As it is the only funeral memorial that remains of this queen-regnant, it ought not to be destroyed. The antiquarian, Thoresby, followed the royal remains, and watched the final process which shut them from the world. "The lords-justices (*lords of the regency*) had resolved to bury the queen on Sunday, the 22nd of August; but as meantime they received letters from George I., with directions that her majesty's body should be interred with all the pomp and decency consistent with a private burial, the ceremony took place on Tuesday, the 24th, when she was buried in Henry VII.'s chapel with great solemnity."[3] The difference implied by the terms public and private funeral seems to be that the latter took place at night or in the evening, by torch-light.

"There had been," observes Thoresby, "a new vault made on the south side of Henry VII.'s chapel, in which

[1] Coxe MS., Brit. Museum. Lord Dartmouth, in his Notes to Burnet, repeats this term, which is besides only to be found among the MSS. of the duchess.

[2] Crowle's Illustration of Pennant's London.

[3] Rae's History of the Rebellion, p. 73.

he corpse of Charles II. and that of his nephew, William III., of queen Mary and prince George of Denmark lie; here the remains of queen Anne were deposited, and here being no more room left, the vault was bricked up, having thus received the last sovereign of the royal name of Stuart that was ever destined to wear the regal garland of this realm.

No monument, not so much as the simplest tablet marks the spot where queen Anne rests, nor could the humblest female pauper that ever breathed her last in a workhouse, repose less distinguished in death than this queen of Great Britain.

The church of England owes her some memorial, for she deprived herself of much personal pomp and magnificence in order to benefit the church, and she stands indubitably at the head of the short but illustrious list of protestant founders. In ancient times, when a monastery or a college was endowed, the tomb of the founder was carefully preserved and gratefully regarded through succeeding ages; but vainly may we ask for the monument of the foundress of the Bounty which amplified the scanty livings of that church, the clergy of which are (as often observed) the worst and the best paid of any in the world.

Although queen Anne was, before she departed this life, on friendly terms with the king of France, she made no effort to afford sepulture to the uninterred bones of her father, and that duty finally devolved on a distant kinsman. In fact, the body of James II. remained unburied for a century after his daughter's death, and the circumstances regarding it form the last extraordinary incidents in the history of the regal personages of the house of Stuart.

Lights were kept burning round the hearse of James II. until the French revolution. How strange that the bones of the stranger and the exile in the land should be reverenced, when those of the royal personages of France were disinterred and profaned! The church of the Benedictines in the Faubourg St. Jacques was desecrated, and turned into a cotton-spinning factory; but when the revolutionists opened the coffin of James II., they found the

corpse entire, and in an extraordinary state of preservation. James had always been greatly beloved and revered in France, and, at the sight of his remains, the crowd were seized with superstitious awe, and they defended them from those who would have destroyed them. The municipal authorities took possession of the hearse and body; but the people crowding to see them from all parts of Paris, and being willing to pay for the sight, the functionaries charged from a sous to a franc for admission, and made the show of our king's corpse a profitable concern. Will it be credited, that in the midst of the infidelity of the revolution, whispers went of miracles performed by the corpse of James II.? Robespierre ordered the body to be buried, which was not done, but it was carefully and reverently preserved.[1]

When the allies came to Paris, in 1813, the body of the unfortunate James II. still remained above ground, and the strange circumstance being mentioned to George IV., he generously ordered the bones of his kinsman to be carried in funeral procession from Paris to St. Germains, and there interred in the church. The long-delayed funeral of James II. then took place with royal grandeur. No mourners of his lineage attended his coffin on its return to St. Germains, for his race had passed away; yet his people followed him to the grave; for most of the English in Paris, setting aside all religious and political differences, attended the cortège, in the deepest mourning. The indications of respect were extraordinary. Every English person behaved as if following the coffin of a beloved sovereign, who had died only the previous week.

George IV. ordered a monument to be raised in the church of St. Germains to the memory of his unfortunate predecessor. It is of white, grey, and black marble, and, notwithstanding its simplicity, it possesses some elegance. An inscription in Latin marks the name and rank of the deceased, and the fact of his interment, in

[1] The incidents here detailed and reduced to narrative, were carefully collected by personal inquiry from the traditions of Paris and of St. Germains, and from the information of some family connexions of the author who attended the long delayed funeral.

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1813. James II. is the only British sovereign deceased between the year 1603 and 1813 to whom a funeral monument has been raised. So closes the last historical incident relating to our ancient royal line.

POSTSCRIPT.

As the following letter, the only specimen from the pen of queen Anne in her girlhood, was still reposing inedited among the muniments of the noble family to whose ancestress it was addressed when Vol. X. was printed, it is appended to the end of her life.

PRINCESS ANNE OF YORK[2] TO LADY APSLEY, WIFE OF SIR ALLEN APSLEY.[3]

The commencement of the letter consists of excuses for not having written before.

"Bruxelles [Brussels], Sept. 20.

"*I was to see a ball* [I have been to see a ball] at the court in cognito, which I likede very well; it was in very good order, and some *danc'd* well *enought;* indeed, there was Prince Vodenunt that *danc'd* extreamly

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[1] The singular fact that the corpse of James II. awaited burial through the whole of the last century, is confirmed by many tourists. The anecdote, which is told, with so much malice, by Horace Walpole, alludes to the circumstance; he says that, "when the duchess of Buckingham, the daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley, came to Paris, she visited her father's hearse which contained his body. The monk who showed the chapel observed to her that the pall of the poor king was very shabby, in hopes she would have replaced it with a new one;" but, to the extreme delight of Horace, the appeal was unavailing.

[2] Holograph, the original being in the possession of the noble family of Bathurst, the descendants of that of Apsley. The author has been favoured by the kindness of lady Georgiana Bathurst with a copy of this inedited letter of Anne.

[3] Lady Apsley was the mother of lady Bathurst, the wife of sir Benjamin Bathurst, treasurer of the household to the Princess Anne. Lady Bathurst was probably placed in the service of the princess Anne, as she mentions her as one of her earliest friends in a letter written when queen, in 1705. This letter, the only one we can produce from the pen of Anne previous to her marriage, has been brought to light from family archives by the kindness of lady Georgiana Bathurst.

well, as well if not better than *ethere* the duke of Monmouth or sir E. Villiers,[1] which I think is very ex*trord*inary. Last night againe I was [*I have been*] to see *fyer* works and bon*fyers*, which was to celebrate the king of Spain's *weding*; they were very well worth seeing indeed. All the people *hear* are very *sivil*, and except you be othere ways to them they will be so to you. As for the town it is a great fine town. Methinks tho, the streets are not so clean as they are in Holland, yet they are not so dirty as ours; they are very well paved, and very easy—they onely have *od* smells. My sister Issabella's lodgings and mine are much better than I expected, and so is all in this place. For our lodgings they wear all one great room, and now are divided with board into severall.

"My sister Issabella has a good bed-chamber, with a chimney in it; there is a little hole to put by things, and between her room and mine there is an indiferent room without a chimney; then mine is a good one with a chimney, which was made a purpose for me. I have a closet and a place for my trunks, and *ther's* (there's) a little place where our women dine, and over that such anothere. I doubt I have quite *tirde* out your patience, so that I will say no more, onely beg you to believe me to be what I realy am, and will be your very affectionate *freinde*,

"ANNE.

"Pray remember me very kindly to Sir Allin."

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[1] Well known to the readers of these biographies as the brother of Elizabeth Villiers, and master of the horse to the princess of Orange, and afterwards as lord Jersey.

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